THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Congreve.*

Volume *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING

The WAY *of the* WORLD. } { SEMELE, an *Opera*,
The JUDGMENT *of* PARIS. } { *And* POEMS *upon several Occaſions.*

DUBLIN: Printed, by THEO. JONES,

For GEORGE RISK, at *Shakeſpear*'s Head, GEORGE EWING, at the Angel and Bible, and WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, in *Dame-ſtreet*, Bookſellers,

M, DCC, XXXVI.

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THE

WAY *of the* WORLD.

A

COMEDY.

Written by Mr. William *Congreve*.

Audire eſt Operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mæchis non vultis—— Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1.
——*Metuat doti deprenſa*,—— Ibid.

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To the Right Honourable

RALPH

Earl of *Montague*, &c.

My LORD,

WHether the World will arraign me of Vanity, or not, that I have preſum'd to dedicate this Comedy to Your Lordſhip, I am yet in doubt: Tho' it may be it is ſome Degree of Vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the Honour of Your Lordſhip's Converſation, cannot be ſuppos'd to think very meanly of that which he would prefer to Your Peruſal: Yet it were to incur the Imputation of too much Sufficiency, to pretend to ſuch a Merit as might abide the Teſt of Your Lordſhip's Cenſure.

Whatever Value may be wanting to this Play while yet it is mine, will be ſufficiently made up to it, when it is once become Your Lordſhip's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my Dedication, than Your Lordſhip will dignifie it by your Patronage.

That it ſucceeded on the Stage, was almoſt beyond my Expectation; for but little of it was prepar'd for that general Taſte which ſeems now to be predominant in the Palates of our Audience.

Thoſe Characters which are meant to be ridicul'd in moſt of our Comedies, are of Fools ſo groſs, that, in my humble Opinion, they ſhould rather diſturb than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and inſtead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compaſſion.

This Reflection mov'd me to deſign ſome Characters, which ſhou'd appear ridiculous not ſo much thro' a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as thro' an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the ſame time that it is affected, is alſo falſe. As there is ſome Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, ſo there is ſome Hazard which attends the Progreſs of its Succeſs, upon the Stage: For many come to a Play ſo over-charg'd with Criticiſm, that they very often let fly their Cenſure, when thro' their Raſhneſs they have miſtaken their Aim. This I had Occaſion lately to obſerve: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before ſome of theſe haſty Judges cou'd find the Leiſure to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Character of a *Witwoud* and a *Truewit*.

I muſt beg your Lordſhip's pardon for this Digreſſion from the true Courſe of this Epiſtle; but

but that it may not ſeem altogether impertinent, I beg that I may plead the Occaſion of it, in Part of that Excuſe of which I ſtand in need, for recommending this Comedy to your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordſhip, and the *Few* ſo qualify'd, that ſuch who write with Care and Pains can hope to be diſtinguiſh'd: For the proſtituted Name of *Poet* promiſcuouſly levels all that bear it.

Terence, the moſt correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to aſſiſt him, at leaſt to ſupport him in his Reputation: And notwithſtanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than neceſſary.

The Purity of his Style, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Juſtneſs of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of taſting: Some of the courſeſt Strokes of *Plautus*, ſo ſeverely cenſur'd by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the Multitude; ſuch, who come with Expectation to laugh at the laſt Act of a Play, and are better entertain'd with two or three unſeaſonable Jeſts, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable*.

As *Terence* excell'd in his Performances, ſo had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings; for he built moſt on the Foundations of *Menander*: His Plots were generally modell'd, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander*; and *Me-*

nander had no leſs Light in the Formation of his Characters, from the Obſervations of *Theophraſtus*, of whom he was a Diſciple; and *Theophraſtus*, it is known, was not only the Diſciple, but the immediate Succeſſor of *Ariſtotle*, the firſt and greateſt Judge of Poetry. Theſe were great Models to deſign by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* poſſeſs'd, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Style, and Juſtneſs of Manners, was not leſs conſiderable, from the Freedom of Converſation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greateſt and moſt polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of ſuch a Converſation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happen'd in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gain'd a Turn of Style, or Expreſſion more correct, or at leaſt more corrigible than in thoſe which I have formerly written, I muſt with equal Pride and Gratitude, aſcribe it to the Honour of Your Lordſhip's admitting me into Your Converſation. and that of a Society where every Body elſe was ſo well worthy of You, in your Retirement laſt Summer from the Town: For it was immediately after, that this Comedy was written. If I have fail'd in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were ſo many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there ſhould be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If

If I am not miſtaken, Poetry is almoſt the only Art, which has not yet laid claim to Your Lordſhip's Patronage. Architecture, and Painting, to the great Honour of our Country, have flouriſh'd under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean time, Poetry, the eldeſt Siſter of all Arts, and Parent of moſt, ſeems to have reſign'd her Birth-right by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordſhip; and by permitting others of a later Extraction, to prepoſſeſs that Place in Your Eſteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is ſacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to addreſs to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection,

This receiv'd Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who conſecrate their Labours to Great Men: But I could wiſh, at this Time, that this Addreſs were exempted from the common Pretence of all Dedications; and that as I can diſtinguiſh Your Lordſhip even amongſt the moſt Deſerving, ſo this Offering might become remarkable by ſome particular Inſtance of Reſpect, which ſhould aſſure Your Lordſhip, that I am, with all due Senſe of Your extream Worthineſs and Humanity,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

and moſt Oblig'd Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

TO
Mr. *CONGREVE*,
Occaſion'd by his
COMEDY
CALL'D THE
WAY *of the* WORLD.

WHEN Pleaſure's falling to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight;
No Senſe of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in diſtorted Geſture, Farce and Show:
How could, Great Author, your aſpiring Mind
Dare to write only to the Few Refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you purſue,
'Tis not in Congreve's *Power to pleaſe but few.*
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dreſs'd Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' ſenſeleſs they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a laviſh Portion fell
In ev'ry way of Writing to excell.
Your Muſe Applauſe to Arabella *brings,*
In Notes as ſweet as Arabella *ſings.*
When-e'er you draw an undiſſembled Woe,
With ſweet Diſtreſs your Rural Numbers flow.

Paſtora's

To Mr. *CONGREVE.*

Paſtora's *the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,*
Paſtora *ſtill the Eccho of the Plain!*
Or if your Muſe deſcribe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman *falling from his Horſe;*
And her own William *glorious in the Strife,*
Beſtowing on the proſtrate Foe his Life;
You the great act as gen'rouſly rehearſe,
And all the Engliſh *Fury's in your Verſe.*
By your ſelected Scenes, and handſome Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjuſt Eſteem and fond Deſire,
And teach to Scorn, what elſe we ſhould Admire;
The juſt Impreſſion taught by you we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Player;
Whom ſtill that World unjuſtly diſeſteems,
Tho' he, alone, profeſſes what he ſeems:
But when your Muſe aſſumes her Tragick Part,
She conquers and ſhe reigns in ev'ry Heart;
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know:
The Widow who impatient of Delay,
From the Town joys muſt maſk it to the Play,
Joyns with your Mourning Bride's *reſiſtleſs Moan,*
And weeps a Loſs ſhe ſlighted, when her own;
You give us Torment, and you give us Eaſe,
And vary our Afflictions as you pleaſe.
Is not a Heart ſo kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign:
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd your ſelf, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then ſtill great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *BETTERTON.*

OF thoſe few Fools, who with ill Stars are curſt,
Sure ſcribling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worſt:
For they're a ſort of Fools which Fortune *makes,*
And after ſhe has made them Fools forſakes.
With Nature's *Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Caſe,*
For Fortune *favours all her* Idiot Race:
In her own Neſt the Cuckow Eggs *we find,*
O'er which ſhe broods to hatch the Changling-Kind.
No Portion for her own ſhe has to ſpare,
So much ſhe doats on her adopted Care.

Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,
Suffer'd at firſt ſome trifling Stakes to win:
But what unequal Hazards do they run!
Each time they write they venture all they've won
The Squire that's butter'd ſtill, is ſure to be undone.
This Author, heretofore, has found your Favour,
But pleads no Merit from his paſt Behaviour.
To build on that might prove a vain Perſumption,
Shou'd Grants to Poets made, admit Reſumption:
And in Parnaſſus *he muſt loſe his Seat,*
If that be found a forfeited Eſtate.

He owns, with Toil, he wrought the following Scenes,
But if they're naught, ne'er ſpare him for his Pains:
Damn him the more; have no Commiſeration
For Dulneſs on mature Deliberation.

He

PROLOGUE.

He ſwears he'll not reſent one hiſs'd-off Scene,
Nor, like thoſe peeviſh Wits, his Play maintain,
Who, to aſſert their Senſe, your Taſte arraign.
Some Plot we think he has, and ſome new Thought;
Some Humour too, no Farce; but that's a Fault.
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect;
For ſo Reform'd a Town, who dares Correct?
To Pleaſe, this Time, has been his ſole, Pretence,
He'll not Inſtruct, leſt it ſhould give Offence.
Shou'd he by Chance a Knave or Fool expoſe,
That hurts none here, ſure here are none of thoſe.
In ſhort, our Play ſhall (with your Leave to ſhew it)
Give you one Inſtance of a Paſſive Poet,
Who to your Judgments yields all Reſignation;
So Save or Damn, after your own Diſcretion.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Fainall, in love with Mrs. *Marwood*.
Mirabell, in love with Mrs. *Millamant*.
Witwoud, *Petulant*, } Followers of Mrs. *Millamant*.
Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, half brother to *Witwoud*, and Nephew to Lady *Wiſhfort*.
Waitwell, Servant to *Mirabell*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Wiſhfort*, Enemy to *Mirabell*, for having falſly pretended love to her.
Mrs. *Millamant*, A fine Lady, Niece to Lady *Wiſhfort*, and loves *Mirabell*.
Mrs. *Marwood*, Friend to Mr. *Fainall*, and likes *Mirabell*.
Mrs. *Fainall*, Daughter to Lady *Wiſhfort*, and Wife to *Fainall*, formerly Friend to *Mirabell*.
Foible, Woman to Lady *Wiſhfort*.
Mincing, Woman to Mrs. *Millamant*.

Dancers, Footmen *and* Attendants.

SCENE *LONDON*.

The time equal to that of the Preſentation.

THE

THE

WAY *of the* WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chocolate-House.

MIRABELL *and* FAINALL (*Riſing from Cards.*) BETTY *waiting.*

MIRABELL.

OU are a fortunate man, Mr. *Fainall.*

Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you pleaſe. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not ſo indifferent; you are thinking of ſomething elſe now, and play too negligently; the coldneſs of a loſing gameſter leſſens the pleaſure of the winner, I'd no more play with a man that ſlighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalu'd the loſs of her reputation.

Mira. You have a taſte extreamly delicate, and are for refining on your pleaſures.

Fain.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why ſo reſerv'd? ſomething has put you out of humour.

Miar. Not at all: I happen to be grave to day; and you are gay: That's all.

Fain. Confeſs, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd laſt night, after I left you; my fair couſin has ſome humours that wou'd tempt the patience of a ſtoick. What, ſome coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mira. Witwoud and *Petulant*; and what was worſe, her aunt your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to ſum up all in her own name, my old lady *Wiſhfort* came in.--

Fain. O there it is then —— ſhe has a laſting paſſion for you and with reaſon. —— What, then my wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never ſaw before; ſeeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whiſper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound ſilence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mira. For which reaſon I reſolv'd not to ſtir. At laſt the good old lady broke thro' her painful taciturnity, with an invective againſt long viſits. I would not have underſtood her, but *Millamant* joining in the argument, I roſe, and with a conſtrain'd ſmile told her, I thought nothing was ſo eaſie as to know when a viſit began to be troubleſome; ſhe redden'd, and I withdrew without expecting her reply.

Fain. You are to blame to reſent what ſhe ſpoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mira. She is more miſtreſs of her ſelf, than to be under the neceſſity of ſuch a reſignation.

Fain. What? tho' half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

Mira. I was then in ſuch a humour, that I ſhou'd have been better pleas'd if ſhe had been leſs diſcreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; laſt night was one of their cabal-nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inqueſt, to ſit upon the murder'd reputations

of

of the week. You and I are excludeed; and it was once propos'd that all the male ſex ſhou'd be excepted; but ſome body mov'd that to avoid ſcandal there might be one man of the community; upon which motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd members.

Mira. And who may have been the foundreſs of this ſect? My Lady *Wiſhfort*, I warrant, who publiſhes her deteſtation of mankind; and full of the vigour of fifty five, declares for a friend and *Ratafia*; and let poſterity ſhift for it ſelf, ſhe'll breed no more.

Fain. The diſcovery of your ſham addreſſes to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provok'd this ſeparation: Had you diſſembled better, things might have continu'd in the ſtate of nature.

Mira. I did as much as man cou'd, with any reaſonable conſcience; I proceeded to the very laſt act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a ſong in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carry'd ſo far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that ſhe was grown fat of a ſudden; and when ſhe lay in of a dropſie, perſuaded her ſhe was reported to be in labour. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flatter'd further, unleſs a man ſhou'd endeavour downright perſonally to debauch her; and that my virtue forbad me. But for the diſcovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Fain. What ſhou'd provoke her to be your enemy, unleſs ſhe has made you advances, which you have ſlighted? Women do not eaſily forgive omiſſions of that nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confeſs I am not one of thoſe coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that ſhe who does not refuſe 'em every thing, can refuſe 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have cruelty enough, not to ſatisfie a lady's longing; you have too much generoſity, not to be tender of her Honour. Yet you ſpeak with an indifference which

ſeems

ſeems to be affected; and confeſſes you are conſcious of a negligence.

Mira. You purſue the argument with a diſtruſt that ſeems to be unaffected; and confeſs that you are conſcious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

Fain. Fie, fie, friend; if you grow cenſorious I muſt leave you; ——— I'll look upon the gameſters in the the next room.

Mira. Who are they?

Fain. Petulant and *Witwoud*———Bring me ſome chocolate.

Mira. Betty, what ſays your clock?

Bet. Turn'd of the laſt canonical hour, Sir.

Mira. How pertinently the jade anſwers me! ha? almoſt one a clock! *(Looking on his Watch.)* O, y'are come——

SCENE II.

MIRABELL *and* FOOTMAN.

Mira. Well; is the grand affair over? you have been ſomething tedious.

Ser. Sir, there's ſuch a coupling at *Pancras*, that they ſtand behind one another, as 'twere in a country-dance. Ours was the laſt couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of diſpatch, beſides, the parſon growing hoarſe, we were afraid his lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our turn; ſo we drove round to *Duke's-Palace*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, ſo, you are ſure they are married.

Ser. Married and bedded, ſir: I am witneſs.

Mira. Have you the certificate?

Ser. Here it is, ſir.

Mira. Has the taylor brought *Waitwell*'s cloaths home, and the new liveries?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the conſummation 'till farther order; bid *Waitwell* ſhake his ears, and dame *Partlet* ruſtle up her feathers, and meet me at one a clock by *Roſamond*'s pond; that I may ſee her before ſhe returns to her lady: And as you tender your ears be ſecret.

SCENE

SCENE III.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, *and* BETTY.

Fain. Joy of your ſucceſs, *Mirabell*; you look pleas'd.

Mira. Ay; I have been engag'd in a matter of ſome ſort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for diſcovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder *Fainall*, that you who are married, and of conſequence ſhould be diſcreet, will ſuffer your wife to be of ſuch a party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Beſides moſt who are engag'd are women and relations; and for the men they are of a kind too contemptible to give ſcandal.

Mira. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more ſcandal: For a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reaſon for aſſociating with a man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you ſee *Witwoud* entertain'd by *Millamant*?

Mira. Of her underſtanding I am, if not of her perſon.

Fain. You do her wrong; for to give her due, ſhe has wit.

Mira. She has beauty enough to make any man think ſo; and complaiſance enough not to contradict him who ſhall tell her ſo.

Fain. For a paſſionate lover, methinks you are a man ſomewhat too diſcerning in the failings of your miſtreſs.

Mira. And for a diſcerning man, ſomewhat too paſſionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are ſo natural, or ſo artful, that they become her; and thoſe affectations which in another woman wou'd be odious, ſerve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, ſhe once us'd me with that inſolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; ſifted her, and ſeparated her failings; I ſtudy'd 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was ſo large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: To which end I ſo us'd my ſelf to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my deſign and expectation, they gave me ev'ry hour leſs diſturbance; till in a few days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being diſpleas'd. They are now grown as familiar

liar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I ſhall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

Mira. Say you ſo?

Fain. I, I, I have experience: I have a wife, and ſo forth.

SCENE IV.

(To them) MESSENGER.

Meſ. Is one Squire *Witwoud* here?

Bet. Yes, what's your buſineſs?

Meſ. I have a letter for him, from his brother ſir *Wilfil*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own hands.

Bet. He's in the next room, friend——That way.

SCENE. V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

Mira. What, is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*!

Fain. He is expected to day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have ſeen him, he promiſes to be an extraordinary Perſon; I think you have the honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half brother to this *Witwoud* by a former wife, who was ſiſter to my lady *Wiſhfort* my wife's mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you muſt call couſins too.

Mira. I had rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to town in order to equip himſelf for travel.

Mira. For travel; why the man that I mean is above forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of *England*, that all *Europe* ſhould know we have blockheads of all ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to ſave the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

Fain.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loſs, than to be quite eaten up, with being overſtock'd.

Mira. Pray, are the follies of this knight-errant, and thoſe of the ſquire his brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the knight, like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other ſet your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

Mira. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull* is an odd mixture of baſhfulneſs and obſtinacy. ——But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monſter in the tempeſt; and much after the ſame manner. To give t'other his due; he has ſomething of good nature, and does not always want wit.

Mira. Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of compariſons. He is a fool with a good memory, and ſome few ſcraps of other folks wit. He is one whoſe converſation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptious; for he ſo paſſionately affects the reputation of underſtanding raillery, that he will conſtrue an affront into a Jeſt; and call downright rudeneſs and ill language ſatire and fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finiſh his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

SCENE VI.

(*To them*) WITWOUD.

Wit. Afford me your compaſſion, my dear; pity me, *Fainall*; *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my ſoul.

Fain. Why, what's the matter?

Wit. No letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a meſſenger bring you one but now Sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, ſir.

Wit.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard; ——— A meſſenger, a mule, a beaſt of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyrick in a funeral ſermon, or a copy of commendatory verſes from one poet to another. And what's worſe, 'tis as ſure a forerunner of the author, as an epiſtle dedicatory.

Mira. A fool, and your brother, *Witwoud!*

Wit. Ay, ay, my half brother. My half brother he is, no nearer, upon honour.

Mira. Then 'tis poſſible he may be but half a fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell le Drole!* good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him; ——— *Fainall*, how does your lady? gad, I ſay any thing in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I ſhou'd aſk a man of pleaſure, and the town, a queſtion at once ſo foreign and domeſtick. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage, I don't know what I ſay: ſhe's the beſt woman in the world.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you ſay, or elſe your commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Wit. No man in town lives well with a wife but *Fainall.* Your judgment, *Mirabell?*

Mira. You had better ſtep and aſk his wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

Wit. Mirabell.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My dear, I aſk ten thouſand pardons; ——— Gad I have forgot what I was going to ſay to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but pr'ythee excuſe me, ——— my memory is ſuch a memory.

Mira. Have a care of ſuch apologies, *Witwoud*; ——— for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the ſpleen or his memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant?*

Wit. He's reckoning his money ——— my money it was ——— I have no luck to day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play; — for you are ſure to be too hard for him at repartee: Since you

you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune muſt be his of courſe.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confeſſes the ſuperiority of wit to be your talent, *Witwoud.*

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates——— *Petulant*'s my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honeſt fellow, and has a ſmattering——faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd ſort of a ſmall wit: Nay, I'll do him juſtice, I'm his friend, I won't wrong him ——— And if he had any judgment in the world,——he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I muſt own——no more breeding than a bumbaily, that I grant you,——'Tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mira. What, courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, I can't ſay as to that.——Yet, faith in a controverſie he'll contradict any body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a man whom he fear'd, or a woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he ſpeaks; ——— We have all our failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuſe him, ——— I can defend moſt of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't, if he were my brother, I cou'd not acquit him—that indeed I cou'd wiſh were otherwiſe.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Witwoud?*

Wit. O pardon me——expoſe the infirmities of my friend!——No my dear, excuſe me there.

Fain. What I warrant he's unſincere, or 'tis ſome ſuch trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuſe that: A wit ſhou'd no more be ſincere than a Woman conſtant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too poſitive?

Wit.

Wit. No, no, his being poſitive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up converſation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his happineſs——his want of learning gives him the more opportunities to ſhew his natural parts.

Mira. He wants words.

Wit. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleaſure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he ſpeaks unſeaſonable truths ſometimes, becauſe he has not wit enough to invent an evaſion.

Wit. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no; ſince you will have it,—I mean, he never ſpeaks truth at all,—that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

SCENE VII.

(To them) COACHMAN.

Coach. Is maſter *Petulant* here, miſtreſs?

Betty. Yes.

Coach. Three Gentlewoman in a coach would ſpeak with him.

Fain. O brave *Petulant*, three!

Bet. I'll tell him.

Coach. You muſt bring two diſhes of chocolate, and a glaſs of cinnamon-water.

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD.

Wit. That ſhould be for two faſting ſtrumpets, and a bawd troubled with the wind. Now you may know what the three are.

Mira. You are very free with your friends acquaintance.

Wit.

Wit. Ay, ay, friendſhip without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toaſting; but to tell you a ſecret, theſe are trulls whom he allows coach hire, and ſomething more by the week, to call on him once a day at publick places.

Mira. How!

Wit. You ſhall ſee he won't go to 'em, becauſe there's no more company here to take notice of him ——— why this is nothing to what he us'd to do; ——— Before he found out this way, I have known him call for himſelf. ———

Fain. Call for himſelf? what doſt thou mean?

Wit. Mean! why, he wou'd ſlip you out of this chocolate houſe, juſt when you had been talking to him——as ſoon as your back was turn'd——whip he was gone; ———Then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and ſcarf, and a maſk, ſlip into a hackney-coach and drive hither to the door again in a trice! where he wou'd ſend in for himſelf, that I mean, call for himſelf, wait for himſelf, nay and what's more, not finding himſelf, ſometimes leaves a letter for himſelf.

Mira. I confeſs this is ſomething extraordinary——— I believe he waits for himſelf now, he is ſo long a coming; O I aſk his pardon.

SCENE IX.

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD, BETTY.

Betty. Sir, the coach ſtays.

Petu. Well, well; I come———'Sbud a man had as good be a profeſs'd midwife, as a profeſs'd whoremaſter, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all hours, and in all places. Pox on 'em, I won't come——— d'ye-hear, tell 'em I won't come.———Let them ſnivel and cry their hearts out.

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

Petu. All's one, let it paſs———I have a humour to be cruel.

Mira. I hope they are not perſons of condition that you uſe at this rate.

Petu.

Petu. Condition! condition's a dry'd fig. If I am not in humour ——— by this hand if they were your—— a———a———your what-d'ye-call-'ems themſelves, they muſt wait or rub off, if I want appetite.

Mira. What-d'ye-call-'ems! what are they, *Witwoud?*

Wit. Empreſſes, my dear———by your what-d'ye-call-'ems he means ſultana queens.

Petu. Ay, *Roxolana*'s.

Mira. Cry you mercy.

Fain. *Witwoud* ſays they are———

Petu. What does he ſay they are?

Wit. I? fine ladies, I ſay.

Petu. Paſs on, *Witwoud*———harkee; by this light, his relations ——— two coheireſſes his couſins, and an old aunt, who loves catterwauling better than a conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha; I had a mind to ſee how the rogue wou'd come off———Ha, ha, ha; gad I can't be angry with him; if he had ſaid they were my mother and my ſiſters.

Mira. No!

Wit. No; the rogue's wit and readineſs of invention charm me. Dear *Petulant.*

Bet. They are gone, ſir, in great anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, ſaves paint,

Fain. This continence is all diſſembled; this is in order to have ſomething to brag of the next time he makes court to *Millamant*, and ſwear he has abandoned the whole ſex for her ſake.

Mira. Have you not left off your impudent pretenſions there yet? I ſhall cut your throat, ſometime or other, *Petulant*, about that buſineſs.

Petu. Ay, ay, let that paſs ——— there are other throats to be cut———

Mira. Meaning mine, Sir?

Petu. Not I———I mean no body———I know nothing.———But there are uncles and nephews in the world———and they may be rivals———what then? all's one for that———

Mira.

Mira. How; Harkee *Petulant*, come hither——— Explain or I ſhall call your interpreter.

Petu. Explain! I know nothing—— Why, you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town; and lodges by my lady *Wiſhfort*'s?

Mira. True.

Petu. Why that's enough———You and he are not friends; and if he ſhou'd marry and have a child, you may be diſinherited, ha?

Mira. Where haſt thou ſtumbled upon all this truth?

Petu. All's one for that; why then ſay I know ſomething.

Mira. Come thou art an honeſt fellow, *Petulant*, and ſhalt make love to my miſtreſs, thou ſha't, faith. What haſt thou heard of my uncle?

Petu. I? nothing, I. If throats are to be cut, let ſwords claſh; ſnug's the word, I ſhrug and am ſilent.

Mira. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the womens ſecrets———What you're a cabaliſt, I know you ſtaid at *Millamant*'s laſt night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle, or me? Tell me. If thou hadſt but good nature equal to thy wit, *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is now thy competitor in fame, wou'd ſhew as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he wou'd no more be ſeen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the ſun: Come, I'm ſure thou wo't tell me.

Petu. If I do, will you grant me common ſenſe then, for the future?

Mira. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that heav'n may grant it thee in the mean time.

Petu. Well, harkee.

Fain. Petulant and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a rival as a lover.

Wit. Pſhaw, pſhaw, that ſhe laugs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part—but that it is almoſt a faſhion to admire her, I ſhould—harkee— to tell you a ſecret, but let it go no further—between friends, I ſhall never break my heart for her.

Fain. How!

Wit. She's handſome; but ſhe's a ſort of an uncertain woman.

Fain. I thought you had dy'd for her.

Wit. Umh—No——

Fain. She has wit.

Wit. 'Tis what ſhe will hardly allow any body elſe—Now, demme, I ſhou'd hate that if ſhe were as handſome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not ſo ſure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think ſo?

Wit. We ſtaid pretty late there laſt night, and heard ſomething of an uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to town—and is between him and the beſt part of his eſtate; *Mirabell* and he are at ſome diſtance, as my lady *Wiſhfort* has been told; and you know ſhe hates *Mirabell*, worſe than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fiſhmonger hates a hard froſt. Whether this uncle has ſeen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot ſay; but there were items of ſuch a treaty being in embrio; and if it ſhou'd come to life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in ſome ſort unfortunately ſobb'd, i'faith.

Fain. 'Tis impoſſible *Millamant* ſhou'd hearken to it.

Wit. Faith my dear, I can't tell; ſhe's a woman and a kind of a humouriſt.

Mira. And this is the ſum of what you cou'd collect laſt night.

Petu. The quinteſſence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he ſtay'd longer—beſides, they never mind him; they ſay any thing before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greateſt favourite.

Petu. Ay *tete a tete*; but not in publick, becauſe I make remarks.

Mira. You do?

Petu. Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, man. Now he's ſoft, you know, they are not in awe of him——the fellow's well bred, he's what you call a—what d'ye-call-'em. A fine gentleman, but he's ſilly withal.

Mira. I thank you, I know as much as my curioſity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the park; the ladies talk'd of being there.

Mira. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your brother Sir *Wilfull*'s arrival.

Wit.

Wit. No, no, he comes to his aunt's my Lady *Wiſh-fort*; pox on him, I ſhall be troubled with him too; what ſhall I do with the Fool?

Petu. Beg him for his eſtate; that I may beg you afterwards; and ſo have but one trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as fire in a froſty morning; thou ſhalt to the *Mall* with us; and we'll be very ſevere,

Petu. Enough, I'm in a humour to be ſevere.

Mira. Are you? pray then walk by your ſelves—— let not us be acceſſary to your putting the ladies out of countenance, with your ſenſeleſs ribaldary; which you roar out aloud as often as they paſs by you; and when you have made a handſome woman bluſh, then you think you have been ſevere.

Petu. What, what? then let 'em either ſhew their innocence by not underſtanding what they hear, or elſe ſhew their diſcretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to underſtand.

Mira. But haſt not thou then ſenſe enough to know that thou ought'ſt to be moſt aſham'd thy ſelf, when thou haſt put another out of countenance?

Petu. Not I, by this hand——I always take bluſhing either for a ſign of guilt or ill breeding.

Mira. I confeſs you ought to think ſo. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice,

Where modeſty's ill manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice paſs for wit,

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. JAMES's *PARK.*

Mrs. FAINALL *and Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Mrs. *FAINALL.*

AY, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we muſt find the means in our ſelves, and among our ſelves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating or averſe. While they are lovers, if they have fire and ſenſe, their jealouſies are inſupportable: And when they ceaſe to love, (we ought to think at leaſt) they loath; they look upon us with horror and diſtaſte; they meet us like the ghoſts of what we were, and as from ſuch, fly from us.

Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy circumſtance of life, that love ſhou'd ever die before us; and that the man ſo often ſhou'd out-live the lover. But ſay what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To paſs our youth in dull indifference, to refuſe the ſweets of life becauſe they once muſt leave us, is as prepoſterous as to wiſh to have been born old, becauſe we one day muſt be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waſte, but it ſhall never ruſt in my poſſeſſion.

Mrs. *Fain.* Then it ſeems you diſſemble an averſion to mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no taſte of thoſe inſipid dry diſcourſes, with which our ſex of force muſt entertain themſelves, apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profeſs eternal friendſhips, and ſeem to dote like lovers; but 'its not in our natures long to perſevere. Love will reſume his empire in our breaſts, and every heart, or ſoon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. *Fain.* Bleſs me, how have I been deceiv'd! why you profeſs a libertine.

Mar.

Mar. You ſee my friendſhip by my freedom. Come, be as ſincere, acknowledge that your ſentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. *Fain.* Never.

Mar. You hate Mankind!

Mrs. *Fain.* Heartily, inveterately.

Mar. Your huſband?

Mrs. *Fain.* Moſt tranſcendently; ay, tho' I ſay it, meritoriouſly.

Mar. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. *Fain.* There.

Mar. I join with you; what I have ſaid has been to try you.

Mrs. *Fain.* Is it poſſible? Doſt thou hate thoſe vipers, men?

Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to deſpiſe 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em,

Mrs. *Fain.* There ſpoke the ſpirit of an *Amazon*, a *Pentheſilea.*

Mar. And yet I am thinking ſometimes to carry my averſion further.

Mrs. *Fain.* How?

Mar. Faith by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be throughly ſenſible of ill uſage, I think I ſhould do my ſelf the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. *Fain.* You would not make him a cuckold?

Mar. No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. *Fain.* Why, had not you as good do it?

Mar. O, if he ſhou'd ever diſcover it he would then know the worſt, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and Jealouſie.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ingenious miſchief! wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell.*

Mar. Wou'd I were.

Mrs. *Fain.* You change colour.

Mar. Becauſe I hate him.

Mrs. *Fain.* So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what reaſon have you to hate him in particular?

Mar. I never lov'd him; he is, and always was inſufferably proud.

Mrs. *Fain.* By the reaſon you give for your averſion, one wou'd think it deſſembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies muſt acquit him.

Mar. O then it ſeems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you fluſh again.

Mrs. *Fain.* Do I? I think I am a little ſick o'the ſudden.

Mar. What ails you?

Mrs. *Fain.* My Huſband. Don't you ſee him? he turn'd ſhort upon me unawares, and has almoſt overcome me.

SCENE II.

(To them.) FAINALL *and* MIRABELL

Mrs. *Mar.* Ha, ha, ha; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. *Fain.* For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My dear.

Mrs. *Fain.* My ſoul.

Fain. You don't look well to day, child.

Mrs. *Fain.* D'ye think ſo?

Mira. He is the only man that does, madam.

Mrs. *Fain.* The only man that wou'd tell me ſo at leaſt; and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

Fain. O my dear, I am ſatisfy'd of your tenderneſs; I know you cannot reſent any thing from me; eſpecially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. *Fain.* Mr. *Mirabell*, my mother interrupted you in a pleaſant relation laſt night: I would fain hear it out.

Mira. The perſons concern'd in that affair, have yet a tolerable reputation.——I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be cenſorious.

Mrs. *Fain.* He has a humour more prevailing than his curioſity, and will willingly diſpenſe with the hearing of one ſcandalous ſtory, to avoid giving an occaſion to make another by being ſeen to walk with his Wife. this way, Mr. *Mirabell*; and I dare promiſe you will oblige us both.

SCENE

SCENE III.

FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Fain. Excellent creature; well, ſure if I ſhou'd live to be rid of my wife, I ſhou'd be a miſerable man.

Mar. Hy.

Fain. For having only that one hope, the accompliſhment of it, of conſequence, muſt put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who muſt ſurvive his hopes! Nothing remains when that day comes, but to ſit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

Mar. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. Faith I think not.

Mar. Pray let us; I have a reaſon.

Fain. You are not jealous?

Mar. Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell.*

Mar. If I am, is it inconſiſtent with my love to you that I am tender of your honour!

Fain. You would intimate then, as if there were a fellow feeling between my wife and him.

Mar. I think ſhe does not hate him to that degree ſhe wou'd be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear is too inſenſible.

Mar. It may be you are deceived.

Fain. It may be ſo. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mar. What?

Fain. That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are falſe.

Mar. That I am falſe! what mean you?

Fain. To let you know I ſee through all your little arts ——Come, you both love him; and both have equally diſſembled your averſion. Your mutual jealouſies of one another, have made you claſh 'till you have both ſtruck fire. I have ſeen the warm confeſſion redning on your cheeks, and ſparkling from your eyes.

Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not ——— 'twas for my eaſe to overſee and wilfully neglect the groſs advances made him by my wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might con-

tinue unſuspected in my pleaſures; and take you oftener to my arms in full ſecurity. But cou'd you think, becauſe the nodding huſband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful lover ſlept?

Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With infidelity, with loving another, with love of *Mirabell.*

Mar. 'Tis falſe. I challenge you to ſhew an inſtance that can confirm your groundleſs accuſation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? he is inſenſible and your reſentment follows his neglect. An Inſtance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interpoſing in his Love. What cauſe had you to make diſcoveries of his pretended paſſion? To undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obſtacle of his match with *Millamant.*

Mar. My obligations to my lady urg'd me! I had profeſs'd a friendſhip to her! and could not ſee her eaſie nature ſo abus'd by that diſſembler.

Fain. What, was it conſcience then? profeſs'd a friendſhip! O the pious friendſhips of the female ſex!

Mar. More tender, more ſincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether profeſſing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha: you are my wife's friend too.

Mar. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! have I been falſe to her, thro' ſtrict fidelity to you, and ſacrifice my friendſhip to keep my love inviolate? And have you the baſeneſs to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit! To you it ſhou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that guilt upon me, which ſhou'd lie buried in your boſom?

Fain., You miſinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the ſlight account you once cou'd make of ſtricteſt ties, when ſet in competition with your love to me.

Mar. 'Tis falſe, you urg'd it with deliberate malice—— 'Twas ſpoke in ſcorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain.

Fain. Your guilt, not your reſentment, begets your rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a jealouſie: But you are ſtung to find you are diſcover'd?

Mar. It ſhall be all diſcover'd. You too ſhall be diſcover'd; be ſure you ſhall. I can but be expos'd ——— If I do it my ſelf I ſhall prevent your baſeneſs.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mar. Diſcloſe it to your wife; own what has paſt between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mar. By all my wrongs I'll do't ——— I'll publiſh to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: With both I truſted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

Fain. Your fame I have preſerved. Your fortune has been beſtowed as the prodigality of your love would have it in pleaſures which we both have ſhar'd. Yet, had not you been falſe, I had e'er this repaid it ——— 'Tis true—had you permited *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have ſtol'n their marriage my Lady had been incens'd beyond all means of reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the moiety of her fortune; which then wou'd have deſcended to my wife; ——— And wherefore did I marry but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and ſquander it on love and you?

Mar. Deceit, and frivolous pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? What's pretence? am I not impriſon'd, fetter'd? Have I not a wife? Nay a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handſome widow, and wou'd be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and ſomething of a conſtitution to buſtle though the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you yet be reconcil'd to truth and me?

Mar. Impoſſible. Truth and you are inconſiſtent—I hate you and ſhall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mar. I loath the name of love after ſuch uſage; and next to the guilt with which you wou'd aſperſe me I ſcorn you moſt. Farewel.

Fain. Nay we muſt not part thus.

Mar. Let me go.

Fain. Come I'm ſorry.

Mar. I care not——Let me go——break my hands, do ——I'd leave 'em to get looſe.

Fain. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

Mar. Well, I have deſerv'd it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mar. Poor diſſembling—— O that——Well, it is not yet——

Fain. What? what is it not? What is not yet? Is it not yet too late——

Mar. No it is not yet too late——I have that comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mar. But not to loath, deteſt, abhor mankind, myſelf and the whole treacherous world.

Fain. Nay, this is extravagance——Come I ask your pardon—no tears——I was to blame. I cou'd not love you and be eaſie in my doubts——Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends;——I'll hate my wife yet more. Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all ſhe's worth and we'll retire ſome where, any where, to another world. I'll marry thee——be pacify'd——'Sdeath! they come, hide your face, your tears—— You have a maſk, wear it a moment. This way, this way; be perſuaded.

SCENE IV.

MIRABELL *and Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. *Fain.* They are here yet.

Mira. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. *Fain.* While I only hated my huſband, I cou'd bear to ſee him; but ſince I have deſpis'd him he's to offenſive.

Mira. O you ſhou'd hate with prudence.

Mrs. *Fain.* Yes, for I have lov'd with indiſcretion.

Mira. You ſhou'd have juſt ſo much diſguſt for your huſband, as may be ſufficient to make you reliſh your lover.

Mrs. *Fain.* You have been the cauſe that I have lov'd without bounds, and wou'd you ſet limits to that averſi-

on

on, of which you have been the occaſion? why did you make me marry this man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit diſagreeable and dangerous actions? to ſave that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produc'd that conſequence, of which you were apprehenſive, where cou'd you have fix'd a father's name with credit, but on a huſband? I knew *Fainall* to be a man laviſh of his morals, an intereſted and profeſſing friend, a falſe and a deſigning lover; yet one whoſe wit and outward fair behaviour have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman ſtand excus'd, who has ſuffer'd her ſelf to be won by his addreſſes. A better man ought not to have been ſacrific'd to the occaſion; a worſe had not anſwered to the purpoſe, when you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

Mrs. *Fain.* I ought to ſtand in ſome degree of credit with you, *Mirabell.*

Mira. In Juſtice to you, I made you privy to my whole deſign, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

Mrs. *Fain.* Whom have you inſtructed to repreſent your pretended uncle?

Mira. Waitwell, my ſervant.

Mrs. *Fain.* He is an humble ſervant to *Foible* my mother's woman, and may win her to your Intereſt.

Mira. Care is taken for that——————ſhe is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. *Fain.* Who?

Mira. Waitwell and *Foible.* I wou'd not tempt my ſervant to betray me by truſting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, ſhou'd conſent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like *Moſca* in the *Fox*, ſtand upon terms; ſo I made him ſure before-hand.

Mrs. *Fain.* So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will diſcover the impoſture betimes; and releaſe her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

Mira. Yes, upon condition that ſhe conſent to my marriage with her neice, and ſurrender the moiety of her fortune in her poſſeſſion.

Mrs. *Fain.* She talk'd laſt night of endeavouring at a match between *Millamant* and your uncle.

Mira.

Mira. That was by *Foible*'s direction, and my inſtruction, that ſhe might ſeem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. *Fain.* Well, I have an opinion of your ſucceſs; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get an huſband; and when ſhe has this, which you have provided for her, I ſuppoſe ſhe will ſubmit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good lady would marry any thing that reſembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. *Fain.* Female frailty! we muſt all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a falſe appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old woman's appetite is deprav'd like that of a girl———'Tis the green-ſickneſs of a ſecond child-hood; and like the faint offer of a latter ſpring, ſerves but to uſher in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. *Fain.* Here's your miſtreſs.

SCENE V.

(*To them*) *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, MINCING.

Mira. Here ſhe comes i'faith, full ſail, with her fan ſpread and ſtreamers out, and a ſhoal of fools for tenders——— Ha, no, I cry her mercy.

Mrs. *Fain.* I ſee but one poor empty ſculler; and he tows her woman after him.

Mira. You ſeem to be unattended, madam,——— You us'd to have the *Beau-mond* throng after you; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like moths about a candle——I had like to have loſt my compariſon for want of breath.

Mil. O I have deny'd my ſelf airs to day. I have walk'd as faſt through the croud.

Wit. As a favourite juſt diſgrac'd; and with as few followers.

Mil. Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, truce with your ſimilitudes: for I am as ſick of 'em———

Wit. As a phyſician of a good air ——I cannot help it, madam tho' 'tis againſt my ſelf.

Mil. Yet again, *Mincing*, ſtand between me and his wit.

Wit. Do Mrs. *Mincing*, like a ſcreen before a great fire

fire. I confeſs I do blaze to day, I am too bright-

Mrs. *Fain.* But, dear *Millamant*, why were you ſo long?

Mil. Long! lord, have I not made violent haſte? I have aſk'd ev'ry living thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new faſhion.

Wit. Madam, truce with your ſimilitudes——no, you met her huſband, and did not aſk him for her.

Mira. By your leave, *Witwoud*, that were like enquiring after an old faſhion, to aſk a huſband for his wife.

Wit. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confeſs it.

Mrs. *Fain.* You were dreſs'd before I came abroad.

Mil. Ay, that's true——O but then I had——*Mincing*, what had I? why was I ſo long?

Minc. O mem, your la'ſhip ſtaid to peruſe a pacquet of letters.

Mil. O ay, letters——I had letters——I am perſecuted with letters——I hate letters——no body knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why——they ſerve one to pin up one's hair.

Wit. Is that the way? pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I muſt keep copies.

Mil. Only with thoſe in verſe, Mr. *Witwoud*. I never pin up my hair with proſe, I think I try'd once, *Mincing*.

Minc. O mem, I ſhall never forget it.

Mil. Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the morning.

Minc. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow mem. And all to no purpoſe. But when your ladyſhip pins it up with poetry, it ſits ſo pleaſant the next day as any thing, and is ſo pure and ſo crips.

Wit. Indeed, ſo crips?

Minc. You're ſuch a critick, Mr. *Witwoud*.

Mil. Mirabell, did you take exceptions laſt night? O ay, and went away——now I think on't I'm angry——no, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——for I believe I gave you ſome pain.

Mira. Does that pleaſe you?

Mil. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mira.

Mira. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature, your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mil. O I ask your pardon for that—one's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover———And then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be? nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover, your beauty dies upon the Instant: For beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms ——— Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it: For that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mil. O the vanity of these men! *Finall*, d'ye hear him? if they did not commend us, we were not handsome! now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift ———Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? why one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then if one pleases one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Wit. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mira. Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mil. How so?

Mira. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing your selves prais'd; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing your selves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mill.

Mil. O Fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave theſe men.

Mira. Draw off *Witwood.* (*Aſide to Mrs.* Fainall,

Mrs. *Fain.* Immediately. I have a word or two for Mr. *Witwoud.*

SCENE VI.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

Mira. I wou'd beg a little private audience too——— You had the tyranny to deny me laſt night; tho' you knew I came to impart a ſecret to you that concern'd my love.

Mill. You ſaw I was engag'd.

Mira. Unkind. You had the leiſure to entertain a herd of fools; things who viſit you from their exceſſive idleneſs; beſtowing on your eaſineſs that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in ſuch ſociety? it is impoſſible they ſhou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it ſhou'd be to you as a mortification; for ſure to pleaſe a fool is ſome degree of folly.

Mill. I pleaſe my ſelf———Beſides, ſometimes to converſe with fools is for my health.

Mira. Your health! Is there a worſe diſeaſe than the converſation of fools?

Mill. Yes, the vapours; fools are phyſick for it, next to *Aſſa-fetida.*

Mira. You are not in a courſe of fools?

Mill. Mirabell, if you perſiſt in this offenſive freedom ———you'll diſpleaſe me———I think I muſt reſolve after all, not to have you---we ſhan't agree.

Mira. Not in our phyſick, it may be.

Mil. And yet our diſtemper in all likelihood will be the ſame, for we ſhall be ſick of one another. I ſhan't endure to be reprimanded, nor inſtructed; 'tis ſo dull to act always by advice, and ſo tedious to be told of one's faults ———I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you *Mirabell* ———I'm reſolv'd-———I think———You may go——— Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give that you cou'd help loving me?

Mira. I wou'd give ſomething that you did not know, I cou'd not help it.

Mil. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you ſay to me? *Mira.*

Mira. I ſay that a man may as ſoon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honeſty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and ſincerity.

Mill. Sententious *Mirabell!* prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wiſe face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the child in an old Tapeſtry hanging.

Mira. You are merry, madam, but I would perſuade you for a moment to be ſerious.

Mill. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impoſſible I ſhould hold mine. Well, after all, there is ſomething very moving in a love-ſick face. Ha, ha, ha——well I won't laugh! don't be peeviſh——hei-ho! now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me, woo me now —— nay, if you are ſo tedious, fare you well; —— I ſee they are walking away.

Mira. Can you not find in the variety of your diſpoſition one moment——

Mill. To hear you tell me *Foible*'s married and your plot like to ſpeed—No.

Mira. But how you came to know it.——

Mill. Without the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unleſs ſhe ſhould tell me her ſelf. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to conſider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VII.

MIRABELL, *alone.*

Mira. I have ſomething more——gone——think of you! to think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a caſe of more ſteady contemplation; a very tranquility of mind and manſion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimſical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compaſs to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion not method is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wiſe from the dictates of reaſon, and yet preſevere to play the fool by the force of inſtinct —— O here come

come my pair of turtles, ——— What, billing ſo ſweetly! Is not *Valentine*'s day over with you yet?

SCENE VIII.

(To him) WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

Mira. Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why ſure you think you were marry'd for your own recreation, and not for my conveniency.

Wait. Your pardon, ſir. With ſubmiſion, we have indeed been ſolacing in lawful delights; but ſtill with an eye to buſineſs, ſir. I have inſtructed her as well as I could. If ſhe can take your directions as readily as my inſtructions, ſir, your affairs are in a proſperous way.

Mira. Give you joy, Mrs. *Foible.*

Foi. O-las, ſir, I'm ſo aſham'd——I'm afraid my lady has been in a thouſand Inquietudes for me. But I proteſt, ſir, I made as much haſte as I could.

Wait. That ſhe did indeed, ſir. It was my fault that ſhe did not make more.

Mira. That I believe.

Foi. But I told my lady as you inſtructend me, ſir, that I had a proſpect of ſeeing Sir *Rowland* your uncle; and that I would put her ladyſhip's picture in my pocket to ſhew him; which I'll be ſure to ſay has made him ſo enamoured of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lye at her ladyſhip's feet, and worſhip the original.

Mira. Excellent *Fioble!* matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

Wait. I think ſhe has profited, ſir. I think ſo.

Foi. You have ſeen madam *Millamant*, Sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foi. I told her, ſir, becauſe I did not know that you might find an opportunity, ſhe had ſo much company laſt night.

Mira. Your diligence will merit more——In the mean time. *(Gives Money.*

Foi. O dear ſir, your humble ſervant.

Wait. Spouſe.

Mira. Stand off, ſir, not a penny——go on and proſper, *Foible*——the leaſe ſhall be made good and the farm ſtock'd, if we ſucceed.

Foi.

Foi. I don't queſtion your generoſity, ſir: And you need not doubt of ſucceſs. If you have no more commands, ſir, I'll be gone; I'm ſure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dreſs 'till I come, ——O dear, I'm ſure that *(Looking out.)* was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a maſk; if ſhe has ſeen me with you I'm ſure ſhe'll tell my lady. I'll make haſte home and prevent her. Your ſervant, ſir. B'w'y' *Waitwell.*

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

Wait. Sir *Rowland*, if you pleaſe. The jade's ſo pert upon her preferment ſhe forgets her ſelf.

Mira. Come Sir, will you endeavour to forget your ſelf——and transform into Sir *Rowland.*

Wait. Why ſir; it will be impoſſible I ſhould remember my ſelf——marry'd, knighted and attended all in one day! 'Tis enough to make any man forget himſelf. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former ſelf; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into *Waitwell.* Nay, I ſhan't be quite the ſame *Waitwell* neither——for now I remember me, I'm marry'd and can't be my own man again.

Ay there's my grief; that's the ſad change of Life
To loſe a Title, and yet keep my Wife.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady WISHFORT'S *Houſe.*

Lady WISHFORT *at her Toilet,* PEG *waiting.*

Lady WISHFORT.

MErciful! no news of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam.

Lady

Lady *Wiſh.* I have no more patience——if I have not fretted my ſelf 'till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red——the red, do you hear, ſweet-heart? an errant aſh-colour, as I am a perſon. Look you how this wench ſtirs! Why doſt thou not fetch me a little red? Didſt thou not hear me, mopus?

Peg. The red *Ratafia* does your ladyſhip mean, or the cherry-brandy?

Lady *Wiſh. Ratafia*, fool. No fool, not the *Ratifia*, fool— grant me patience! I mean the *Spaniſh* paper ideot, complexion darling. Paint, paint, paint, doſt thou underſtand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? Why doſt thou not ſtir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyſhip is ſo impatient—— I cannot come at the paint, madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the key with her.

Lady *Wiſh.* Pox take you both——Fetch me the cherry-brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady *Wiſh.* I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmſick* the curate's wife, that's always breeding—— Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing, ſipping? taſting? ſave thee, doſt thou not know the bottle?

SCENE III.

Lady WISHFORT, PEG *with a Bottle and* CHINA *Cup.*

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

Lady *Wiſh.* A cup, ſave thee, and what a cup haſt thou brought! doſt thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *Acorn*? why didſt thou not bring thy thimble? haſt thou ne'er a braſs-thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.—— So——again. See who that is——*(One knocks.)* Set down the bottle firſt. Here, here, under the table— What, wou'd thou go with the bottle in thy hand like a tapſter. As I'm a perſon, this wench has liv'd in an Inn upon the road, before ſhe came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Aſturian* in *Don Quixote.* No *Foible* yet?

Peg.

Peg. No madam, Mrs. *Marwood.*

Lady *Wiſh.* O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood.*

SCENE IV.

(To them.) Mrs. MARWOOD.

Mrs. *Mar.* I'm ſurpriz'd to find your ladyſhip in *diſhabillé* at this time of day.

Lady *Wiſh. Foible*'s a loſt thing; has been abroad ſince morning, and never heard of ſince.

Mar. I ſaw her but now, as I came maſk'd thro' the park, in conference with *Mirabell.*

Lady *Wiſh.* With *Mirabell!* You call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durſt not have the confidence. I ſent her to negotiate an affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear freind, I'm a wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mar. O madam, you cannot ſuſpect Mrs. *Foible*'s integrity.

Lady *Wiſh.* O, he carries poiſon in his tongue that wou'd corrupt integrity it ſelf. If ſhe has giv'n him an opportunity, ſhe has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's integrity to an opportunity? ——— Hark! I hear her——— dear friend retire into my cloſet, that I may examine her with more freedom ——— You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you——— there are books over the chimney——— *Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short view of the Stage*, with *Bunyan*'s works to entertain you——go, you thing, and ſend her in. *(To* Peg.*)*

SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

Lady *Wiſh.* O *Foible*, where haſt thou been? what haſt thou being doing?

Foi, Madam, I have ſeen the party.

Lady *Wiſh.* But what haſt thou done?

Foi. Nay, 'tis your ladyſhip has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a man ſo enamour'd——ſo tranſported! well, if worſhiping of pictures be a ſin—— poor Sir *Rowland*, I ſay.

Lady

Lady *Wiſh.* The miniature has been counted like---- but haſt thou not betray'd me *Foible?* haſt thou not detected me to that faithleſs *Mirabell?*——What hadſt thou to do with him in the park? anſwer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foi. So, the devil has been before-hand with me: what ſhall I ſay?——Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your ladyſhip's account, I'm ſure you wou'd not ſuſpect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worſt I cou'd have born: But he had a fling at your ladyſhip too; and then I could not hold: But i'faith I gave him his own.

Lady *Wiſh.* Me? what did the filthy fellow ſay?

Foi. O madam; 'tis a ſhame to ſay what he ſaid---- with his taunts and his fleers, toſſing up his noſe. Humh (ſays he) what you are a hatching ſome plot (ſays he) you are ſo early abroad, or catering (ſays he) ferreting for ſome diſbanded officer, I warrant——half pay is but thin ſubſiſtence (ſays he)—— Well, what penſion does your lady propoſe? Let me ſee (ſays he) what, ſhe muſt come down pretty deep now, ſhe's ſuperannuated (ſays he) and——

Lady *Wiſh.* Ods my life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poiſon'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poiſon'd in his wine. I'll ſend for *Robin* from *Locket*'s—immediately.

Foi. Poiſon him? Poiſoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, ſtarve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him diſinherited. O you wou'd bleſs your ſelf, to hear what he ſaid.

Lady *Wiſh.* A villain! ſuperannuated!

Foi. Humh (ſays he) I hear you are laying deſigns againſt me too (ſays he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my uncle; (he does not ſuſpect a word of your ladyſhip;) but (ſays he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (ſays he) I'll hamper you for that (ſays he) you and your old frippery too (ſays he) I'll handle you——

Lady *Wiſh.* Audacious villain! handle me, wou'd he durſt——frippery? old frippery! was there ever ſuch a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be marry'd to morrow, I'll be contracted to night.

Foi.

Foi. The ſooner the better madam.

Lady *Wiſh.* Will Sir *Rowland* be here, ſay'ſt thou? when, *Foible?*

Foi. Incontinently, madam. No new ſheriff's wife expects the return of her huſband after knighthood, with that impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear hour of kiſſing your ladyſhip's hand after dinner.

Lady *Wiſh.* Frippery! ſuperannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags: A tatterdemallion——I hope to ſee him hung with tatters, like a *Long-Lane* pent-houſe, or a gibbet-thief. A ſlander-mouth'd railer: I warrant the ſpendthrift Prodigal's in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll ſpoil his credit with his tailor. Yes, he ſhall have my niece with her fortune, he ſhall.

Foi. He! I hope too ſee him lodge in *Ludgate* firſt, and angle into *Black-Fryars* for braſs farthings, with an old mitten.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible.* He has put me out of all patience. I ſhall never recompoſe my features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any œconomy of face. This wretch has fretted me that I am abſolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible.*

Foi. Your ladyſhip has frown'd a little too raſhly, indeed madam. There are ſome cracks diſcernable in the white varniſh.

Lady *Wiſh.* Let me ſee the glaſs —— Cracks ſay'ſt thou? Why I am arrantly flea'd——I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou muſt repair me *Foible,* before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I ſhall never keep up to my picture.

Foi. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the ſame art muſt make you like your picture. Your picture muſt ſit for you, madam.

Lady *Wiſh.* But art thou ſure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? or will he not fail when he does come? will he be importunate, *Foible,* and puſh? for if he ſhou'd not be importunate---I ſhall never break Decorums---I ſhall die with confuſion, if I am forc'd to advance----Oh no I can never advance---I ſhall ſwoon if he ſhou'd expect advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put

put a lady to the neceſſity of breaking her forms. I wan't be too coy neither,----I won't give him deſpair------ But a little diſdain is not amiſs; a little ſcorn is alluring.

Foi. A little ſcorn becomes your ladyſhip.

Lady *Wiſh.* Yes, but tenderneſs becomes me beſt------ A ſort of a dyingneſs————You ſee that picture has a ſort of a————Ha *Foible*? a ſwimmingneſs in the eyes————Yes, I'll look ſo----my neice affects it? but ſhe wants features. Is ſir *Rowland* handſome? let my toilet be removed-------I'll dreſs above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handſome? don't anſwer me, I won't know: I'll be ſurpriz'd; I'll be taken by ſurprize

Foi. By ſtorm, madam. Sir *Rowland*'s a briſk man.

Lady *Wiſh.* Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a briſk man. I ſhall ſave decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehenſion of offending againſt decorums. O I'm glad he's a briſk man, let my things be remov'd, good *Foible.*

SCENE VI.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. *Fain.* O *Foible.* I have been in a fright, leſt I ſhou'd come too late. That devil, *Marwood,* ſaw you in the park with *Mirabell,* and I'm afraid will diſcover it to my lady.

Foi. Diſcover what, madam?

Mrs *Fain.* Nay, nay, put not on that ſtrange face. I am privy to the whole deſign, and know that *Waitwell,* to whom thou wert this morning marry'd, is to perſonate *Mirabell*'s uncle, and as ſuch, winning my lady, to involve her into thoſe difficulties from which *Mirabell* only muſt releaſe her, by his making his conditions to have my couſin and her fortune left to her own diſpoſal.

Foi, O dear madam, I beg your pardon, It was not my confidence in your ladyſhip that was deficient; but I thought the former good correſpondence between your Ladyſhip and Mr *Mirabell,* might have hinder'd his communicating this ſecret.

Mrs. *Fain.* Deer *Foible,* forgot that.

Foi. O dear madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is ſuch a ſweet winning gentleman————But your ladyſhip is the pattern of generoſity,———ſweet lady, to be ſo good! Mr.

Mirabell

Mirabell cannot chuſe but be grateful. I find your ladyſhip has his heart ſtill. Now, madam, I can ſafely tell your ladyſhip our ſucceſs. Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd my ſelf. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is ſo incens'd, that ſhe'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to night, ſhe ſays;----I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for aſking for, as they ſay of a *Welſh* Maiden-head.

Mrs. *Fain.* O rare *Foible!*

Foi. Madam, I beg your ladyſhip to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his ſucceſs. I would be ſeen as little as poſſible to ſpeak to him----beſides, I believe madam *Marwood* watches me.--- ſhe has a month's mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her ----*(Calls.) John*——————remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your ſervant. my Lady is ſo impatient, I fear ſhe'll come for me, if I ſtay.

Mrs. *Fain.* I'll go with you up the back ſtairs, leſt I ſhou'd meet her.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. MARWOOD *alone.*

Indeed, Mrs. Engine, it is thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? yes, I ſhall watch you. Why this wench is the *Paſs-partoute*, a very maſter-key to every body's ſtrong box. My friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it ſo ſwimmingly? I thought there was ſomething in it; but it ſeems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a ſurfeit; elſe you could never be ſo cool to fall from a principal to be an aſſiſtant; to procure for him! A pattren of generoſity, that I confeſs. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your match.——————O man, man! woman, woman! the devil's an aſs: If I were a painter, I would draw him like an ideot, a driveler with a bib and bells. Man ſhou'd have his head and horns, and woman the reſt of him. Poor ſimple fiend, Madam *Marwood* has a month's mind, but he can't abide her——————'Twere better for him you had not been his confeſſor in that affair; without you could have kept his council cloſer. I ſhall not prove another pattren of generoſity—

roſity—he has not oblig'd me to that with thoſe exceſſes of himſelf; and now I'll have none of him Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chymiſt upon the day of projection.

SCENE VIII.

(To her Lady WISHFORD*)*

Lady *Wiſh.* O dear *Marwood,* what ſhall I ſay for this rude forgetfulneſs——But my dear friend is all goodneſs.

Mar. No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady *Wiſh.* As I am a perſon I am in a very chaos to think I ſhou'd ſo forget myſelf —— but I have ſuch an Olio of affairs really I know not what to do—— *(Calls)*——*Foible*——I expect my nephew Sir *Willfull* ev'ry moment too:——Why *Foible*——He means to travel for improvement.

Mar. Methinks Sir *Wilfull* ſhou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

Lady *Wiſh.* O he's in leſs danger of being ſpoil'd by his travels——I am againſt my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd diſcretion to chuſe for himſelf.

Mar. Methinks Mrs. *Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very uſual with young gentlemen.

Lady *Wiſh.* I promiſe you I have thought on't——and ſince 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I aſſure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word I'll propoſe it.

SCENE IX.

(To them) FOIBLE.

Lady *Wiſh.* Come, come *Foible*——I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner——I muſt make haſte.

Foi. Mr. *Witwood* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your ladyſhip.

Lady *Wiſh.* O dear, I can't appear 'till I am dreſs'd.

Dear *Marwood* ſhall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haſte. Dear friend, excuſe me.

SCENE X.

Mrs. MARWOOD, *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, MINCING.

Mil. Sure never any thing was ſo unbred as that odious man——— *Marwood* your ſervant.

Mar. You have a colour, what's the matter.

Mil. That horrid fellow *Petulant* has provok'd me into a flame———I have broke my fan——— *Mincing* lend me yours; —— Is not all the powder out of my hair?

Mar. No. What has he done?

Mil. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—nay, he has ſaid nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry thing that has been ſaid. For my part, I thought *Witwood* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

Minc. I vow Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fit.

Mil. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing I ſwear that one has not the liberty of chuſing one's acquaintance as one does one's cloaths.

Mar. If we had that liberty we ſhou'd be as weary of one ſet of acquaintance, tho' never ſo good, as we are of one ſuit, tho' never ſo fine. A fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of grace, and be worn for variety.

Mil. I could conſent to wear 'em if they wou'd wear alike; but fools never wear out ——— They are ſuch *Drap-de-berry* things; without one cou'd give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

Mar. 'Twere better ſo indeed. Or what think you of the play-houſe? A fine gay gloſſy fool ſhou'd be given there, like a new maſking habit after the maſquerade is over, and we have done with the diſguiſe. For a fool's viſit is always a diſguiſe; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of ſenſe. If you wou'd but appear bare-fac'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as eaſily put off *Petulant* and *Witwood* as your hood and ſcarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it: The ſecret is grown too big for the pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly's* great belly; ſhe may

may lace it down before, but it burniſhes on her hips. Indeed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammel* can her face, that goodly face, which in defiance of her rheniſh-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a maſk.

Mil. I'll take my death *Marwood*, you are more cenſorious than a decay'd beauty or a diſcarded toaſt. *Mincing*, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dreſſing here; their folly is leſs provoking than your malice.

SCENE XI.

Millamant, Marwood.

Mil. The town has found it! What has it found! that *Mirabell* loves me is no more a ſecret, than it is a ſecret that you diſcover'd it to my aunt, or than the reaſon why you diſcover'd it is a ſecret.

Mar. You are nettled.

Mil. You are miſtaken. Ridiculous!

Mar. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan if you don't mitigate thoſe violent airs.

Mil. O ſilly, Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell*! his conſtancy to me has quite deſtroy'd his complaiſance for all the world beſide. I ſwear I never enjoin'd it him, to be ſo coy,——If I had the vanity to think he wou'd obey me; I wou'd command him to ſhew more gallantry——'tis hardly well bred to be ſo particular on one hand, and ſo inſenſible on the other. But I deſpair to prevail, and ſo let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha; Pardon me, dear creature, I muſt laugh, ha, ha, ha, tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mar. What pity 'tis, ſo much fine raillery, and delivered with ſo ſignificant geſture, ſhou'd be ſo unhappily directed to miſcarry.

Mil. Hæ? Dear creature I aſk your pardon——I ſwear I did not mind you.

Mar. Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think a thing impoſſible, when I ſhall tell him by telling you.——

Mil. O dear, what? for it is the ſame thing, if I hear it——Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. That I deteſt him, hate him madam.

Mil. O madam, why ſo do I——and yet the creature loves me, ha, ha, how can one forbear laughing to think of it——I am a *Sybil* if I am not amaz'd to think what he can ſee in me. I'll take my death, I think you're a handſomer——and within a year or two as young.——If you cou'd but ſtay for me I ſhou'd overtake you——But that cannot be——well, that thought makes me melancholick——now I'll be ſad.

Mar. Your merry note may be chang'd ſooner than you think.

Mil. D'ye ſay ſo? Then I'm reſolv'd I'll have a ſong to keep up my ſpirits.

SCENE XII.

(To them) MINCING.

Min. The gentlemen ſtay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

Mil. Deſire Mrs.—— that is in the next room to ſing the ſong I wou'd have learnt yeſterday. You ſhall hear it, madam ---- --not that there's any great matter in it---- but 'tis agreeable to my humour.

SONG.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A ſickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming Fires.

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties ſigh'd in vain.

III.

Then I alone the Conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a Rival's Eyes;
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I ſee
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

(To them) PETULANT, WITWOUD.

Mil. Is your animoſity compos'd, gentlemen?

Wit. Rallery, rallery, madam, we have no animoſity ——We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animoſity—The falling out of wits is like the falling out of lovers——We agree in the main, like treble and baſe. Ha, *Petulant*?

Petu. Ay, in the main----But when I have a humour to contradict————

Wit. Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battle-dores; for contradictions beget one another like *Jews*.

Petu. If he ſays black's black————If I have a humour to ſay 'tis blue——let that paſs————all's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it muſt be granted.

Wit. Not poſitively muſt——but it may --It may.

Petu. Yes, it poſitively muſt, upon proof poſitive.

Wit. Ay, upon proof poſitive it muſt; put upon proof preſumptive it only may. That's a logical diſtinction now, madam.

Mar. I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

Petu. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I aſſert.

Wit. Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

Petu. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

Mar. That's a ſign indeed it's no enemy to you.

Petu. No, no, it's no enemy to any body, but them that have it.

Mil. Well, an illiterate man's my averſion. I wonder at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make love.

Wit. That I confeſs I wonder at too.

Mil. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

Petu. Why ſhould a man be any further from being marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd?

The ordinary's paid for ſetting the *Pſalm*, and the pariſh prieſt for reading the ceremony. And for the reſt which is to follow in both caſes, a man may do it without book ——— So all's one for that.

Mil. D'ye hear the creature? lord, here's company, I'll be gone.

SCENE XIV

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD *in a riding Dreſs, Mrs.* MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOOTMAN.

Wit. In the Name of *Bartlemew* and his fair, what have we here?

Mar. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Wit. Not I——Yes, I think it is he——I've almoſt forgot him; I have not ſeen him ſince the revolution.

Foot. Sir, my lady's dreſſing Here's company; if you pleaſe to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir *Wil.* Dreſſing! what, it's but morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we ſhou'd count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in *Shropſhire*—why then belike my aunt han't din'd yet—ha, friend?

Foot. Your aunt, ſir?

Sir *Wil.* My aunt, ſir? yes my aunt, ſir, and your lady, Sir; your lady is my aunt, ſir——why, what, doſt thou not know me, friend? why then ſend ſome body hither that does. How long haſt thou liv'd with thy lady, fellow, ha?

Foot. A week, ſir; longer than any in the houſe, except my lady's woman.

Sir *Wil.* Why then belike thou doſt not know thy lady, if thou ſee'ſt her, ha, friend!

Foot. Why truly, ſir, I cannot ſafely ſwear to her face in a morning, before ſhe is dreſs'd. 'Tis like I may give a ſhrewd gueſs, at her by this time.

Sir *Wil.* Well, pr'ythee try what thou canſt do; if thou canſt not gueſs, enquire her out, do'ſt hear, fellow? and tell her, her nephew, ſir *Wilfull Witwoud*, is in the houſe.

Foot. I ſhall, ſir.

Sir *Wil.* Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: Pr'ythee who are theſe gallants?

Foot.

Foot. Really, ſir, I can't tell; there come ſo many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE XV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, *Mrs.* MARWOUD.

Sir *Wil.* Oons, this fellow knows leſs than a ſtarling; I don't think a'knows his own name.

Mar. Mr. *Witwoud*, your brother is not behind hand in forgetfulneſs-----I fancy he has forgot you too.

Wit. I hope ſo—the devil take him that remembers firſt, I ſay.

Sir *Wil.* Save you gentlemen and lady.

Mar. For ſhame, Mr. *Witwoud*; why won't you ſpeak to him?—and you, ſir.

Wit. Petulant, ſpeak.

Petu. And you, ſir.

Sir *Wil.* No offence! I hope. (*Salutes* Marwood.

Mar. No ſure, ſir.

Wit. This is a vile dog, I ſee that already. No offence! ha, ha, ha! to him; to him, *Petulant*, ſmoke him.

Petu. It ſeems as if you had come a journey, ſir; hem, hem. (*Surveying him round.*

Sir *Wil.* Very likely, ſir, that it may ſeem ſo.

Petu. No offence! I hope, ſir.

Wit. Smoke the boots, the boots; *Petulant*, the boots! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Wil.* May be not, ſir; thereafter as 'tis meant, ſir.

Petu. Sir, I preſume upon the information of your boots.

Sir *Wil.* Why, 'tis like you may, ſir: If you are not ſatisfy'd with the information of my boots, ſir, if you will ſtep to the ſtable, you may enquire further of my horſe, ſir.

Petu. Your horſe, ſir! your horſe is an aſs, ſir!

Sir *Wil.* Do you ſpeak by way of offence, ſir?

Mar. The gentleman's merry, that's all, ſir---S'life, we ſhall have a quarrel betwixt an horſe and an aſs, before they find one another out. You muſt not take any thing amiſs from your friends, ſir. You are among your

friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it---- If I am not miſtaken, you are ſir *Wilfull Witwoud.*

Sir *Wil.* Right, lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, ſo I write my ſelf; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the lady *Wiſhfort* of this manſion.

Mar. Don't you know this gentleman, ſir?

Sir *Wil.* Hum! what, ſure 'tis not ---- Yea by'r lady, but 'tis-------'ſheart I know not whether 'tis or no------yea, but 'tis, by the, *Rekin.* Brother *Antony*! What *Tony*, i'faith! what doſt thou not know me? by'r Lady nor I thee, thou art ſo becravated, and ſo beperriwig'd----'ſheart why do'ſt not ſpeak? art thou o'erjoy'd?

Wit. Odſo brother, is it you? your ſervant, brother.

Sir *Wil.* Your ſervant! why yours, ſir. your ſervant again ------'ſheart, and your friend and ſervant to that----and a------ *(Puff)* and a flap dragon for your ſervice, ſir: And a hare's foot, and a hare's ſcut for your ſervice, ſir; an you be ſo cold and ſo courtly!

Wit. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, ſir, but there is, and much offence ——A pox, is this your inns o'court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

Wit. Why, brother *Wilful* of *Salop*, you may be as ſhort as a *Shrewsbury* cake, if you pleaſe. But I tell you 'tis not modiſh to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers ſlabber and kiſs one another when they meet, like a call of ſerjants——'tis not the faſhion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir *Wil.* The faſhion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've ſuſpected this----by'r lady I conjectur'd you are a fop, ſince you began to change the ſtile of your letters, and write in a ſcrap of paper guilt round the edges, no biger than a *Subpœna*. I might expect this when you left off *Honour'd Brother*; and *hoping you are in good Health*, and ſo forth —— to begin with a *Rat me, Knight, I'm ſo ſick of a laſt Night's Debauch.* O'ds heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a cock and a bull, and a whore and a bottle, and ſo conclude——— You cou'd write news before you were out of your time, when

when you liv'd with honeſt *Pumple-Noſe* the attorney of *Furnival's* inn——you cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your friends round the *Rekin*. We cou'd have *Gazettes* then, and *Dawks's* letter, and the weekly bill 'till of late days.

Petu. 'Slife, *Witwood* were you ever an attorney's clerk? Of the family of the *Furnivals*. Ha, ha, ha!

Wit. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pſhaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to conſent to that, man, to come to *London*. He had the diſpoſal of me then. If I had not agreed to that I might have been bound prentice to a felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops; where, I ſuppoſe, you have ſerv'd your time; and now you may ſet up for your ſelf.

Mar. You intend to travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir *Wil.* Belike I may, madam. I may chance to ſail upon the ſalt ſeas if my mind hold.

Petu. And the wind ſerve.

Sir *Wil.* Serve or not ſerve, I ſhan't aſk licence of you, ſir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my diſcourſe to the lady, ſir, 'Tis is like my aunt may have told you madam - - - -Yes I have ſettl'd my concerns, I may ſay now, and am minded to ſee foreign parts, if and how that the peace holds, whereby that is taxes abate.

Mar. I thought you had deſign'd for *France* at all adventures.

Sir *Wil.* I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am ſome what dainty in making a reſolution,——becauſe when I make it I keep it. I don't ſtand ſhill I, ſhall I; then, if I ſay't I'll, do't: But I have thoughts to tarry a ſmall matter in town, to learn ſomewhat of your *Lingo* firſt before I croſs the ſeas. I'd gladly have a ſpice of your *French* as they ſay, whereby to hold diſcourſe in foreign countries.

Mar. Here's an academy in town for that uſe.

Sir *Wil.* There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mar. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

Wit. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* Skipper from a whale-fiſhing.

SCENE XVI.

(*To them*) *Lady* WISHFORT *and* FAINALL.

Lady *Wiſh.* Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your ſervant.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull*, your moſt faithful ſervant.

Sir *Wil.* Couſin *Fainall*, give me your hand.

Lady *Wiſh.* Couſin *Witwood*, your ſervant; Mr. *Petulant*, your ſervant——Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? Dinner is almoſt ready.

Sir *Wil.* I'm very well I thank you, aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the faſhion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your relations. Here's your couſin *Tony*, belike, I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence.

Lady *Wiſh.* O he's a rallier, nephew——My couſin's a wit: and your great wits always ralley their beſt friends to chuſe. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll underſtand rallery better.

(Fain. *and Mrs.* Marwood *talk apart.*

Sir *Wil.* Why then let him hold his tongue in the mean time; and rail when that day comes.

SCENE XVII.

(*To them*) MINCING.

Minc. Mem, I am come to acquaint your ladyſhip that dinner is impatient.

Sir *Wil.* Impatient? why then belike it won't ſtay till I pull off my boots. Sweet heart, can you help me to a pair of ſlippers?——my man's with his horſes, I warrant.

Lady *Wiſh.* Fie, fie, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off your boots here — go down into the hall——dinner ſhall ſtay for you——my nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam,——gentlemen, will you walk? *Marwoood.*

Mar. I'll follow you, madam.——before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

Mrs. MARWOOD, FAINALL.

Fain. Why then *Foibles*'s a bawd, an errant, rank, match-making bawd. And I it ſeems am a huſband, a rank-huſband; and my wife a very errant, rank-wife, —all in the way of the *World*. 'Sdeath! to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embrio? ſure I was born with budding antlers like a young ſatyr, or a citizen's child. 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, to be out-jilted - - - - out-matrimony'd- - - if I had kept my ſpeed like a ſtag, 'twere ſomewhat - - - - but to crawl after, with my horns like a ſnail, and be outſtripp'd by my wife——'tis ſcurvy wedlock.

Mar. Then ſhake it off, you have often wiſh'd for an opportunity to part; ——and now you have it. But firſt prevent their plot, —— the half of *Millamant*'s fortune is too conſiderable to be parted with, to a foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Damn him, that had been mine——had you not made that fond diſcovery - - - that had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added luſtre to my horns, by that encreaſe of fortune. I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with gold, tho' my forehead had been furniſh'd like a deputy lieutenant's hall.

Mar. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you ſtill, if you can away with your wife. And ſhe's no worſe than when you had her——I dare ſwear ſhe had given up her game, before ſhe was marry'd.

Fain. Hum! That may be——

Mar. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why ſhould you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The means, the means.

Mar. Diſcover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her——my lady loves her, and will come to any compoſition to ſave her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, juſt upon the diſcovery of this impoſture. My lady will be enrag'd beyond bounds, and ſacrifice niece and fortune, and all at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if ſhe ſhou'd flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain.

Fain. Faith, this has an appearance.

Mar. I'm ſorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull* that may be an obſtacle.

Fain. O for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll diſable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*, after dinner. I'll ſet his hand in.

Mar. Well, how do you ſtand affected towards your lady.

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it. —— Let me ſee——I am married already; ſo that's over—— My wife's has play'd the jade with me--------Well, that's over too——I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time —— Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; ſo there's an end of jealouſie. Weary of her I am and ſhall be——No, there's no end of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repoſe. Now for my reputation, —— As to my own, I married not for it; ſo that's out of the queſtion. And as to my part in my wife's--------Why ſhe had parted with her's before; ſo bringing none to me, ſhe can take none from me; 'tis againſt all rule of play, that I ſhould loſe to one, who has not wherewithal to ſtake.

Mar. Beſides you forget, marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! faith and that's well thought on; marriage is honourable, as you ſay; and if ſo, wherefore ſhould cuckoldom be a diſcredit, being deriv'd from ſo honourable a root?

Mar. Nay I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

Fain. So, ſo, why this point's clear.—Well, how do we proceed?

Mar. I will contrive a letter which ſhall be deliver'd to my lady, at the time when that raſcal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her. It ſhall come as from an unknown hand——for the leſs I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Beſides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I could help it,——becauſe you know ſhe knows ſome paſſages——nay I expect all will come out-——but let the mine be ſprung firſt, and then I care not if I am diſcover'd.

Fain.

Fain. If the worſt come to the worſt,——I'll turn my wife to graſs ——— I have already a deed of ſettlement of the beſt part of her eſtate; which I wheadled out of her; and that you ſhall partake at leaſt.

Mar. I hope you art convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll be no more jealous?

Fain. Jealous, no,——by this kiſs——let huſbands be jealous; but let the lover ſtill believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleaſure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his miſtreſs true. But let huſbands doubts convert to endleſs jealouſie; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to ſuperſtition, and blind credulity. I am ſingle, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll diſown the order. And ſince I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common creſt.

All Huſbands muſt, or Pain, or Shame endure;
The Wiſe too jealous are, Fools too ſecure.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

(SCENE *continues.*)

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

IS Sir *Rowland* coming, ſay'ſt thou, *Foible*? and are things in order?

Foi. Yes, madam, I have put wax-lights in the ſconces, and plac'd the footmen in a row in the hall, in their beſt liveries, with the coachman and poſtilion to fill up the equipage.

Lady *Wiſh.* Have you pulvill'd the coachman and poſtilion, that they may not ſtink of the ſtable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

Fain.

Foo. Yes, madam.

Lady *Wiſh.* And are the dancers and the muſick ready, that he may be entertain'd in all points with correſpondence to his paſſion?

Foi. All is ready madam.

Lady *Wiſh.* And—well—and how do I look, *Foible?*

Foi. Moſt killing well, madam.

Lady *Wiſh.* Well, and how ſhall I receive him? in what figure ſhall I give his heart the firſt impreſſion? There is a great deal in the firſt impreſſion. Shall I ſit?—no I won't ſit————I'll walk————ay I'll walk from the door upon his entrance, and then turn full upon him ————No that will be too ſudden. I'll lye———— ay, I'll lye down—I'll receive him in my little dreſſing room. There's a couch————Yes, yes, I'll give the firſt impreſſion on a couch——I won't lye neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow; with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way————yes——— and then as ſoon as he appears, ſtart, ay, ſtart and be ſurpriz'd, and riſe to meet him in a pretty diſorder——— yes———— O, nothing is more alluring than a leveé from a couch in ſome confuſion———— It ſhews the foot to advantage, and furniſhes with bluſhes, and recompoſing airs beyond compariſon. Hark! there's a coach.

Foi. 'Tis he, madam.

Lady *Wiſh.* O dear, has my nephew made his addreſſes to *Millamant?* I order'd him.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is ſet in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ods my life, I'll ſend him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll ſend him as I go------When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Rowland.*

SCENE II.

Mrs. MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Foi. Madam, I ſtay'd here, to tell your ladyſhip that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leiſure?

Mill.

Mill. No - - - - - what wou'd the dear man have; I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuſe my ſelf. - - - - Bid him come another time.

There never yet was Woman made,
Nor ſhall, but to be curs'd.

[*Repeating and walking about.*

That's hard!

Mrs. *Fain.* You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* to day, *Millamant*, and the poets.

Mill. He? Ay, and filthy verſes - - - - ſo I am.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, madam. Shall I ſend Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Mill. Ay, if you pleaſe, *Foible*, ſend him away.----- Or ſend him hither, - - - - - juſt as you will, dear *Foible*. - - - - - I think I'll ſee him - - - - - ſhall I? Ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrſis, *a Youth of the inſpir'd Train.*

[*Repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull* - - - - - Thou haſt philoſophy to undergo a fool, thou art marry'd and haſt patience - - - - - I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. *Fain.* I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have buſineſs of my own.

SCENE III.

(To them.) Sir WILFULL.

Mrs. *Fain.* O Sir *Wilfull*; you are come at the critical inſtant. There's your miſtreſs up to the ears in love and contemplation; purſue your point, now or never.

Sir *Wil.* Yes; my aunt will have it ſo, - - - - I would gladly have been encourag'd with a bottle or two, becauſe I'm ſomewhat wary at firſt, before I am acquainted; - - - But I hope, after a time, I ſhall break my mind - - - - - that is upon further acquaintance - - - - - - - So for the preſent, couſin, I'll take my leave - - - - If ſo be you'll be ſo kind to make my excuſe, I'll return to my company.

(This while Milla. *walks about repeating to her ſelf.*

Mrs. *Fain.* O fie, Sir *Wilfull!* what, you muſt not be daunted.

Sir *Wil.* Daunted, no that's not it, it is not ſo much for that - - - - for if ſo be that I ſet on't, I'll do't. But only

only for the preſent, 'tis ſufficient 'till further acquaintance, that's all - - - - - - your ſervant.

Mrs. *Fain.* Nay, I'll ſwear you ſhall never loſe ſo favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

SCENE. IV.

Sir WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

Sir *Wil.* Nay, nay couſin, - - - - - - - I have forgot my gloves, - - - - - - what dy'e do? 'ſheart a'has lock'd the door indeed, I think - - - - - - - nay, couſin *Fainall*, open the door - - - - - - - - pſhaw, what a vixon trick is this? - - - - - - - nay, now a' has ſeen me too - - - - - - couſin, I made bold to paſs thro' as it were - - - - - - - - I think this door's inchanted - - - - - - -

Milla. *(repeating.)*

I pr'ythee ſpare me, gentle boy,
Preſs me no more for that ſlight toy.

Sir *Wil.* Anan? couſin, your ſervant.

Milla.—*That fooliſh Trifle of a Heart*
—Sir *Wilful!*

Sir *Wil.* Yes——your Servant. No offence I hope, couſin.

Milla. *(repeating.)*

I ſwear it will not do its Part,
Tho thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy Power and Art.

Natural, eaſie *Suckling*!

Sir *Wil.* Anan? *Suckling*? No ſuch ſuckling neither, couſin, nor ſtripling: I thank heaven, I'm no minor.

Mil. Ah ruſtick, ruder than *Gothick.*

Sir *Wil.* Well, well, I ſhall underſtand your *Lingo* one of theſe days, couſin, in the mean while I muſt anſwer in plain *Engliſh.*

Wil. Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir *Wilfull?*

Sir *Wil.* Not at preſent, couſin,——Yes, I made bold to ſee, to come and know if that how you were diſpos'd to fetch a walk this evening, if ſo be that I might not be troubleſome, I would have ſought a walk with you.

Mil. A walk? what then?

Sir *Wil.* Nay nothing——only for the walk's ſake, that's all——

Mil.

Mil. I nauſeate walking; 'tis a country diverſion; I loath the country and every thing that relates to it.

Sir *Wil.* Indeed! hah! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may ——— here are choice of paſtimes here in town, as plays and the like, that muſt be confeſs'd indeed. ———

Mil. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the town too.

Sir *Wil.* Dear heart, that's much ———hah! that you ſhou'd hate 'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are ſome can't reliſh the town, and others can't away with the country,——'tis like you may be one of thoſe, couſin.

Mil. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may.—you have nothing further to ſay to me?

Sir *Wil.* Not at preſent, couſin. ——— 'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private,-------— I may break my mind in ſome meaſure——— I conjecture you partly gueſs——— however that's as time ſhall try, ----— But ſpare to ſpeak and ſpare to ſpeed, as they ſay.

Mil. If it is of no great importance, Sir *Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have juſt now a little buſineſs----—

Sir *Wil.* Enough, enough, couſin: Yes, yes, all a caſe —when you're diſpos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that — Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haſte; it will keep cold, as they ſay --- couſin, your ſervant. - - - - I think this door's lock'd.

Mil. You may go this way, ſir.

Sir *Wil.* Your ſervant, then with your leave I'll return to my company.

Mil. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

Like Phœbus *ſung the no leſs am'rous boy.*

SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

Mira. Like Daphne *ſhe, as lovely and as coy.*
Do you lock your ſelf up from me, to make my ſearch more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contriv'd, to ſignifie that here the chace muſt end, and my purſuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further? ———

Mil.

Mil. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the laſt moment, tho' I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you ſhould ſollicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monaſtery, with one foot over the threſhold. I'll be ſollicited to the very laſt, nay and afterwards.

Mira. What, after the laſt?

Mil. O, I ſhould think I was poor and had nothing to beſtow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious eaſe; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of ſollicitation.

Mira. But do not you know, that when favours are conferr'd upon inſtant and tedious ſollicitation, that they diminiſh in their value, and that both the giver loſes the grace, and the receiver leſſens his pleaſure?

Mil. It may be in things of common application; but never ſure in love. O, I hate a lover, than can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his miſtreſs. There is not ſo impudent a thing in nature, as the ſawcy look of an aſſured man, confident of ſucceſs The pedantick arrogance of a very huſband, has not ſo pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unleſs I am firſt made ſure of my will and pleaſure.

Mira. Would you have 'em both before marriage? or will you be contented with the firſt now, and ſtay for the other 'till after grace?

Mil. Ah don't be impertinent——my dear liberty, ſhall I leave thee? my faithful ſolitude, my darling contemplation, muſt I bid you then adieu? ay-h adieu——my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent ſlumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *Sommelis du Matin*, adieu——I can't do't, 'tis more than impoſſible——poſitively *Mirabell*, I'll lye a-bed in a morning as long as I pleaſe.

Mira. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I pleaſe.

Mil. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will---- and d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm marry'd; poſitively I won't be call'd names.

Mira. Names!

Mil. Ay, as wife, ſpouſe, my dear, joy, jewel, love, ſweet-heart, and the reſt of that nauſeous cant, in which men and their wives are ſo fulſomely familiar——I ſhall never bear that-----good *Mirabell*, don't

let

let us be familiar or fond, nor kiſs before folks, like my lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis*: Nor go to *Hide-Park* together the firſt *Sunday* in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whiſpers; and then never be ſeen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the firſt week, and aſham'd of one another ever after. Let us never viſit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very ſtrange and well bred: Let us be as ſtrange as if we had been marry'd a great while, and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

Mira. Have you any more conditions to offer? hitherto your demands are pretty reaſonable.

Mil. Trifles, ------ As liberty to pay and receive viſits to and from whom I pleaſe; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I pleaſe and chuſe converſation with regard only to my own taſte; to have no obligation upon me to converſe with wits that I don't like, becauſe they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, becauſe they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I pleaſe, dine in my dreſſing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reaſon. To have my cloſet inviolate; to be ſole empreſs of my tea-table, which you muſt never preſume to approach, without firſt aſking leave. And laſtly, where ever I am, you ſhall always knock at the door before you come in. Theſe articles ſubſcrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mira. Your bill of fare is ſomething advanc'd in this latter account Well, have I liberty to offer conditions ---- That when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond meaſure enlarg'd into a huſband.

Mil. You have free leave, propoſe your utmoſt, ſpeak and ſpare not.

Mira. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your aquaintance be general; that you admit no ſworn confident, or intimate of your own ſex: No ſhe friend to ſkreen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual ſecreſie. No decoy-duck to wheedel you a *Fop-ſcrambling* to the play in a maſk ----- Then bring you home in a pretended fright when you think you ſhall be found out ---- And rail at me

me for miſſing the play, and diſapointing the frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my conſtancy.

Mil. Deteſtable *Imprimis*! I go to the play in a maſk!

Mira. Item I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I ſhall: And while it paſſes currant with me that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all maſks for the night, made of oil'd-ſkins and I know not what - - - hog's bones, hare's gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roaſted cat. In ſhort I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in *What-d'ye call it* court. *Item*, I ſhut my doors againſt all bawds with baſkets and penny-worths of *Muſlin China*, *Fans*, *Atlaſſes*, &c. - - - - *Item*, when you ſhall be breeding - - - -

Mil. Ah! name it not.

Mira. Which may be preſum'd, with a bleſſing on our endeavours - - - - -

Mil. Odious endeavours!

Mira. I denounce againſt all ſtrait lacing, ſqueezing for a ſhape, till you mould my boy's head like a ſugar-loaf; and inſtead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Laſtly, to the dominion of the *Tea-Table* I ſubmit ——— But with *Proviſo*, that you exceed not in your province; but reſtrain you ſelf to native and ſimple *Tea-Table* drinks, as *Tea*, *Chocolate and Coffee*. As likewiſe to genuine and authoriz'd *Tea-Table* talk——— Such as mending of faſhions, ſpoiling of reputations. railing at abſent freinds, and ſo forth ——— but that on no account you encroach upon the mens prerogative, and preſume to drink healths, or toaſt fellows; for prevention of which, I baniſh all *Foreign Forces*, all auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy*, all *Anniſeed*, *Cinnamon*, *Citron* and *Barbado's Waters*, together with *Ratafia*, and the moſt noble ſpirit of *Clary* - - - - - - - - but for *Couſlip-Wine*, *Poppy-Water*, and all *Dormitives*, thoſe I allow. - - - - - - Theſe *Proviſo*'s admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying huſband.

Mil. O horrid *Proviſo's*! filthy ſtrong-waters! I toaſt fellows, odious men! I hate your odious *Proviſo's*.

Mira. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiſs your hand upon the contract? and here comes one to be a witneſs to the ſealing of the deed.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mil. Fainall, what ſhall I do? ſhall I have him? I think I muſt have him.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ay, ay, take him, take him; what ſhou'd you do?

Mil. Well then ——— I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright——*Fainall*, I ſhall never ſay it - - - - - - - - Well - - - - - - - I think - - - - - - - I'll endure you

Mrs. *Fain.* Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him ſo in plain terms: For I am ſure you have a mind to him.

Mil. Are you? I think I have - - - - - - and the horrid man looks as if he thought ſo too - - - - - well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you — I won't be kiſs'd, nor I won't be thank'd - - - - - here kiſs my hand tho'---- ſo, hold your tongue now, don't ſay a word.

Mrs. *Fain. Mirabell*, there's a neceſſity for your obedience; ---You have neither time to talk nor ſtay. My mother is coming and in my conſcience if ſhe ſhou'd ſee you, wou'd fall into fits, and may be not recover, time enough to return to Sir *Rowland*; who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair way to ſucceed. Therefore ſpare your ecſtacies for another occaſion, and ſlip down the back ſtairs, where *Foible* waits to conſult you.

Mil. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I ſuppoſe you have ſaid ſomething to pleaſe me.

Mira. I am all obedience.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. *Fain.* Yonder Sir *Wilfull*'s drunk; and ſo noiſie that my mother has been forc'd to leave Sir *Rowland* to appeaſe him; but he anſwers her only with ſinging and drinking - - - - what they may have done by this time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by,

Mil. Well, if *Mirabell* ſhould not make a good huſband, I am a loſt thing; for I find love him violently.

Mrs. *Fain.* So it ſeems; for you mind not what is ſaid to you. - - - - - - If you doubt him you had beſt take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

Wil.

Wil. How can you name that ſuperannuated lubber? foh!

SCENE VIII.

(To them) WITWOUD *from drinking.*

Mrs. *Fain.* So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Wit. Left'em? I could ſtay no longer - - - - - - - I have laugh'd like ten chriſtnings - - - I am tipſie with laughing - - - - if I had ſtay'd any longer I ſhould have burſt, - - - - I muſt have been let out and piec'd in the ſides like an unfiz'd camlet - - - - - Yes, yes, the fray is compos'd; my lady came in like a *Noli Proſequi*, and ſtopt the proceedings.

Mil. What was the diſpute.

Wit. That's the jeſt; there was no diſpute. They could neither of 'em ſpeak for rage; and ſo fell a ſputt'ring at another like two roaſting apples.

SCENE IX.

(To them) PETULANT *Drunk.*

Wit. Now *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? gad my head begins to whim it about —— Why doſt thou not ſpeak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fiſh.

Petu. Look you Mrs. *Millamant*——if you can love me, dear nymph———ſay it—and that's the concluſion ———paſs on, or paſs off, —that's all.

Wit. Thou haſt utter'd *Volumes*, *Folios*, in leſs than *Decimo Sexto* my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah *Petulant*, thou art an epitomizer of words.

Petu. Witwoud—You are an annihilator of ſenſe.

Wit. Thou art a retailer of phraſes; and doſt deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pin-cuſhions—thou art in truth (metaphorically ſpeaking) a ſpeaker of ſhort-hand.

Petu. Thou art (without a figure) juſt one half of an aſs, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half brother, is the reſt ——— a *Gemini* of aſſes ſplit, would make juſt four of you.

Wit. Thou doſt bite, my dear muſtard-ſeed; kiſs me for that.

Petu. Stand off——I'll kiſs no more males———

I have

I have kiſs'd your *Twin* yonder in a humor of reconciliation, 'till he (*hiccup*) riſes upon my ſtomach like a radiſh.

Mil. Eh! filthy creature——— what whas the quarrel?

Petu. There was no quarrel——— there might have been a quarrel.

Wit. If there had been words enow between 'em to have expreſs'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of caſtanets.

Petu. You were the quarrel.

Mil. Me!

Petu. If I have a humour to quarrel, I can make leſs matters conclude premiſes,——If you are not handſome, what then; if I have a humour to prove it?——— If I ſhall have my reward, ſay ſo; if not, fight for your face the next time your ſelf————I'll go ſleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thy ſelf up like a *woodlouſe*, and dream revenge————And hear me, if thou canſt learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge------ I'll carry it for you.

Petu. Carry your miſtreſs's *monkey* a *ſpider*———— Go flea dogs, and read romances - - - - I'll go to bed to my maid.

Mrs. *Fain.* He's horridly drunk - - . how came you all in this pickle?

Wit. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight - - - - . Your huſband's advice; but he ſneak'd off.

SCENE X.

Sir WILFULL *drunk*, *Lady* WISHFORT, WITWOUD, MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Lady *Wiſh.* Out upon't, out upon't! at years of diſcretion, and comport your ſelf at this rantipole rate!

Sir *Wil.* No offence, aunt.

Lady *Wiſh.* Offence? As I am a perſon, I'm aſham'd of you - - -Fogh! how you ſtink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure ſuch a *Borachio!* you're an abſolute *Borachio*.

Sir *Wil. Borachio!*

Lady *Wiſh.* At a time when you ſhou'd commence an amour, and put your beſt foot foremoſt - - -

Sir

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill - - - Give me more drink, and take my purſe.

Sings. *Pr'ythee fill me a Glaſs*
'Till it laugh in my Face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow:
He that whines for a Laſs
Is an ignorant Aſs,
For a Bumper *has not its Fellow.*

But if you wou'd have me marry my couſin, - - - - ſay the word, and I'll do't - - - *Wilfull* will do't, that's the word, - - - *Wilfull* will do't, that's my creſt - - - - - my motto I have forgot.

Lady *Wiſh.* My nephew's a little overtaken, couſin--- but 'tis with drinking your health - - - - O' my word you are oblig'd to him----

Sir *Wil. In Vino Veritas*, aunt:——If I drunk your health to day, couſin,——I am a *Borachio.* But if you have a mind to be marry'd, ſay the word, and ſend for the piper, *Wilfull* will do't. If not duſt it away, and let's have t'other round——*Tony*, ods-heart where's *Tony*——*Tony*'s an honeſt fellow, but he ſpits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

Sings. *We'll drink and we'll never ha' done, Boys*
Put the Glaſs then around with the Sun Boys.
Let Apollo's *Example invite us;*
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
And that makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next Moruing to light us.

The ſun's a good pimple, an honeſt ſoaker, he has a cellar at your *Antipodes.* If I travel, aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*——your *Antipodes* are a good raſcally ſort of topſie-turvy fellows—— If I had a bumper I'd ſtand upon my head and drink a health to 'em—— A match or no match, couſin, with the hard name ——aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If ſhe has her maiden-head ler her look to't; if ſhe has not, let her keep her own councel in the mean time, and cry out at the nine months end.

Wil.

Mil. Your pardon, madam, I can ſtay no longer — Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he ſmells! I ſhall be overcome if I ſtay. Come, couſin.

SCENE XI.

Lady WISHFORT, *Sir* WILFULL, *Mr.* WITWOUD, FOIBLE.

Lady *Wiſh.* Smells! he wou'd poiſon a tallow-chandler and his family. Beaſtly creature, I know not what to do with him.——Travel, quoth a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*——for thou art not fit to live in a chriſtian common-wealth, thou beaſtly pagan.

Sir *Wil. Turks!* no; no *Turks*, aunt: Your *Turks* are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Muſſulman* is a dry ſtinkard ——— No offence, aunt. My map ſays that your *Turk* is not ſo honeſt a man as your chriſtian ——— I cannot find by the map that your *Mufti* is Orthodox——whereby it is a plain caſe, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and *(hiccup)* greek for claret.

Sings. *To dring is a Chriſtian Diverſion,*
Unknown to the Turk *or the* Perſian:
Let Mahometan *Fools*
Live by Heatheniſh Rules,
And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and Coffee.
But let Britiſh *Lads ſing,*
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan *and* Sophy.

Ah, *Tony!* (Foible *whiſpers Lady* Wiſhfort.

Lady *Wiſh.* Sir *Rowland* impatient? good-lack! what ſhall I do with this beaſtly tumbril? ——— Go, lie down and ſleep, you ſot——— Or as I'm a perſon, I'll have you baſtinado'd with broom-ſticks. Call up the wenches with broom-ſticks.

Sir *Wil.* Ahey? wenches, where are the wenches?

Lady *Wiſh.* Dear couſin *Witwoud* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of

moment that invades me with ſome precipitation —You will oblige me to all futurity.

Wit. Come, knight——pox on him, I don't know what to ſay to him —— will you go to a cock-match?

Sir *Wil.* With a wench, *Tony?* Is ſhe a ſhake-bag, ſirrah? let me bite your cheek for that.

Wit. Horrible! he has a breath like a bag-pipe—— Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian?*

Sir *Wil.* Lead on, little *Tony*——I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*; ſirrah thou ſhalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy *Pig*.

——*And a Fig for your* Sultan *and* Sophy.

Lady *Wiſh.* This will never do. It will never make a match.—At leaſt before he has been abroad.

SCENE XII.

Lady WISHFORT, WAITWELL *diſguis'd as for Sir* ROWLAND.

Lady *Wiſh.* Dear Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with confuſion at the retroſpection of my own rudeneſs, —— I have more pardons to aſk than the *Pope* diſtributes in the year of *Jubilee*. But I hope where there is likely to be ſo near an alliance,——we may unbend the ſeverity of *Decorums*——and diſpenſe with a little ceremony.

Wait. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my tranſport;——and 'till I have the poſſeſſion of your adorable perſon, I am tantaliz'd on the rack; and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

Lady *Wiſh.* You have exceſs of gallantry, Sir *Rowland*; and preſs things to a concluſion, with a moſt prevailing vehemence —— but a day or two for decency of marriage.——

Wait. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart——or if that ſhould fail, I ſhall be poiſon'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my deſigns, and poiſon me, —— and I would willingly ſtarve him before I die——I would gladly go out of the world with that ſatisfaction.——That would be ſome comfort

fort to me, if I could but live ſo long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural viper.

Lady *Wiſh.* Is he ſo unnatural, ſay you? truly I would contribute much both to the ſaving of your life, and the accompliſhment of your revenge——not that I reſpect my ſelf, tho' he has been a prefidious wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

Lady *Wiſh.* O Sir *Rowland*, the hours that he has dy'd away at my feet, the tears that he has ſhed, the oaths that he has ſworn, the palpitations that he has felt; the trances and the tremblings, the ardors and the ecſtacies, the kneelings and the riſings, the heart-heavings and the hand gripings, the pangs and the pathetick regards of his proteſting eyes! Oh no memory can regiſter.

Wait What, my rival! Is the rebel my rival? a'-dies.

Lady *Wiſh.* No, don't kill him at once, Sir *Rowland*, ſtarve him gradually inch by inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three weeks he ſhall be bare-foot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms,—he ſhall ſtarve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a ſtink like a candle's end upon a ſave-all.

Lady *Wiſh.* Well, Sir *Rowland*, you have the way, —— You are no novice in the labyrinth of love —— You have the clue——but as I am a perſon, Sir *Rowland*, you muſt not attribute my yilelding to any ſiniſter appetite, or indigeſtion of widow-hood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence—— I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.——

Wait. Far be it from me——

Lady *Wiſh.* If you do, I proteſt I muſt recede—— or think that I have made a proſtitution of decorums, but in the vehemence of compaſſion, —— and to ſave the life of a perſon of ſo much importance----

Wait. I eſteem it ſo—

Lady *Wiſh.* Or elſe you wrong my condeſcenſion--—

Wait. I do not, I do not--------

Lady *Wiſh.* Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair ſhrine of virtue.

Lady *Wiſh.* If you think the leaſt ſcruple of carnality was an ingredient - - - - - -

Wait. Dear madam, no. You are all *Camphire* and *Frankincenſe*, all *Chaſtity* and *Odour*.

Lady *Wiſh.* Or that - - - - -

SCENE XIII.

(To them) FOIBLE.

Foible. Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who muſt deliver it into your own hands.

Lady *Wiſh.* Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave? think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a perſon who would ſuffer racks in honour's cauſe, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you inceſſantly.

SCENE XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

Wait. Fie, fie! - - - - - What a ſlavery have I undergone! ſpouſe, haſt thou any *Cordial*, I want *Spirits*.

Foi. What a waſhy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and ſwearing to a fine lady?

Wait. O, ſhe is the antidote to deſire. Spouſe, thou wilt fare the worſe for't - - - - I ſhall have no appetite to iteration of nuptials - - - - - - - this eight and forty hours - - - - - - - - by this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days - - - - - than act Sir *Rowland* 'till this time to morrow.

SCENE XV.

(To them) Lady WISHFORT *with a Letter.*

Lady *Wiſh.* Call in the dancers;—Sir *Rowland*, we'll ſit, if you pleaſe, and ſee the entertainment. *(Dance.* Now with your permiſſion, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruſe my letter——— I would open it in your preſence, becauſe I would not make you uneaſie. If it ſhould make you uneaſie I would burn it———ſpeak if it does-----but you may ſee, the ſuperſcription is like a woman's hand.

Foi. By heav'n! Mrs. *Marwood*'s. I know it.------- My heart akes - - - get it from her——— *(To him*

Wait

Wait. A woman's hand? No madam, that's no woman's hand, I ſee already. That's ſome body whoſe throat muſt be cut.

Lady *Wiſh.* Nay, Sir *Rowland,* ſince you give me a proof of your paſſion by your jealouſie, I promiſe you I'll make a return by a frank communication - - - - You ſhall ſee it--- we'll open it together----look you here.

Reads. - - - - *Madam, tho' unknown to you* (Look you there, 'tis from no body that I know.) *I have that honour for your character, that I think my ſelf oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir* Rowland *is a cheat and a raſcal* - - - -

Oh heavens! what's this?

Foi. Unfortunate! all's ruin'd!

Wait. How, how; let me ſee, let me ſee-----reading, *A Raſcal and diſguis'd, and ſuborn'd for that Impoſture*--- O villany! O villany! *By the Contrivance* of----

Lady *Wiſh.* I ſhall faint, I ſhall die, oh!

Foi. Say 'tis your nephew's hand. —— Quickly, his plot, ſwear it, ſwear it.———— (*To him.*

Wait. Here's a villain! madam, don't you perceive it, don't you ſee it?

Lady *Wiſh.* Too well, too well. I have ſeen too much.

Wait. I told you at firſt I knew the hand———A woman's hand? the raſcal writes a ſort of a large hand; your *Roman* hand — I ſaw there was a throat to be cut preſently. If he were my ſon, as he is my nephew I'd piſtol him - - - - -

Foi. O treachery! but are you ſure, Sir *Rowland,* it is his writing?

Wait. Sure? am I here? do I live? do I love this pearl of *India*? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the ſame character.

Lady *Wiſh.* How!

Foi. O what luck it is, Sir *Rowland,* that you were preſent at this juncture! this was the buſineſs that brought Mr. *Mirabell* diſguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this afternoon. I thought ſomething was contriving, when he ſtole by me and would have hid his face.

Lady *Wiſh.* How, how!— I heard the villain was in the houſe indeed; and now I remember, my niece went

away abruptly, when Sir *Wilful* was to have made his addreſſes.

Foi. Then, then, madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyſhip, to diſcompoſe you when your were to receive Sir *Rowland.*

Wait. Enough; his date is ſhort.

Foi. No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the law.

Wait. Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cauſe — My lady ſhall be ſatisfy'd of my truth and innocence, tho' it coſt me my life.

Lady *Wiſh.* No, dear Sir *Rowland* don't fight; if you ſhou'd be kill'd I muſt never ſhew my face; or hang'd,— O conſider my reputation, Sir *Rowland*——No, you ſhan't fight,—I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confeſs. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your love not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd madam, I obey. But ſome proof you muſt let me give you;—I'll go for a black box, which contains the writing of my whole eſtate, and deliver that into your hands.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be ſome comfort, bring the black box.

Wait. And may I preſume to bring a contract to be ſign'd this night? may I hope ſo far?

Lady *Wiſh.* Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy diſcovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come— and married we will be in ſpite of treachery; ay and get an heir that ſhall defeat the laſt remaing glimpſe of hope in my abandon'd nephew. Come, my buxom widow.

Ere long you ſhall ſubſtantial Proof receive
That I'm an arrant Knight——
Foi.——*Or arrant Knave.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

(SCENE *continues.*)

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

Lady *WISHFORT.*

OUT of my houſe, out of my houſe thou *Viper*, thou *Serpent*, that I have foſter'd; thou boſom traitreſs, that I rais'd from nothing———Begone, begone, begone, go, go, —— That I took from waſhing of old gauſe and weaving of dead hair, with a black blue noſe, over a chaffing-diſh of ſtarv'd embers, and dining behind a traverſe rag, in a ſhop no bigger than a bird-cage,———go, go, ſtarve again, do, do.

Foi. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

Lady *Wiſh.* Away, out, out, go ſet up for your ſelf again ——— do, drive a trade, do, with your three penny-worth of ſmall ware, flaunting upon a pack-thread, under a brandy-ſeller's bulk, or againſt a dead wall by a ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old *Friſoneer-gorget*, with a yard of yellow *Colberteen* again, do; an old gnaw'd maſk, two rows of pins and a child's fiddle; a glaſs necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade,——— Theſe were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my houſe, plac'd you next my ſelf, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your neſt?

Foi. No, no, dear madam. Do, but hear me, have but a moment's patience———I'll confeſs all. Mr. *Mirabell* ſeduc'd me; I am not the firſt that he has wheedled with his diſſembling tongue; your ladyſhip's own wiſdom has been deluded by him, then how ſhould I, a poor ignorant, defend my ſelf? O madam if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he aſſur'd me your ladyſhip ſhould come to no damage———or elſe the wealth

wealth of the *Indies* ſhould not have brib'd me to conſpire againſt ſo good, ſo ſweet, ſo kind a lady as you have been to me.

Lady *Wiſh*. No damage? what, to betray me, and marry me to a caſt ſerving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hoſpital for a decay'd pimp? no damage! O thou frontleſs impudence, more than a big-belly'd actreſs.

Foi. Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyſhip, madam—no indeed his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was marry'd to me firſt, to ſecure your ladyſhip; he could not have bedded your ladyſhip, for if he had conſummated with your ladyſhip, he muſt have run the riſque of the law, and been put upon his clergy—Yes indeed, I enquir'd of the law in that caſe before I would meddle or make.

Lady *Wiſh* What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it ſeems—while you were catering for *Mirabell*; I have been broaker for you? what, have you made a paſſive bawd of me?—— this exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uſes, to become a botcher of a ſecond-hand marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews*! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baſte you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you, as I'm a perſon. Your turtle is in cuſtody already: You ſhall coo in the ſame cage, if there be a conſtable or warrant in the pariſh.

Foi. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd,——a bride, ay I ſhall be a *Bridewell*-Bride. Oh!

SCENE II.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. *Fain*. Poor *Foible*, what's the matter?

Foi. O madam, my lady's gone for a conſtable; I ſhall be had to a juſtice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat hemp; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to priſon already.

Mrs. *Fain*. Have a good heart, *Foible*; *Mirabell*'s gone to give ſecurity for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my huſband's doing.

Foi. Yes, yes; I know it madam; ſhe was in my lady's cloſet, and over-heard all that you ſaid to me before dinner. She ſent the letter to my lady; and that miſſing effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this plot to arreſt *Waitwell*, when

when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declar'd all to my lady.

Mrs. *Fain.* Was there no mention made of me in the letter?—My mother does not ſuſpect my being in the confederacy: I fancy *Marwood* has not told her tho' ſhe has told my huſband.

Foi. Yes madam; but my lady did not ſee that part: We ſtifled the letter before ſhe read ſo far. Has that miſchievous devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your ladyſhip then?

Mrs. *Fain.* Ay, all's out, my affair with *Mirabell*, every thing diſcover'd. This is the laſt day of our living together, that's my comfort.

Foi. Indeed madam, and ſo 'tis a comfort if you knew all,———he has been even with your ladyſhip; which I cou'd have told you long enough ſince, but I love to keep peace and quietneſs by my good will: I had rather bring friends together, than ſet them at diſtance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

Mrs. *Fain.* Say'ſt thou ſo *Foible*? can'ſt thou prove this?

Foi. I can take my oath of it, madam, ſo can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair word from madam *Marwood*, to conceal ſomething that paſſed in our chamber one evening when you were at *Hide-Park*;—and we were thought to have gone a walking; but we went up unawares,————tho' we were ſworn to ſecreſie too; madam *Marwood* took a book and ſwore us upon it: But it was but a book of poems,————So long as it was not a bible-oath, we may break it with a ſafe conſcience.

Mrs. *Fain.* This diſcovery is the moſt opportune thing I cou'd wiſh———Now, *Mincing*.

SCENE III.

(*To them*) MINCING.

Minc. My lady wou'd ſpeak with Mrs. *Foible*, *Mem.* Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has ſet your ſpouſe at liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide your ſelf in my lady's cloſet, 'till my old lady's anger is abated. O, my old lady is in a perilous paſſion, at ſomething Mr. *Fainall* has ſaid; he ſwears, and my old lady cries, there's

there's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He ſays, *Mem*, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. *Fain*. Does your lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc. Yes *Mem*, they have ſent me to ſee if Sir *Wilfull* be ſober, and to bring him to them. My lady is reſolved to have him, I think, rather than loſe ſuch a vaſt ſum as ſix thouſand pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. *Fain*. *Foible*, you muſt tell *Mincing*, that ſhe muſt prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foi. Yes, yes, madam.

Minc. O, yes, *Mem*, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyſhip's ſervice, be what it will.

SCENE IV.

Mrs FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, MARWOOD.

Lady *Wiſh*. O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have receiv'd from your goodneſs. To you I owe the timely diſcovery of the falſe vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the detection of the impoſtor, Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an interceſſor with my ſon-in-law, to ſave the honour of my houſe, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or elſe I would retire to deſarts and ſolitudes; and feed harmleſs ſheep by groves and purling ſtreams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the world, and retire by our ſelves and be ſhepherdeſſes.

Mar. Let us firſt diſpatch the affair in hand, madam. We ſhall have leiſure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

Lady *Wiſh*. O daughter, daughter, is it poſſible thou ſhould'ſt be my child, bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh, and as I may ſay, another me, and yet tranſgreſs the minute particle of ſevere virtue? Is it poſſible you ſhould lean aſide to iniquity, who have been caſt in the direct mold of virtue? I have not only been a mold but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

Mrs. *Fain*. I don't underſtand your ladyſhip.

Lady *Wiſh*. Not underſtand? why have you not been naught?

naught? have you not been ſophiſticated? not underſtand? here I am ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cuckoldoms*. I muſt pawn my plate and my jewels, and ruin my neice, and all little enough———

Mrs. *Fain*. I am wrong'd and abus'd, and ſo are you. 'Tis a falſe accuſation, as falſe as hell, as falſe as your friend there, ay or your friend's friend, my falſe huſband.

Mar. My friend, Mrs. *Fainall*? Your huſband my friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. *Fain*. I know what I mean, madam, and ſo do you; and ſo ſhall the world at a time convenient.

Mar. I am ſorry to ſee you ſo paſſionate, madam. More temper wou'd look more like innocence. But I have done. I am ſorry my zeal to ſerve your ladyſhip and family, ſhould admit of miſconſtruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not perſonally concern'd.

Lady *Wiſh*. O dear friend, I am ſo aſham'd that you ſhould meet with ſuch returns; ——— You ought to aſk pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; ſhe deſerves more from you, than all your life can accompliſh ——— O don't leave me deſtitute in this perplexity; ———No, ſtick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. *Fain*. I tell you, madam, you're abus'd ——— ſtick to you? ay, like a leach, to ſuck your beſt blood ——— ſhe'll drop off when ſhe's full. Madam, you ſhan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a braſs counter, in compoſition for me. I defie 'em all. Let 'em prove their aſperſions: I know my own innocence, and dare ſtand a tryal.

SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, MARWOOD.

Lady *Wiſh*. Why, if ſhe ſhould be innocent, if ſhe ſhould be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think, ——— and I promiſe you, her education has been very unexceptionable ——— I may ſay it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of vertue, and to impreſs upon her tender years a young odium and averſion to the very ſight of men, ——— ay friend, ſhe wou'd ha' ſhriek'd if ſhe had

had but ſeen a man, 'till ſhe was in her teens. As I'm a perſon 'tis true ——— She wasnever ſuffer'd to play with a male-child, tho' but in coats; nay her very babies were of the *Feminine Gender*, ———O, ſhe never look'd a man in the face, but her own father or the chaplain, and him we made a ſhift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments, and his ſleek face; 'till ſhe was going in her fifteen.

Mar. 'Twas much ſhe ſhould be deceiv'd ſo long.

Lady *Wiſh.* I warrant you, or ſhe would never have born to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long lectures againſt ſinging and dancing, and ſuch debaucheries; and going to filthy plays; and prophane muſick-meetings, where the lewd trebles ſqueek nothing but bawdy, and the baſes roar blaſphemy. O, ſhe would have ſwoon'd at the ſight or name of an obſcene play-book——and can I think after all this, that my daughter can be naught; what a whore? And thought it excommunication to ſet her foot within the door of a play-houſe. O dear friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as ſhe ſays, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mar. Prove it, madam? What, and have your name proſtituted in a publick court; your's and your daughter's reputation worry'd at the bar by a pack of bauling lawyers? To be uſher'd in with an O *Yes* of ſcandal; and have your caſe open'd by an old fumbling leacher in a quoif like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punſters, and quiblers by the ſtatute; and become a jeſt, againſt a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jeſt in any record; not even in *Dooms-Day-Book.* To diſcompoſe the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law *Latin*; while the good judge, tickl'd with the proceeding, ſimpers under a grey beard, and figes off and on his cuſhion, as if he had ſwallow'd *Cantharides*, or ſat upon *Cow-Itch.*

Lady *Wiſh.* O, 'tis very hard!

Mar. And then to have my young revellers of the *Temple* take notes, like prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-houſe.

Lady *Wiſh.* Worſe and worſe.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it muſt after this be conſign'd by the ſhort-hand writers to the publick preſs; and from thence be tranſ ferr'd to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's: And this you muſt hear 'till you are ſtun'd; nay, you muſt hear nothing elſe for ſome days.

Lady *Wiſh.* O, 'tis inſupportable. No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, my ſelf and my all, my neice and her all—any thing, every thing for compoſition.

Mar. Nay, madam, I adviſe nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniences which perhaps you have overſeen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall* if he will be ſatisfy'd to huddle up all in ſilence, I ſhall be glad. You muſt think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

SCENE VI.

FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood* No, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, madam; I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be overcome by the importunity of this lady your friend; and am content you ſhall enjoy your own proper eſtate during life; on condition you oblige your ſelf never to marry, under ſuch penalty as I think convenient.

Lady *Wiſh.* Never to marry?

Fain. No more Sir *Rowlands*,—the next impoſture may not be ſo timely detected.

Mar. That condition, I dare anſwer, my lady will conſent to, without difficulty; ſhe has already but too much experienc'd the perfidiouſneſs of men. Beſides, madam, when we retire to our paſtoral ſolitude we ſhall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay, that's true; but in caſe of neceſſity; as of health, or ſome ſuch emergency———

Fain. O, if you are preſcrib'd marriage, you ſhall be conſider'd; I will only reſerve to my ſelf the power to chuſe for you, if your phyſick be wholeſome, it matters not who is your apothecary. Next, my wife ſhall ſettle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already

ready; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my diſcretion.

Lady *Wiſh.* That is moſt inhumanly ſavage; exceeding the barbarity of a *Muſcovite* huſband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czariſh* Majeſty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongſt other ſecrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at preſent practis'd in the northern hemiſphere. But this muſt be agreed unto, and that poſitively. Laſtly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that ſix thouſand pound, which is the moiety of Mrs. *Millamant*'s fortune in your poſſeſſion; and which ſhe has forfeited (as will appear by the laſt will and teſtament of your deceas'd huſband, Sir *Jonathan Wiſhfort*) by her diſobedience in contracting her ſelf againſt your conſent or knowledge; and by refuſing the offer'd match with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

Lady *Wiſh.* My nephew was *non Compos*; and could not make his addreſſes.

Fain. I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

Lady *Wiſh.* You will grant me time to conſider?

Fain. Yes, while the inſtrument is drawing, to which you muſt ſet your hand 'till more ſufficient deeds can be perfected; which I will take care ſhall be done with all poſſible ſpeed. In the mean while I will go for the ſaid inſtrument, and 'till my return you may ballance this matter in your own diſcretion.

SCENE VII.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Lady *Wiſh.* This inſolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; muſt I be ſubject to this mercileſs villain?

Mar. 'Tis ſevere indeed, madam; that you ſhou'd ſmart for your daughter's wantonneſs.

Lady *Wiſh.* 'Twas againſt my conſent that ſhe marry'd this barbarian; but ſhe would have him, tho' her year was not out.—ah! her firſt huſband, my ſon *Languiſh*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; ſhe ismatch'd now with a witneſs—I ſhall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? muſt I live to be confiſcated at this rebel-rate?——here comes two more of my *Ægyptian* plagues too.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

(To them) MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your ſervant.

Lady *Wiſh.* Out *Caterpillar*, call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir *Wil.* I confeſs I have been a little in diſguiſe, as they ſay,———'ſheart! and I'm ſorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt———and if I did I am willing to make ſatisfaction; and what can a man ſay fairer? if I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it coſt a pound. And ſo let that content for what's paſt, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleaſure you, I'm willing to marry my couſin. So pray let's all be friends, ſhe and I are agreed upon the matter before a witneſs.

Lady *Wiſh.* How's this, dear neice? have I any comfort? can this be true?

Mil. I am content to be a ſacrifice to your repoſe, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were miſinform'd, I have laid my commands on *Mirabell* to come in perſon and be a witneſs that I give my hand to this flower of *Knighthood*; and for the contract that paſs'd between *Mirabell* and me. I have oblig'd him to make a reſignation of it in your ladyſhip's preſence;———He is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

Lady *Wiſh.* Well, I'll ſwear I am ſomething reviv'd at this teſtimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor,——— I fear I cannot fortify my ſelf to ſupport his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*, if I ſee him I fear I ſhall turn to ſtone, and petrifie inceſſantly.

Mil. If you diſoblige him he may reſent your refuſal, and inſiſt upon the contract ſtill. Then 'tis the laſt time he will be offenſive to you.

Lady *Wiſh.* Are you ſure it will be the laſt time;---- If I were ſure of that———ſhall I never ſee him again?

Mil. Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why we are ſworn brothers and fellow-

fellow-travellers. —We are to be *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, he and I—He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over-ſeas once already; and with *proviſo* that I marry my couſin, will croſs 'em once again only to bear me company. — 'Sheart, I'll call him in, — an I ſet on't once, ſhe ſhall come in; and ſee who'll hinder him,

(Goes to the door and hems.

Mar. This is precious fooling, if it would paſs; but I'll know the bottom of it.

Lady *Wiſh.* O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mar. Not far madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE IX.

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL, MIRABELL.

Sir *Wil.* Look up man, I'll ſtand by you; 'ſbud, an ſhe do frown, ſhe can't kill you;———Beſides——— harkee, ſhe dares not frown deſperately, becauſe her face is none of her own; 'Sheart, and ſhe ſhou'd, her forehead wou'd wrinkle like a coat of cream-cheeſe; but mum for that, fellow traveller.

Mira. If a deep ſenſe of the many injuries I have offer'd to ſo good a lady, with a ſincere remorſe, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the leaſt glance of compaſſion, I am too happy,———Ah madam, there was a time———But let it be forgotten———I confeſs I have deſervedly forfeited the high-place I once held, of ſighing at your feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in diſdain———I come not to plead for favour;------ Nay, not for pardon; I am a ſuppliant only for pity------ I am going where I never ſhall behold you more———

Sir *Wil.* How, fellow traveller!———You ſhall go by your ſelf then.

Mira. Let me be pitied firſt; and afterwards forgotten ———I aſk no more.

Sir *Wil.* By'r lady a very reaſonable requeſt, and will coſt you nothing, aunt,———come, come forgive and forget, aunt; why you muſt, an you are a chriſtian.

Mira. Conſider, madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device; tho' I confeſs it had a face of guiltineſs,—it was at moſt an artifice which love contriv'd———and errors which love produces

duces have ever been accounted *Venial*, At leaſt think it is puniſhment enough, that I have loſt what in my heart I hold moſt dear; that to your cruel indignation, I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir *Wil.* An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be O' *the Quorum*,—— an it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again,——— I wou'd I might never take ſhipping ——— aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I ſhall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth glew, and that's hardly dry; —one doleful ſigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis diſſolv'd.

Lady *Wiſh.* Well nephew, upon your account——— Ah, he has a falſe inſinuating tongue——well, ſir, I will ſtifle my juſt reſentment, at my nephew's requeſt, —— I will endeavour what I can to forget,— but on *proviſo* that you reſign the contract with my niece immediately.

Mira. It is in writing, and with papers of concern; but I have ſent my ſervant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your tranſcendent goodneſs.

Lady *Wiſh.* Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue ——when I did not ſee him, I cou'd have brib'd a villain to his aſſaſſination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have ſo long lain ſmother'd in my breaſt.—(*Aſide.*

SCENE X.

(*To them*) FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Fain. Your date of deliberation, madam, is expir'd. Here is the inſtrument, are you prepar'd to ſign?

Lady *Wiſh.* If I were prepar'd I am not impower'd. My neice exerts a lawful claim, having match'd her ſelf by my direction to Sir *Wilfull.*

Fain. That ſham is too groſs to paſs on me——— tho' 'tis impos'd on you, madam.

Mil. Sir, I have given my conſent.

Mira. And ſir, I have reſign'd my pretenſions.

Sir *Wil.* And, ſir, I aſſert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, ſir, and of your inſtrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an inſtrument, ſir, I have an old fox by my thigh ſhall hack your inſtrument of *Ram Vellum* to ſhreds,

ſhreds, ſir. It ſhall not be ſufficient for a *Mittimus*, or a taylor's meaſure; therefore withdraw your inſtrument, ſir, or by'r lady I ſhall draw mine.

Lady *Wiſh*. Hold, nephew, hold.

Mil. Good Sir *Wilfull* reſpite your valour.

Fain. Indeed? Are you provided of your guard, with your ſingle beef-eater there? But I am prepar'd for you; and inſiſt upon my firſt propoſal. You ſhall ſubmit your own eſtate to my management, and abſolutely make over my wife's to my ſole uſe; as purſuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant.——I ſuppoſe, madam, your conſent is nor requiſite in this caſe; nor Mr. *Mirabell*, your reſignation; nor Sir *Wilfull*, your right—— You may draw your fox if you pleaſe, ſir, and make a *Bear-Garden* flouriſh ſomewhere elſe; for here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wiſhfort*, muſt be ſubſcrib'd, or your darling daughter turn'd adrift, like a leaky hulk, to ſink or ſwim, as ſhe and the current of this lewd town can agree.

Lady *Wiſh*. Is there no means, no remedy to ſtop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Doſt thou not owe thy being, thy ſubſiſtence, to my daughter's fortune?

Fain. I'll anſwer you when I have the reſt of it in my poſſeſſion.

Mira. But that you wou'd not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deſerv'd you ſhou'd owe any obligation to me; or elſe perhaps I cou'd adviſe—

Lady *Wiſh*. O what? what? to ſave me and my child from ruin, from want; I'll forgive all that's paſt; nay, I'll conſent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

Mira. Ay madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have diſpos'd of her, who only could have made me a compenſation for all my ſervices;—— But be it as it may, I am reſolv'd I'll ſerve you, you ſhall not be wrong'd in this ſavage manner.

Lady *Wiſh*. How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be ſo generous at laſt! But it is not poſſible.——Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match, you ſhall have my neice yet, and all her fortune; if you can but ſave me from this imminent dauger.

Mira.

Mira. Will you? I take you at your word. I aſk no more. I muſt have leave for two criminals to appear.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mira. Foible is one, and a penitent.

SCENE XI.

(To them) Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

Mrs. *Mar.* O my ſhame! (Mira. *and Lady go to Mrs.* Fain *and* Foible) theſe corrupt things are brought hither to expoſe me. (*To* Fainall.

Fain. If it muſt all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World.* That ſhall not urge me to relinquiſh or abate one tittle of my terms, no, I will inſiſt the more.

Foi. Yes indeed madam, I'll take my bible-oath of it.

Minc. And ſo will I, *Mem.*

Lady *Wiſh.* O *Marwood, Marwood,* art thou falſe? My friend deceive me? Haſt thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

Mar. Have you ſo much ingratitude and injuſtice, to give credit againſt your friend, to the aſperſions of two ſuch mercenary trulls?

Min. Mercenary, *Mem?* I ſcorn your words. 'Tis true, we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue garret; by the ſame token, you ſwore us to ſecreſie upon *Meſſalina*'s poems. Mercenary? No, if we would have been mercenary, we ſhou'd have held our tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us ſufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an inſignificant thing----Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. *Mirabell*'s expedient? I'll be put off no longer----You, thing, that was a wife, ſhall ſmart for this, I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy ſhame: Your body ſhall be naked as your reputation.

Mrs. *Fain.* I deſpiſe you, and defie your malice—— You have aſpers'd me wrongfully——I have prov'd your falſhood——— Go you and your treacherous——— I will not name it, but ſtarve together———Periſh.

Fain. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ah, Mr. *Mirabell,* this is ſmall comfort, the detection of this affair.

Mira.

Mira. O in good time——Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

SCENE XII.

(*To them*) WAITWELL *with a Box of Writings.*

Lady *Wiſh.* O Sir *Rowland*——Well, raſcal.

Wait. What your ladyſhip pleaſes——I have brought the black-box at laſt, madam.

Mira. Give it me, madam, you remember your promiſe.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay, dear ſir.

Mira. Where are the gentlemen;

Wait. At hand, ſir, rubbing their eyes——Juſt riſen from ſleep.

Fain. 'Sdeath! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

SCENE XIII.

(*To them*) PETULANT, WITWOUD.

Petu. How now? what's the matter? whoſe hand's out?

Wit. Hey day! what are you all got together, like players at the end of the laſt act?

Mira. You may remember, gentlemen, I once requeſted your hands as witneſſes to a certain parchment.

Wit. Ay, I do, my hand I remember—*Petulant* ſet his mark.

Mira. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as ſhall appear ---- You do not remember, gentlemen any thing of what the parchment contain'd? (*Undoing the Box.*

Wit. No.

Petu. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mira. Very well; now you ſhall know - --- madam, your promiſe.

Lady *Wiſh.* Ay, ay, ſir, upon my honour.

Mira. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now time that you ſhou'd know, that your lady, while ſhe was at her own diſpoſal, and before you had by your inſinuations wheedled her out of a pretended ſettlement of the greateſt part of her fortune——

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mira. Yes, ſir. I ſay, that this lady, while a widow, having it ſeems receiv'd ſome cautions reſpecting your inconſtancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own

own partial opinion and fondneſs of you ſhe cou'd never have ſuſpected———ſhe did, I ſay, by the wholſome advice of friends, and of ſages learn'd in the laws of this land, deliver this ſame as her act and deed to me in truſt, and to the uſes within mention'd. You may read if you pleaſe——— [*Holding out the Parchment*] tho' perhaps what is written on the back may ſerve your occaſions.

Fain. Very likely, Sir, what's here? Damnation? (Reads.) *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Eſtate real of* Arabella Languiſh, *Widow, in Truſt to* Edward Mirabell. Confuſion!

Mira. Even ſo, Sir: 'tis *the Way of the World*, Sir; of the widows of the world. I ſuppoſe this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtain'd from your lady.

Fain. Perfidious fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd——

(*Offers to run at Mrs.* Fainall.

Sir *Wil.* Hold, ſir; now you may make your *Bear-garden* flouriſh ſome where elſe, ſir.

Fain. Mirabell, you ſhall hear of this, ſir, beſure you ſhall———Let me paſs, oaf.

Mrs. *Fain.* Madam, you ſeem to ſtifle your reſentment; you had better give it vent.

Mar. Yes it ſhall have vent———and to your confuſion, or 'Ill periſh in the attempt.

SCENE. *the Laſt.*

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, *Mrs.* FAINALL, *Sir* WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUD. FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

Lady *Wiſh.* O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou haſt inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. *Fain.* Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious friend, to whoſe advice all is owing.

Lady *Wiſh.* Well Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your promiſe——and I muſt perform mine.———Firſt I pardon for your ſake Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*——The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew——— and how to do that———

Mira. For that, madam, give your ſelf no trouble——let me have your conſent———Sir *Wilfull* is my friend; he has had compaſſion upon lovers, and generouſly engag'd

gag'd a volunteer in this action, for our ſervice; and now deſigns to proſecute his travels.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart aunt, I have no mind to marry. My couſin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her, and ſhe loves him, and they deſerve one another; my reſolution is to ſee foreign parts--------I have ſet on't--------and when I'm ſet on't, I muſt do't. And if theſe two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be ſpar'd.

Petu. For my part, I ſay little———I think things are beſt; off or on.

Wait. I'gad I underſtand nothing of the matter, ------ I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing ſchool.

Lady *Wiſh.* Well Sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

Mil. Why does not the man take me? Wou'd you have me give my ſelf to you over again?

Mira. Ay, and over and over again; (*Kiſſes her Hand.*) I wou'd have you as often as poſſibly I can. Well, heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're marry'd, or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the mean time, that we who are not lovers may have ſome other imployment, beſides looking on.

Mira. With all my heart, dear Sir *Wilful.* What ſhall we do for muſick?

Foi. O Sir, ſome that were provided for Sir *Rowland*'s entertainment are yet within call. (*A dance.*

Lady *Wiſh.* As I am a perſon I can hold out no longer; ———I have waſted my ſpirits ſo to-day already, that I am ready to ſink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have ſome fears upon me yet, that my ſon *Fainall* will purſue ſome deſperate courſe.

Mira, Madam, diſquiet not your ſelf on that account; to my knowledge his circumſtances are ſuch, he muſt of force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union: In the mean time, madam (*To Mrs.* Fain.) let me before theſe witneſſes reſtore to you this deed of truſt; it may be a means, well manag'd, to make you live eaſily together.

From hence let thoſe be warn'd, who mean to wed;
Leſt mutual falſhood ſtain the bridal-bed:
For each deceiver to his coſt may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind. EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

AFter our Epilogue *this Crowd diſmiſſes,*
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.
But pray conſider, ere you doom its Fall,
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to pleaſe you all.
There are ſome Criticks ſo with Spleen diſeas'd,
They ſcarcely come inclining to be Pleas'd:
And ſure he muſt have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleaſes any one againſt his Will.
Then, all bad Poets we are ſure are Foes,
And how their Number's ſwell'd the Town well knows;
In ſhoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit:
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
But that they have been Damn'd for want of Wit.
Since when, they by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.
Others there are whoſe Malice we'd prevent;
Such who watch Plays, with ſcurrilous Intent,
To mark out who by Characters *are meant.*
And tho' no perfect Likeneſs they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.

Theſe

PROLOGUE.

These with false Glosses feed their own Ill-nature,
And turn to Libel, *what was meant a* Satire.
May such malicious Fops *this Fortune find,*
To think themselves alone the Fools *design'd:*
If any are so arrogantly Vain,
To think they singly *can support a* Scene,
And furnish Fool *enough to entertain.*
For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,
That Satire *scorns to stoop so meanly low,*
As any one abstracted Fop *to show.*
For, as when Painters form a matchless Face,
They from each Fair one *catch some diff'rent Grace;*
And shining Features in one Portrait blend,
To which no single Beauty must pretend:
So Poets oft, do in one Piece expose
Whole Belles Assemblées *of* Coquets *and* Beaux.

THE JUDGMENT OF *PARIS*; A MASQUE

-----Vincis utramque Venus.
Ov. Art. Am. L. 1.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXV.

THE

THE

JUDGMENT of PARIS.

The SCENE *is a Landſkip of a beautiful Paſture ſuppoſed on Mount* Ida. *The Shepherd* Paris *is ſeen ſeated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip,* &c. *lying by him. While a Symphony is playing,* Mercury *deſcends with his* Caduceus *in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he ſings.*

MERCURY.

FROM high *Olympus*, and the realms above,
Behold I come the meſſenger of *Jove*;
His dread commands I bear:
Shepherd, ariſe and hear;
Ariſe, and leave a while thy rural care:
Forbear thy woolly flock to feed,
And lay aſide thy tuneful reed;
For thou to greater honours are decreed.

PARIS.

O *Hermes*, I thy godhead know,
By thy winged heels and head;
By thy rod that wakes the dead,
And guides the ſhades below.
Say wherefore doſt thou ſeek this humble plain.
To greet a lowly ſwain?
What does the mighty thunderer ordain?

MERCURY.

This radiant fruit behold,
More bright than burniſh'd gold;
Three goddeſſes for this contend:
See now they deſcend,
And this way they bend.
Shepherd, take the golden prize,
Yield it to the brighteſt eyes.

[JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS *are ſeen at a Diſtance deſcending in ſeveral Machines.*

PARIS.

O raviſhing delight!
What mortal can ſupport th: ſight?
Alas! too weak is human brain,
So much rapture to ſuſtain.
I faint, I fall! O take me hence,
Ere ecſtaſie invades my aking ſenſe:
Help me, *Hermes*, or I die,
Save me from exceſs of joy.

MERCURY.

Fear not, mortal; none ſhall harm thee;
With my ſacred rod I'll charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'ſt ev'ry grace diſcover.
Though a thouſand darts fly round thee,
Fear not, mortal, none ſhall wound thee,

In

In two Parts.
Happy thou of human race,
Gods with thee would change their place.
Paris.
With no god I'd change my place,
Happy I of human race. [Mercury *aſcends.*

[*While a Symphony is playing,* JUNO *deſcends from her Machine; after the Symphony ſhe ſings.*

JUNO.

Saturnia, Wife of thund'ring *Jove,* am I,
Belov'd by him, and empreſs of the ſky;
Shepherd, fix on me thy wondring ſight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright,

[*Symphony for* Pallas.

PALLAS.

This way, mortal, bend thy eyes,
Pallas claims the golden prize;
A virgin goddeſs free from ſtain,
And queen of arts and arms I reign.

[*Symphony for* Venus.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle ſwain,
Let not *Venus* ſue in vain;
Venus rules the gods above,
Love rules them, and ſhe rules love,
Hither turn thee, gentle ſwain.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am ſhe.

ALL THREE

To me, to me, for I am ſhe.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle ſwain.

JUNO and PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

VENUS.

They will deceive thee. I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of all three
Hither turn to me again,
To me, to me, for I am ſhe;
Hither turn thee, gentle ſwain.

PARIS.

I.

Diſtracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a title ſure never was try'd.
United, your beauties ſo dazle the ſight,
That loſt in amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heav'nly fair,
For three at a time there's no mortal can bear;
And ſince a gay robe an ill ſhape may diſguiſe,
When each is undreſt
I'll judge of the beſt,
For 'tis not a face that muſt carry the prize.

JUNO Sings alone.

I.

Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks deſign'd;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on neck of kings ſhalt tread,
Joys in circles joys ſhall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's lead.

III.

Let not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleaſures are;
Thou ſhalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

IV.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll aſcend the ſkies,
Happy thou ſhall reign below.

CHORUS.

Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks deſign'd;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

PALLAS Sings alone.

I.

Awake, awake, thy ſpirits raiſe,
Waſte not thus thy youthful days,
Piping, toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Loſt in wanton and inglorious eaſe.

II.

Hark, hark! the glorious voice of war
Calls aloud, for arms prepare:
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial muſick charms the joyful air.

(*Symphony.*)

PALLAS Sings.

O what joys does conqueſt yield!
When returning from the field,
O how glorious 'tis to ſee
The godlike hero crown'd with victory!
Lawrel wreaths his head ſurrounding.
Banners waving in the wind,
Fame her golden trumpet ſounding,
Every voice in chorus join'd.
To me, kind ſwain, the prize reſign,
And fame and conqueſt ſhall be thine,

CHORUS.

O how glorious 'tis to ſee;
The godlike hero crown'd with victory!

(Symphony.)

VENUS Sings alone.

Stay, lovely youth, delay thy choice;
Take heed leſt empty names enthral thee:
Attend to *Cytherea*'s voice;
Lo! I who am love's mother call thee.
Far from thee be anxious care,
And racking thoughts that vex the great:
Empire's but a gilded ſnare,
And fickle is the warrior's fate.
One only joy mankind can know,
And love alone can that beſtow.

CHORUS.

One only joy, &c.

VENUS Sings.

I.

Nature fram'd thee ſure for loving,
Thus adorn'd with every grace;
Venus' ſelf thy form approving,
Looks with pleaſure on thy face.

II.

Happy nymph who ſhall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding arms;
Should bright *Hellen* once behold thee,
She'd ſurrender all her charms.

III.

Faireſt ſhe, all nymphs tranſcending,
That the ſun himſelf has ſeen,
Were ſhe for the crown contending,
Thou wou'dſt own her beauty's queen.

IV. Gentle

Gentle ſhepherd, if my pleading
Can from thee the prize obtain,
Love himſelf thy conqueſt aiding,
Thou that matchleſs fair ſhalt gain.

IV.

PARIS.

I yield, I yield, O take the prize,
And ceaſe, O ceaſe, th' incanting ſong;
All love's darts are in thy eyes,
And harmony falls from thy tongue.
Forbear, O goddeſs of deſire,
Thus my raviſh'd ſoul to move;
Forbear to fan the raging fire,
And be propitious to my love.

Here Paris *gives to* Venus *the Golden Apple. Several* Cupids *deſcend, the three* Graces *alight from the Chariot of* Venus, *they call the* Howrs, *who aſſemble; with all the Attendants on* Venus. *All join in a Circle round her, and ſing the laſt grand* Chorus, *while* Juno *and* Pallas *aſcend.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither all ye Graces, *all ye loves,*
Hither all ye Howrs *reſort;*
Billing ſparrows, cooing doves;
Come all the train of Venus' *court.*
Sing all great Cytherea's *name;*
Over empire, over fame,
Her victory proclaim.
Sing, ſing and ſpread the joyful news around,
The queen of love, is queen of beauty crown'd.

SEMELE.

AN

OPERA.

A Natura diſcedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori, & in hac re, ſicut in omnibus, inconſtantiſſimo.

Seneca Ep. 99.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXV.

ARGUMENT

Introductory to the

OPERA of *SEMELE.*

AFTER Jupiter's *Amour with* Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor, *King of* Phœnicia, *he again incenſes* Juno *by a new Affair in the ſame Family*; viz. *with* Semele, *Niece to* Europa, *and Daughter to* Cadmus *King of* Thebes. Semele *is on the Point of Marriage with* Athamas; *which Marriage is about to be ſolemniz'd in the Temple of* Juno, *Goddeſs of Marriages, when* Jupiter *by ill Omens interrupts the Ceremony*; *and afterwards tranſports* Semele *to a private Abode prepar'd for her.* Juno, *after many Contrivances, at length aſſumes the Shape and Voice of* Ino, *Siſter to* Semele; *by the help of which Diſguiſe, and*

and artful Insinuations, she prevails with her to make a Request to Jupiter, *which being granted must end in her utter Ruin.*

This Fable is related in Ovid. Metam. L. 3. *but there* Juno *is said to impose on* Semele *in the Shape of an old Woman, her Nurse. 'Tis hoped, the Liberty taken in substituting* Ino *instead of the old Woman will be excus'd: It was done, because* Ino *is interwoven in the Design by her Love of* Athamas; *to whom she was marry'd, according to* Ovid; *and, because her Character bears a Proportion with the Dignity of the other Persons represented. This Reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a Thing intirely fictitious; and more especially being represented under the Title of an* Opera, *where greater Absurdities are every Day excus'd.*

It was not thought requisite to have any Regard either to Rhyme or Equality of Measure, in the Lines of that Part of the Dialogue which was design'd for the Recitative Style *in Musick. For as that Style in Musick is not confin'd to the strict Observation of* Time *and* Measure, *which is requir'd in the Composition of* Airs *and* Sonata's, *so neither is it necessary that the same Exactness in Numbers, Rhymes, or Measure, should be observed in Words design'd to be set in that manner, which must ever be observed in*

ARGUMENT.

in the Formation of Odes *and* Sonnets. *For what they call* Recitative *in Muſick, is only a more tuneable Speaking, it is a kind of Proſe in Muſick; its Beauty conſiſts in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural Accents of Words by more Pathetick or Emphatical Tones.*

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

Jupiter,
Cadmus, King of *Thebes*.
Athamas, A Prince of *Bœotia*, in Love with and deſign'd to marry *Semele*.
Somnus.
Apollo.
Cupid.
Zephyrs.
Loves,
Shepherds.
Satyrs.

Juno.
Iris.
Semele, Daughter to *Cadmus*, beloved by and in Love with *Jupiter*.
Ino, Siſter to *Semele*, in Love with *Athamas*.
Shepherdeſſes.

Chief Prieſt of *Juno*, other Prieſts and Augurs.

SCENE *BOEOTIA*.

SEMELE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Temple of* JUNO, *near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddeſs. Prieſts are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames ariſe from the Altar, and the Statue of* JUNO *is ſeen to bow.*

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, *and* INO.

FIRST PRIEST.

Behold! auſpicious flaſhes riſe;
Juno accepts our ſacrifice;
The grateful odour ſwift aſcends,
And ſee, the golden image bends.

FIRST *and* SECOND PRIEST.

Lucky Omnes bleſs our Rites,
And ſure Succeſs ſhall crown your Loves;
Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that ſhe approves.

CAD-

CADMUS.

Daughter, obey,
Hear, and obey.
With kind conſenting
Eaſe a parent's care;
Invent no new delay.

ATHAMAS.

O hear a faithful lover's pray'r;
On this auſpicious day
Invent no new delay.

CADMUS and ATHAMAS.

Hear and obey;
Invent no new delay
On this auſpicious day.

SEMELE [*apart.*]

Ah me!
What refuge now is left me?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my miſeries!
O *Jove* aſſiſt me.
Can *Semele* forgo thy love,
And to a mortal's paſſion yield?
Thy vengeance will o'ertake
Such perfidy.
If I deny, my father's wrath I fear.
O *Jove*, in pity teach me which to chuſe,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuſe.

ATHAMAS.

See, ſhe bluſhing turns her eyes;
See, with ſighs her boſom panting:
If from love thoſe ſighs ariſe,
Nothing to my bliſs is wanting.
Hymen *haſte, thy Torch prepare,*
Love already his has lighted,
One ſoft ſigh has cur'd deſpair,
And more than my paſt pains requited.

INO.

Alas! ſhe yields,
And has undone me:
I can no longer hide my paſſion;
It muſt have vent———
Or inward burning
Will conſume me.
O *Athamas*———
I cannot utter it———

ATHAMAS.

On me fair *Ino* calls
With mournful Accent,
Her colour fading,
And her eyes o'erflowing!

INO.

O *Semele!*

SEMELE.

On me ſhe calls,
Yet ſeems to ſhun me!
What would my ſiſter?
Speak———

INO.

Thou haſt undone me.

CADMUS.

Why doſt thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our ſolemn rites prophane?
Can he, or ſhe, thy woes relieve?
Or I? of whom doſt thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

ATHAMAS.

Can I thy woes relieve?

SEMELE.

Can I aſſwage thy pain?

CADMUS, ATHAMAS *and* SEMELE.

Of whom doſt thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

[*It lightens, and Thunder is heard at a diſtance; then, a Noiſe of Rain; the Fire is ſuddenly extinguiſh'd on the Altar: The Chief-Prieſt comes forward.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Avert theſe omens, all ye pow'rs!
Some god averſe our holy rites controlls.
O'erwhelm'd with ſudden night, the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls,
And *Jove* himſelf deſcends in ſhow'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

CHORUS of PRIESTS.

Avert theſe omnes, all ye pow'rs!

SECOND PRIEST.

Again auſpicious flaſhes riſe.
Juno accepts our ſacrifice.

[*Flames are again kindled on the Altar, and the Statue nods.*

THIRD PRIEST.

Again the ſickly flame decaying dies:
Juno aſſents, but angry *Jove* denies:

[*The Fire is again extinguiſh'd.*

ATHAMAS [*apart.*]

Thy aid, pronubial *Juno Athamas*, implores.

SEMELE [*apart.*]

Thee *Jove*, and thee alone, thy *Semele* adores.

[*A loud Clap of Thunder; the Altar ſinks.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Ceaſe, ceaſe your vows, 'tis impious to proceed;
Be gone, and fly this holy place with ſpeed:
This dreadful conflict is of dire preſage;
Be gone, and fly from *Jove*'s impending rage.

[*All*

[*All but the Prieſts come forward. The Scene cloſes on the Prieſts, and ſhews to View the Front and Outſide of the Temple.* Cadmus *leads off* Semele, *Attendants follow.* Athamas *and* Ino *remain.*

SCENE II.

ATHAMAS, INO.

ATHAMAS.

O *Athamas*, what torture haſt thou born!
And O, what haſt thou yet to bear!
From love, from hope, from near poſſeſſion torn,
And plung'd at once in deep deſpair.

INO.

Turn, hopeleſs Lover, turn thy Eyes,
And ſee a Maid bemoan,
In flowing Tears and aking Sighs,
Thy Woes, too like her own.

ATHAMAS.

She weeps!
The gentle maid, in tender pity,
Weeps to behold my miſery!
So *Semele* wou'd melt
To ſee another mourn.
Such unavailing Mercy is in Beauty found,
Each Nymph bemoans the Smart
Of every bleeding Heart,
But that where ſhe her ſelf inflicts the Wound.

INO.

Ah me, too much afflicted!

ATHAMAS.

Can pity for another's pain
Cauſe ſuch anxiety!

INO.

INO.

Cou'dſt thou but gueſs
What I endure;
Or cou'd I tell thee———
Thou, *Athamas*,
Wou'dſt for a while
Thy ſorrows ceaſe, a little ceaſe,
And liſten for a while
To my lamenting.

ATHAMAS.

Of grief too ſenſible
I know your tender nature.
Well I remember,
When I oft have ſu'd
To cold, diſdainful *Semele*;
When I with ſcorn have been rejected;
Your tuneful voice my tale would tell,
In pity of my ſad deſpair;
And, with ſweet melody, compel
Attention from the flying fair.

INO.

Too well I ſee
Thou wilt not underſtand me.
Whence cou'd proceed ſuch tenderneſs?
Whence ſuch compaſſion?
Inſenſible! Ingrate!
Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
For by effects unknown before,
Who cou'd the hidden cauſe explore?
Or think that love cou'd act ſo ſtrange apart
To plead for pity in a rival's heart.

ATHAMAS.

Ah me, what have I heard!
She does her paſſion own.

INO.

INO.

What, had I not deſpair'd,
You never ſhou'd have known.
You've undone me;
Look not on me;
Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me;
You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

With my life I wou'd attone
Pains you've born, to me unknown.
Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſhun me.

INO.

Look not on me,
You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſhun me:
Love, Love alone
Has both undone.

INO, ATHAMAS.

Love, Love alone
Has both undone.

SCENE III.

[*To them*] *enter* CADMUS *attended.*

CADMUS.

AH wretched prince, doom'd to diſaſtrous love!
Ah me, of parents moſt forlorn!
Prepare, O *Athamas*, to prove
The ſharper pangs that e'er were born:
Prepare with me our common loſs to mourn.

ATHA-

ATHAMAS.

Can fate, or *Semele* invent
Another, yet another puniſhment?

CADMUS.

Wing'd with our fears, and pious haſte,
From *Juno*'s fane we fled;
Scarce we the brazen gates had paſs'd,
When *Semele* around her head
With azure flames was grac'd,
Whoſe lambent glories in her treſſes play'd.
While this we ſaw with dread ſurprize,
Swifter than lightning downwards tending
An eagle ſtoopt, of mighty ſize,
On purple wings deſcending;
Like gold his beak, like ſtars ſhone forth his eyes,
His ſilver plumy breaſt with ſnow contending:
Sudden he ſnatch'd the trembling maid,
And ſoaring from our ſight convey'd;
Diffuſing ever as he leſſening flew
Celeſtial odour, and ambroſial dew.

ATHAMAS.

O prodigy, to me of dire portent!

INO.

To me, I hope, of fortunate event.

SCENE IV.

Enter to them the Chief-Prieſts, with Augurs and other Prieſts.

CADMUS.

SEE, ſee, *Jove*'s prieſts and holy augurs come:
Speak, ſpeak, of *Semele* and me declare the doom.

FIRST

FIRST AUGUR.

Hail Cadmus, *hail!* Jove *ſalutes the* Theban *King.*
Ceaſe your Mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of Mirth and Triumph ſing.

SECOND AUGUR.

Endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Love
Semele *enjoys above;*
On her Boſom Jove *reclining,*
Uſeleſs now his Thunder lies,
To her Arms his Bolts reſigning,
And his Lightning to her Eyes.
Endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Love
Semele *enjoys above.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Haſte, haſte, haſte, to Sacrifice prepare,
Once to the Thunderer, once to the Fair:
Jove *and* Semele *implore:*
Jove *and* Semele *like honours ſhare;*
Whom gods admire, let men adore.
Haſte, haſte, haſte, to ſacrifice prepare.

Chorus of Prieſts and Augurs.

Hail, Cadmus, *hail!* Jove *ſalutes the* Theban *King.*
Ceaſe your mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of mirth and triumph ſing. [Exeunt omnes.

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is a pleaſant Country, the Proſpect is terminated by a beautiful Mountain adorn'd with Woods and water-falls.* JUNO *and* IRIS *deſcend in different Machines.* JUNO *in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks;* IRIS *on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.*

JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy ſtay,
From *Samos* have I wing'd my way,
To meet thy ſlow return;
Thou know'ſt what cares infeſt
My anxious breaſt,
And how with rage and jealouſie I burn:
Then why this long delay?

IRIS.

With all his ſpeed not yet the ſun
Thro' half his race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread command
Have thrice encompaſs'd ſeas and land.

JUNO.

Say, where is *Semele's* abode?
'Till that I know,
Tho' thou hadſt on lightning rode,
Still thou tedious art and ſlow.

IRIS.

IRIS.

Look where *Citheron* proudly ſtands,
Bœotia parting from *Cecropian* lands.
High on the ſummit of that hill,
Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
By *Jove*'s command, and *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
Behold a new-erected palace riſe.

There from mortal cares retiring,
She reſides in ſweet retreat;
On her pleaſure, Jove *requiring,*
All the loves and graces wait.

Thither Flora *the fair*
With her train muſt repair,
Her amorous Zephyr *attending,*
All her ſweets ſhe muſt bring
To continue the ſpring,
Which never muſt there know an ending.

Bright Aurora, *'tis ſaid,*
From her old lover's bed
No more the grey orient adorning,
For the future muſt riſe
From fair Semele's *eyes,*
And wait till ſhe wakes for the morning.

JUNO.

No more——I'll hear no more.
How long muſt I endure?——
How long with indignation burning,
From impious mortals
Bear this inſolence!
Awake *Saturnia* from thy lethargy;
Seize, deſtroy the curſt adultereſs.

Scale proud *Citheron*'s top:
Snatch her, tear her in thy fury,
And down, down to the Flood of *Acheron*:
Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall:
Rolling down the depths of night,
Never more to behold the light.
If I am own'd above
Siſter and wife of *Jove*;
(Siſter at leaſt I ſure may claim,
Tho' wife be a neglected name.)
If I th' imperial ſcepter ſway——I ſwear
By hell——
Tremble thou univerſe this oath to hear,
Not one of curſt *Agenor*'s race to ſpare.

IRIS.

Hear mighty queen, while I recount
What obſtacles you muſt ſurmount;
With adamant the gates are barr'd,
Whoſe entrance two fierce dragons guard,
At each approach they laſh their forky ſtings,
And clap their brazen wings:
And as their ſcaly horrours riſe,
They all at once diſcloſe
A thouſand fiery eyes,
Which never know repoſe.

JUNO.

Hence *Iris*, hence away,
Far from the realms of day;
O'er *Scythian* hills to the *Meotian* lake
A ſpeedy flight we'll take:
There *Somnus* I'll compell
His downy bed to leave and ſilent cell:
With noiſe and light I will his peace moleſt,
Nor ſhall he ſink again to pleaſing reſt,

'Till

'Till to my vow'd revenge he grants ſupplies,
And ſeals with ſleep the wakeful dragon's eyes.

[*They aſcend.*

SCENE II.

The SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace of* SEMELE; *ſhe is ſleeping;* LOVES *and* ZEPHYRS *waiting.*

CUPID.

SEE, after the Toils of an amorous fight,
Where weary and pleas'd, ſtill panting ſhe lies;
While yet in her mind ſhe repeats the delight,
How ſweet is the ſlumber that ſteals on her Eyes!
Come Zephyrs, *come, while* Cupid *ſings,*
Fan her with your ſilky wings;
New deſire
I'll inſpire,
And revive the dying flames;
Dance around her,
While I wound her,
And with pleaſure fill her dreams.

A Dance of *Zephyrs*, after which *Semele* awakes, and riſes.

SEMELE.

O ſleep, why doſt thou leave me?
Why thy viſionary joys remove?
O ſleep again deceive me,
To my arms reſtore my wand'ring love.

SCENE III.

Two LOVES *lead in* JUPITER. *While he meets and embraces* SEMELE, CUPID *Sings.*

CUPID:

SLEEP forſaking,
Seize him waking;
Love has ſought him;
Back has brought him;
Mighty Jove *tho' he be,*
And tho' Love cannot ſee,
Yet by feeling about
He has found him out,
And has caught him.

SEMELE.

Let me not another moment
Bear the pangs of abſence.
Since you have form'd my ſoul for loving,
No more afflict me
With doubts and fears, and cruel jealouſie.

JUPITER.

Lay your Doubts and Fears aſide,
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this Human Form I wear,
Think not I man's falſhood bear,
You are mortal, and require
Time to reſt and to reſpire.
Nor was I abſent,
Tho' a while withdrawn,
To take petitions

From

From the needy world.
While love was with thee
I was preſent;
Love and I are one.

SEMELE.

If chearful hopes
And chilling fears,
Alternate ſmiles,
Alternate tears,
Eager panting,
Fond deſiring,
With grief now fainting,
Now with bliſs expiring;
If this be love, not you alone,
But love and I are one.

BOTH.

If this be love, not you alone,
But love and I are one.

SEMELE.

Ah me!

JUPITER.

Why ſighs my *Semele*?
What gentle ſorrow
Swells thy ſoft boſom?
Why tremble thoſe fair eyes
With interrupted light?
Where hov'ring for a vent,
Amidſt their humid fires,
Some new-form'd wiſh appears.
Speak, and obtain.

SEMELE.

At my own happineſs
I ſigh and tremble;
Mortals whom gods affect
Have narrow limits ſet to life,
And cannot long be bleſs'd.

Or if they could———
A god may prove inconſtant.

JUPITER.

Beware of jealouſie:
Had *Juno* not been jealous,
I ne'er had left *Olympus*,
Nor wandr'd in my love.

SEMELE.

With my frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me,
Cauſeleſs doubting or deſpairing,
Raſhly truſting, idly fearing.
If obtaining
Still complaining;
If conſenting
Still repenting;
Moſt complying
When denying.
And to be follow'd only flying.
With my frailty don't upbraid me,
I am woman as you made me.

JUPITER.

Thy ſex of *Jove*'s the maſter-piece
Thou, of thy ſex, art moſt excelling,
Frailty in thee is ornament,
In thee prefection.
Giv'n to agitate the mind,
And keep awake mens paſſions
To baniſh indolence,
And dull repoſe,
The foes of tranſport
And of pleaſure.

SEMELE.

Still I am mortal,
Still a woman;

And ever when you leave me,
Tho' compaſs'd round with deities
Of loves and graces,
A fear invades me,
And conſcious of a nature
Far inferior,
I ſeek for ſolitude,
And ſhun ſociety

JUPITER. [*apart.*]

Too well I read her meaning,
But muſt not underſtand her.
Aiming at immortality
With dangerous ambition,
She wou'd dethrone *Saturnia*;
And reigning in my heart
Would reign in heav'n.
Leſt ſhe too much explain,
I muſt with ſpeed amuſe her;
It gives the lover double pain,
Who hears his nymph complain
And hearing muſt refuſe her.

SEMELE.

Why do you ceaſe to gaze upon me?
Why muſing turn away?
Some other object
Seems more pleaſing.

JUPITER.

Thy needleſs fears remove,
My faireſt, lateſt, only love.
By my command,
Now at this inſtant,
Two winged *Zephyrs*
From her downy bed

And

Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear;
And both together
Waft her hither
Thro' the balmy air.

SEMELE.

Shall I my ſiſter ſee!
The dear companion
Of my tender years.

JUPITER.

See, ſhe appears,
But ſees not me;
For I am viſible
Alone to thee.
While I retire, riſe and meet her,
And with welcomes greet her.
Now all this ſcene ſhall to *Arcadia* turn,
The ſeat of happy nymphs and ſwains;
There without the rage of jealouſie they burn,
And taſte the ſweets of love without its pains.

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *retires.* SEMELE *and* INO *meet and embrace. The* SCENE *is totally changed and ſhews an open Country. Several Shepherds and Sheperdeſſes Enter.* SEMELE *and* INO *having entertain'd each other in dumb ſhew ſit and obſerve the Rural Sports, which end the Second Act.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A ſoft Symphony is heard. Then the Muſick changes to a different Movement.*

JUNO *and* IRIS.

JUNO.

SOmnus, awake,
Raiſe thy reclining Head;

IRIS.

Thy ſelf forſake,
And lift up thy heavy lids of lead.

SOMNUS [waking.]

Leave me, loathſome light;
Receive me, ſilent Night.
Lethe, *why does thy lingring current ceaſe?*
O murmur, murmur me again to peace.
[Sinks down again.

IRIS.

Dull god, can'ſt thou attend the waters fall,
And not hear *Saturnia* call!

JUNO.

Peace, *Iris*, peace, I know how to charm him:
Paſithea's name alone can warm him.

JUNO

JUNO, IRIS.

Only love on ſleep has pow'r;
O'er gods and men
Tho' Somnus *reign,*
Love alternate has his hour,

JUNO.

Somnus, ariſe,
Diſcloſe thy tender eyes;
For *Paſithea*'s ſight
Endure the light:
Somnus, ariſe.

SOMNUS [riſing]

More ſweet is that name
Than a ſoft purling ſtream;
With pleaſure repoſe I'll forſake,
If you'll grant me but her to ſooth me awake.

JUNO.

My will obey,
She ſhall be thine.
Thou with thy ſofter pow'rs
Firſt *Jove* ſhalt captivate,
To *Morpheus* then give order,
Thy various miniſter,
That with a dream in ſhape of *Semele,*
But far more beautiful,
And more alluring,
He may invade the ſleeping deity;
And more to agitate
His kindling fire,
Still let the phantom ſeem
To fly before him,
That he may wake impetuous,
Furious in deſire;
Unable to refuſe whatever boon
Her coyneſs ſhall require.

SOMNUS

SOMNUS.

I tremble to comply.

JUNO.

To me thy leaden rod reſign,
To charm the centinels
On mount *Citheron*;
Then caſt a ſleep on mortal *Ino*,
That I may ſeem her form to wear
When I to *Semele* appear.
Obey my will, thy rod reſign,
And *Paſithea* ſhall be thine.

SOMNUS.

All I muſt grant, for all is due
To *Paſithea*, love, and you.

JUNO.

Away let us haſte,
Let neither have Reſt,
'Till the ſweeteſt of Pleaſures we prove;
'Till of vengeance poſſeſs'd
I doubly am bleſs'd,
And thou art made happy in love.

[*Exeunt* Juno *and* Iris.

[Somnus *retires within his Cave, the Scene changes to* Semele's *Apartment.*

SCENE II.

SEMELE [*alone.*]

SEMELE.

I love and am lov'd, yet more I deſire;
Ah, how fooliſh a thing is fruition!
As one paſſion cools, ſome other takes fire.
And I am ſtill in a longing condition.

Whate'er

Whate'er I poſſeſs
Soon ſeems an exceſs.
For ſomething untry'd I petition;
Tho' daily I prove
The Pleaſures of Love,
I die for the Joys of Ambition.

SCENE III.

Enter JUNO *as* INO, *with a Mirrour in her Hand.*

JUNO [*apart.*]

THUS ſhaped like *Ino.*
With eaſe I ſhall deceive her,
And in this mirrour ſhe ſhall ſee
Her ſelf as much transform'd as me.
Do I ſome goddeſs ſee! [*To her.*
Or is it *Semele?*

SEMELE.

Dear ſiſter, ſpeak,
Whence this aſtoniſhment?

JUNO.

Your charms improving
To divine perfection,
Shew you were late admitted
Amongſt celeſtial beauties.
Has *Jove* conſented?
And are you made immortal?

SEMELE.

Ah no, I ſtill am mortal;
Nor am I ſenſible
Of any change or new perfection.

JUNO.

JUNO. [*Giving her the glaſs.*

Behold in this mirrour.
Whence comes my ſurprize;
Such luſtre and terror
Unite in your eyes,
That mine cannot fix on a radiance ſo bright;
'Tis unſafe for the ſenſe, and too ſlipp'ry for ſight.

SEMELE. [*Looking in the glaſs.*

O ecſtacy of happineſs!
Celeſtial graces
I diſcover in each feature!
My ſelf I ſhall adore,
If I perſiſt in gazing;
No object ſure before
Was ever half ſo pleaſing.
How did that glance become me!
But take this flatt'ring mirrour from me.
Yet once again let me view me.
Ah charming all o'er!
[Offering the glaſs, withdraws her hand again
Here——hold, I'll have one look more.
Tho' that look I were ſure would undo me

JUNO. [*Taking the Glaſs from her.*

Be wiſe as you are beautiful,
Nor loſe this opportunity.
When *Jove* appears,
All ardent with deſire,
Refuſe his proffer'd flame
'Till you obtain a boon without a name.

SEMELE.

Can that avail me?

JUNO.

Unknowing your intent,
And eager for poſſeſſing,
He unawares will grant
The nameleſs bleſſing.

But bind him by the Stygian *lake,*
Leſt lover-like his word he break.

SEMELE.

But how ſhall I attain
To immortality?

JUNO.

Conjure him by his oath
Not to approach your bed
In likeneſs of a mortal,
But like himſelf, the mighty thunderer,
In pomp of majeſty,
And heav'nly attire;
As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,
And with ineffable delights
Fills her encircling arms,
And pays the nuptial rites.
By this conjunction
With entire divinity
You ſhall partake of heav'nly eſſence,
And thenceforth leave this mortal ſtate
To reign above,
Ador'd by *Jove*,
In ſpite of jealous *Juno's* hate.

SEMELE.

Thus let my thanks be paid,
Thus let my arms embrace thee;
And when I'm a goddeſs made,
With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

JUNO.

Rich odours fill the fragrant air,
And *Jove's* approach declare.
I muſt retire———

SEMELE.

Adieu———Your counſel I'll purſue.

JUNO.

JUNO [*apart.*]

And ſure deſtruction will enſue.
Vain wretched fool——[*To her.*] Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *enters, offers to embrace* SEMELE; *ſhe looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.*

JUPITER.

COme to my Arms my lovely fair,
Sooth my uneaſy care:
In my dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I purſu'd thee,
For you fled from my pray'r,
And bid me deſpair.
Come to my arms, my lovely fair.

SEMELE.

Tho' 'tis eaſie to pleaſe ye,
And hard to deny;
Tho' poſſeſſing's a bleſſing
For which I could die,
I dare not, I cannot comply.

JUPITER.

When I languiſh with anguiſh,
And tenderly ſigh,
Can you leave me, deceive me,
And ſcornfully fly?
Ah fear not; you muſt not deny.

SEMELE, JUPITER.

I dare not, I cannot comply.
Ah fear not; you muſt not deny.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

O *Semele*,
Why art thou thus inſenſible?
Were I a mortal,
Thy barbarous diſdaining
Would ſurely end me,
And death at my complaining
In pity would befriend me.

SEMELE.

I ever am granting,
You always complain;
I always am wanting,
Yet never obtain.

JUPITER.

Speak, ſpeak your deſire,
I'm all over fire.
Say what you require,
I'll grant it—now let us retire.

SEMELE.

Swear by the *Stygian* lake.

JUPITER.

By that tremendous flood I ſwear,
Ye *Stygian* waters hear,
And thou *Olympus* ſhake,
In witneſs to the oath I take.
Thunder at a diſtance, and underneath.

SEMELE.

You'll grant what I require?

JUPITER.

I'll grant what you require.

SEMELE.

Then caſt off this human ſhape which you wear,
And Jove *ſince you are, like* Jove *too appear;*

When

When next you deſire I ſhould charm ye.
As when Juno *you bleſs,*
So you me muſt careſs,
And with all your omnipotence arm ye.

JUPITER.

Ah! take heed what you preſs,
For beyond all redreſs,
Should I grant what you wiſh I ſhall harm ye.

SEMELE.

I'll be pleas'd with no leſs,
Than my wiſh in exceſs:
Let the oath you have taken alarm ye:
Haſte, haſte, and prepare,
For I'll know what you are;
So with all your omnipotence arm ye.

SCENE V.

She withdraws, JUPITER *remains penſive and dejected.*

JUPITER.

AH! whither is ſhe gone! unhappy fair!
Why did ſhe with? — why did I raſhly ſwear!
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt recall.
She muſt a Victim fall.
Anon, when I appear
The mighty thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable fire,
She needs muſt inſtantly expire.
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt recall.
She muſt a Victim fall.

My

My ſofteſt lightning yet I'll try,
And mildeſt melting bolt apply:
In vain - - - - for ſhe was fram'd to prove
None but the lambent flames of love.
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall.

SCENE VI.

JUNO *appears in her Chariot aſcending.*

JUNO.

ABove meaſure
Is the pleaſure
Which my revenge ſupplies.
Love's a bubble
Gain'd with trouble:
And in poſſeſſing dies.
With what joy ſhall I mount to my heav'n again,
At once from my rival and jealouſie freed!
The ſweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,
And heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed.

[She aſcends.

SCENE VII.

The SCENE *opening diſcovers* SEMELE *lying under a Canopy, leaning penſively. While a mournful Symphony is playing ſhe looks up and ſees* JUPITER *deſcending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is ſlow. Flaſhes of Lightning iſſue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the Air*

SEMLE.

AH me! too late I now repent
My pride and impious vanity.
He comes! far off his lightnings ſcorch me.
——— I feel my life conſuming:
I burn, I burn-----I faint------for pity I implore--------.
O help, O help -------- I can no more [*Dies.*

As the Cloud which contains JUPITER *is arrived juſt over the Canopy of* SEMELE, *a ſudden and great Flaſh of Lightning breaks forth, and a Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one Inſtant* SEMELE *with the Palace and the whole preſent Scene diſappears, and* JUPITER *re-aſcends ſwiftly. The Scene totally changed repreſents a pleaſant Country, Mount* CITHERON *cloſing the Proſpect.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter CADMUS ATHAMAS *and* INO.

INO.

OF my ill-boding dream
Behold the dire event.

CAD-

CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

O Terror and aſtoniſhment!

INO.

How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long a trance with-held me.
But *Hermes* in a viſion told me
(As I have now related)
The fate of *Semele*;
And added, as from me he fled.
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* ſhould wed.

CADMUS.

Be *Jove* in every thing obey'd.

[*Joyns their Hands.*

ATAMAS.

Unworthy of your charms, my ſelf I yield;
Be *Jove*'s commands and your's fulfill'd.

CADMUS.

See from above the bellying clouds deſcend,
And big with ſome new wonder this way tend.

SCENE IX.

A bright Cloud deſcends and reſts on Mount Citheron, *which opening, diſcovers* APOLLO *ſeated in it as the God of Prophecy.*

APOLLO.

APollo *comes to relieve your care,*
And future happineſs declare.
From tyrannous love all your ſorrows proceed,
From tyrannous love you ſhall quickly be freed.

From

From Semele's *aſhes a* Phenix *ſhall riſe,*
The joy of this earth, and delight of the ſkies:
A God he ſhall prove
More mighty than love
And a ſovereign juice ſhall invent,
Which antidote pure
The ſick lover ſhall cure,
And ſighing and ſorrow for ever prevent.

Then mortals be merry, and ſcorn the blind boy;
Your hearts from his arrows ſtrong wine ſhall defend:
Each day and each night you ſhall revel in joy,
For when Bacchus *is born, love's reign's at an end.*

CHORUS.

Then mortals be merry, &c.

Dance of Satyrs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

POEMS

UPON

Several Occaſions.

------*Minuentur atræ*
Carmine curæ. HOR.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXV.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord *HALIFAX*, &c

TO You,-my Lord, my Muſe her Tribut pays
Of various Verſe, in various rude Eſſays;
To You, ſhe firſt Addreſs'd her early Voice,
By Inclination led, and fix'd by Choice;
To you, on whoſe Indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected Lays ſhe now Commends.

By no one Meaſure bound, her Numbers range,
And unreſolv'd in Choice, delight in Change;
Her Songs to no diſtinguiſh'd Fame aſpire,
For, now, ſhe tries the Reed, anon attempts the Lyre;
In high *Parnaſſus* ſhe no Birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep Draughts of *Heliconian* Streams;
Yet near the ſacred Mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the Springs, and hovers round the Grove.
She knows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,
And fears to fall from an *Icarian* Height:
Yet, ſhe admires the Wing that ſafely ſoars,
At Diſtance follows, and its Track adores.
She knows what Room, what Force, the Swan requires,
Whoſe tow'ring Head above the Clouds aſpires,
And knows as well, it is Your Loweſt Praiſe,
Such Heights to reach with equal Strength and Eaſe.

O had Your Genius been to Leiſure born,
And not more bound to Aid us, than Adorn!
Albion in Verſe with antient *Greece* had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, ſeven States divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch Renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the Patriot in the Poet loſt.
A true Poetick State we had deplor'd,
Had not Your Miniſtry our Coin reſtor'd.

But ſtill, my Lord, tho' Your Exalted Name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt Liſt of Fame,
Tho' Your Ambition ends in Publick Good,
(A Virtue lineal to Your Houſe and Blood:)
Yet think not meanly of Your other Praiſe,
Nor ſlight the Trophies which the Muſes raiſe.

How

How oft, a Patriot's beſt laid Schemes we find
By Party croſs'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he ſucceed he undergoes this Lot,
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot.
But Honours which from Verſe their Source derive,
Shall both ſurmount Detraction, and ſurvive:
And Poets have unqueſtion'd Right to claim
If not the Greateſt, the moſt Laſting Name.

W. Congreve.

THE
Mourning Muſe of *Alexis.*
A
PASTORAL.
Lamenting the Death of
QUEEN *MARY.*

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem.
Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEhold, *Alexis,* ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for ſorrow's ſhelter made;
Where, no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night, excludes the day;

Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the duſky air,
To welcome day, or bid the ſun farewel,
By morning lark, or evening *Philomel.*
No violet here, nor daiſie e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly budding flower, nor ſpringing green:
For fragant myrtle, and the bluſhing roſe,
Here, baleful yew with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of *Albion*'s loſs;
Of *Albion*'s loſs, and of *Paſtora*'s death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain,
With the *Sicilian* bard, or *Mantuan* ſwain;
Or melting words, and moving numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the britiſh *Colin*'s mourning muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excell,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Aſtrofel*;
Then might I raiſe my voice, (ſecure of ſkill,)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The liſt'ning *Echo* on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks *Paſtora*'sName repeat;
Each whiſtling wind, and murm'ring ſtream ſhould tell
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and lawrel crown'd,
And high as *Pan* himſelf in ſong renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears,
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all ſkill, if not exceed.

Then

Then leave this common form of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, *Menalcas*, wild my thought,
Artleſs as nature's notes, in birds untaught;
Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
And thou *Thalia*, darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at *Comus*' feaſt;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have ſate and ſmil'd to hear my chearful ſong:
Begon, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe, no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing lawrels, all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal Cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chuſe,
Begon *Thalia*, ſorrow is my muſe.

I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

No more theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet, theſe flow'ry plains be preſs'd;
No more, the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more, theſe rivers cheerfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondring flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more, the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight;
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day, that gave her birth:

Loſt is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever loſt with her in endleſs night:
In endleſs night, and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut *Paſtora*'s eyes.
Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched ſwains,
Stray all ye flocks, and deſart be ye plains,
Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye chryſtal floods,
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Calkie Cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal grott, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſom ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace,
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſly ye weep ye rocks, and falſly mourn!
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the *Crocodile* its prey laments.
O ſhe was heav'nly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flow'r, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening, is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As loftly pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed,
To which excelling height ſhe bore a mind
Humble, as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was ———
Ah wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.
I mourn PASTORA *dead,* let ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Crouds her Calkie Cliffs adorn.
From that bleſt earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant ſweets ariſe:

Let

Let *Myrrha* weeping aromatick gum,
And ever-living lawrel, ſhade her tomb.
Thither, let all th' induſtrous bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there;
Thither, let *Fairies* with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels, and their midnight ſport,
There, in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And wateh her, by the fiery glow-worms light.

There may no diſmal yew, nor cypreſs grow,
Nor holly buſh, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant dens receive each howling beaſt;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and batts that hate the light.

But let the ſighing doves their ſorrows bring,
And nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let ſwans from their forſaken rivers fly,
And ſick'ning at her tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her elegy.
Let *Echo* too, in mimick moan deplore,
And cry with me, *Paſtora* is no more!

I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

And ſee, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy miſts obſcure the burden'd air:
A ſudden damp o'er all the plain is ſpread,
Each lilly folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On ev'ry tree the bloſſoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bough a weeping moiſture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces ſtoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new deſcending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
And each, with ſtreaming eyes, ſupplies his wanting urn.

The

The *Fawns* forſake the woods, the *Nymphs* the grove,
And round the plain in ſad diſtractions rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their ſharp nails, themſelves the *Satyrs* wound,
And tug their ſhaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.

Lo *Pan* himſelf, beneath a blaſted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild deſpair,
And to the piercing winds her boſom bare.

And ſee yond fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears,
See, how ſhe wrings her hands, and beats her breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs *Girdle* from her waſte:
Hear the ſad murmurs of her ſighing doves,
For grief they ſigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, *Love* himſelf, with heavy woes oppreſt!
See, how his ſorrows ſwell his tender breaſt;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying graſs,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe,
And even *Love* himſelf has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me *Paſtora* is no more!

I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

The rocks can melt, and air in miſts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to ſighs can turn;
The birds, in ſongs, their ſorrows can diſcloſe,
And nymphs and ſwains, in words, can tell their woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair,
Which neither winds can ſhow, nor floods, nor air.

See the Great *Shepherd*, chief of all the ſwains,
Lords of theſe woods, and wide-extended plains,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the ground, and cloſe to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded graſs;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breaſt,
No more within *Paſtora*'s arms to reſt
No more! for thoſe once ſoft and circling arms
Themſelves are clay, and cold are all her charms.
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd, in balmy ſleep, to loſe the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that heav'n of beauty come!
And muſt *Paſtora* moulder in the tomb!
Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt wolves, or ſavage tigers are;
With lambs and ſheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous death the ſhepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.
" But ſee, *Menalcas*, where a ſudden light.
" With wonder ſtops my ſong, and ſtrikes my ſight:
" And where *Paſtora* lies, it ſpreads around,
" Shewing all radiant bright the ſacred ground.
" While from her tomb, behold a flame aſcends
" Of whiteſt fire, whoſe flight to heav'n extends!
" On ſlaky wings it mounts, and quick as ſight
" Cuts thro' the yielding air, with rays of light:
" 'Till the blue firmament at laſt it gains,
" And fixing there, a glorious ſtar remains:
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were ſeen PASTORA's *Eyes.*

To

To the KING,

On the Taking of *NAMURE.*

IRREGULAR ODE.

Præſenti tibi Maturos largimur Honores:
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Hor. ad Auguſtum.

I.

OF arms and war my muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the lyre upon an untry'd ſtring:
New fire informs my ſoul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I ſoar.
O pow'r unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my courſe:
For fancy, wild and pathleſs ways will chuſe,
Which judgment, rarely, or with pain, purſues.
Say, ſacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds;
Why ſcorns the lowly ſwain his oaten reeds,
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding *Lyre*,
And ſing heroick deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raiſe;
What voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his praiſe!
The liſt'ning world each whiſper will befriend
That breaths his name, and ev'ry ear attend.
The hov'ring winds on downy wings ſhall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying ſound.
Ev'n I will in his praiſe be heard;
For by his name my verſe ſhall be preſerr'd.

Born

Born like a lark upon this eagle's wing
High as the ſpheres, I will his triumph ſing;
High as the head of *Fame*; *Fame* whoſe exalted ſize,
From the deep vale extends, up to the vaulted ſkies* :
A thouſand talking tongues the monſter bears,
A thouſand waking eyes, and ever-open ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks, with huge gigantick pace,
Meas'ring the globe, like time, with conſtant race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to *William*'s praiſe:
Of him, her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongues ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around, behold new objects riſe!
What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does air condenſe,
To cloath in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong idea's ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe!
O ſacred poeſie! O boundleſs power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore.
Thro' ſeas, earth, air, and the wide circling ſky,
What is not ſought and ſeen, by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the proſpect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a foreſt's ſhade;
A lowing heifer, loveliеſt of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war, to prove
The victor worthy of the fair one's love.
Unthought preſage, of what met next my view!
For ſoon the ſhady ſcene withdrew.

---

*Virg. Æn. 4.

And

And now, for woods, and fields, and ſpringing
flow'rs;
Behold a town ariſe, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty
tow'rs!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erſpread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and ſhining arms array'd:
With eager eyes, beholding both from far,
Namure, the prize and miſtreſs of the war.

V.

Now, thirſt of conqueſt, and immortal fame,
Does ev'ry chief and ſoldier's heart inflame.
Defenſive arms the *Gallick* forces bear;
While hardy *Britons* for the ſtorm prepare:
For fortune had, with partial hand, before
Reſign'd the rule to *Gallia*'s pow'r.
High on a rock the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by fate; and wrought by nature's hands.
A wond'rous taſk it is th' aſcent to gain,
Thro' craggy cliffs, that ſtrike the ſight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or ſkill,
(And great is humane force and wit in ill)
Are join'd; on ev'ry ſide, wide gaging engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of *Jove*.
Thus fearful, does the face of adverſe pow'r appear;
But *Britiſh* forces are unus'd to fear:
Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if *William* were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpet's clangor ſpeaks in loud alarms,
Mingling ſhrill notes with dreadful din
Of cannons burſt, and ratling claſh of arms.

Cla-

Clamours from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth
rebound,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd,
And *Echo* loſt in one continu'd ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such Flames the gulphs of *Tartarus* diſgorge.
So vaulted *Ætna* roars from *Vulcan's* forge;
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that
broke,
Redning with horrid gloom, the duſky ſmoke,
When the huge *Cyclops* did with molding thunder ſweat
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this rage, behold, where *William* ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With face ſerene, diſpenſing dread commands;
Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd,
A thouſand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry fire his ſacred head muſt ſpare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the lawrels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded *Briton* feels the rage
Of miſſive fires that feſter in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has pow'r t'aſſwage;
Revenge makes danger dreadleſs ſeem.
And now, with deſp'rate force, and freſh attack,
Thro' obvious deaths, reſiſtleſs way they make;
Raiſing high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior, may)
The ſam'd gigantick war.
When thoſe tall ſons of earth, did heav'n aſpire;
(A brave, but impious fire!

Up-

Uprooting hills, with moſt ſtupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful ſcale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm baſis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown,
With threating hurl, that ſhook th' æthereal firmament
Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create;
Ev'n *Jove* deſponding ſate,
'Till *Mars* with all his force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole *War* on the rebellious brood;
Who tumbling headlong from th' *empyreal* ſkies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe hills, by which they thought to riſe,
Mars, on the gods did then his aid beſtow,
And now in godlike *William* ſtorms with equal force

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken pace,
And hardy breaſts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on ſpringing mines they tread
Of ſecret ſulphur, in dire ambuſh laid.
Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd foe.
See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy walls!
See, how the *Britons* riſe! ſee the retiring *Gauls*!
Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is ſpread,
And *William*'s banner on the breach diſplay'd.
Hark, the triumphant ſhouts, from every voice!
The ſkies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected *Io's* ſing!
Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,
Heroick harmony prepare,
And charm to ſilence every wind,
And glad the late tormented air.

Far

Far, is the ſound of martial muſick ſpread,
Ech'oing thro' all the *Gallick* hoſt,
Whoſe numerous troops the dreadful ſtorm ſurvey'd:
But they with wonder, or with awe diſmay'd,
Unmov'd behold the fortreſs loſt.
William, their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd *Perſeus*, with petrifick ſhield
Of *Gorgon*'s head, to more amazement charm'd his foe,
Nor, when on ſoaring horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from monſter's rage, the beauteous maid;
Or more heroick was the deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer chains decreed,
Then was *Namure*; 'till now by *William* freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my muſe, from thy too daring height,
Deſcend to earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd wing
For weary art thou grown, of this unwanted flight,
And doſt with pain of triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee, reſume thy rural reeds;
For war let more *Harmonious Harps* be ſtrung:
Sing thou of love and leave great *William*'s deeds
To *Him* who ſung the *Boyne*; or *Him* to whom he ſung.

The BIRTH of the MUSE.

To the Righ Honourable

CHARLES Lord *HALIFAX.*

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori. Horat.

DEſcend, celeſtial *Muſe*! thy ſon inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe the holy fire.

Be-

Belov'd of gods and men, thyſelf diſcloſe;
Say from what ſource thy heav'nly pow'r aroſe,
Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down
The deeds of heroes deathleſs in renown.
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
Time and the *Muſe* ſet forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals ſtarted to the race:
And both at once the deſtin'd courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preſerve what t'other cannot ſave,
And reſcue virtue riſing from the Grave.
To thee, O *Montague*, theſe ſtrains are ſung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking lyre is ſtrung:
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry *Muſe* is thine,
In thee their various fires united ſhine,
Darling of *Phœbus* and the tuneful nine,
To thee alone I dare my ſong commend,
Whoſe nature can forgive, and pow'r defend,
And ſhew by turns the patron and the friend.
Begin my *Muſe*, from *Jove* derive thy ſong,
Thy ſong of right, does firſt to *Jove* belong:
For thou they ſelf art of celeſtial ſeed,
Nor dare a fire inferior boaſt the breed.
When firſt the frame of this vaſt ball was made,
And *Jove* with joy the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd,
Viciſſitude of things, of men and ſtates,
Their riſe and fall were deſtin'd by the fates.
Then *Time* had firſt a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity.
Within whoſe ample boſom fates repoſe
Cauſes of things and ſecret ſeeds encloſe,
Which rip'ning there ſhall one day gain a birth,
And force a paſſage thro' the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the ſpacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;

To wing the hours that whirl the rowling ſphere,
To ſhift the ſeaſons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule, to *Time* the fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign,
For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his ſight,)
He muſt again to native earth reſtore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good, nor great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry maw,
But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet, the looſen'd earth aloft was ſlung,
Or pois'd amid the ſkies in ballance hung;
Nor yet, did golden fires the ſun adorn,
Or borrow'd luſtre ſilver *Cynthia*'s horn;
Nor yet, had *Time* commiſſion to begin,
Or fate the many-twiſted web to ſpin;
When all the heav'nly hoſt aſſembled came,
To view the world yet reſting on its frame;
Eager they preſs, to ſee the fire diſmiſs
And rowl the globe along the vaſt abyſs.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
Which for a ſpace ſuſpend the promis'd ſcene.
Once more his eyes on *Time* intentive look,
Again, inſpect fate's univerſal book.
Abroad the wond'rous volume he diſplays,
And preſent views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous ſcene adorns the foremoſt page,
Where nature's bloom preſents the golden age.
The golden leaf to ſilver ſoon reſigns,
And fair the ſheet, but yet more faintly ſhines.
Of baſer braſs, the next denotes the times,
An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worſe and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye purſues:
The firſt of men, and lords of earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In ſearch of glory ſpent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And ſavage men compel to leave the field.

All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow ſpace remov'd,
And hungry *Time* has all the ſcene defac'd,
The kings deſtroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waſte;
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compaſſion found,
To ſee great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward ſearch'd the roll, to find if fate
Had no reſerve to ſpare the good and great.
Bright in his view the *Trojan* heroes ſhine,
And *Ilian* ſtructures rais'd by hands divine;
But *Ilium* ſoon in native duſt is laid,
And all her boaſted pile a ruin made:
Nor great *Æneas* can her fall withſtand,
But flies, to ſave his gods, to foreign land.
The *Roman* race ſucceed the *Dardan* ſtate,
And firſt, and ſecond *Cæſar*, god-like great.
Still on to after-days his eyes deſcend,
And riſing heroes ſtill the ſearch attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires paſs'd?
When fair *Britannia* fix'd his ſight at laſt.

Above the waves ſhe lifts her ſilver head,
And looks a *Venus* born from ocean's bed.
For rowling years, her happy fortunes ſmile,
And fates propitious bleſs the beauteous iſle;
To worlds remote, ſhe wide extends her reign,
And weilds the trident of the ſtormy main.

Thus

Thus on the baſe of empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright *Eliza* rules the willing lands.

But ſoon a lowring ſky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd ſhews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her ſhining hills;
Of greatneſs paſs'd no footſteps ſhe retains,
Sunk in a *Series* of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the ſhame,
Of honours loſt, and her diminiſh'd name:
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from day to ſhrowd her head,
And glad wou'd ſhrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far, the ſacred leaves *Brtannia*'s woes
In ſhady draughts and duſky lines diſcloſe.
Th' enſuing ſcene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb ariſe,
Which kindling day, reſtores the darken'd ſkies:
And ſee! on ſeas the beamy ball deſcends,
And now its courſe to fair *Britannia* bends;
Aloud the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the ſhining ſphere.
Hail, happy omen! hail, auſpicious ſight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For ſee a prince, whom dazling arms array,
Purſuing cloſely, plows the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming ſea.

Britannia, riſe; awake, O faireſt iſle,
From iron ſleep; again thy fortunes ſmile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whoſe reign renews the former age of gold,
The fates at length the bliſsful web have ſpun,
And bid it round in endleſs circles run.
Again, ſhall diſtant lands confeſs thy ſway,
Again, the wat'ry world thy rule obey;

Again,

Thus

Again, thy martial ſons ſhall thirſt for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathleſs name;
For *William*'s genius ev'ry ſoul inſpires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, ſee the hoſtile troops retreat,
And ſeem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring ſteel.
The haughty *Gaul*, who well, 'till now, might boaſt
A matchleſs ſword and unreſiſted hoſt,
At his foreſeen approach the field forſakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire ſhakes.
His tow'ring enſigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciouſly uſurp'd the main;
A gath'ring ſtorm he ſeem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of deſtructive war.
'Till *William*'s ſtronger genius ſoar'd above,
And down the ſkies the daring tempeſt drove.
So from the radiant ſun retires the night,
And weſtern clouds ſhot thro' with orient light.
So when th'aſſuming god, whom ſtorms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantick brethern ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and ſhoars their rage reſound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they ſweep
The liquid plains, and raiſe the peaceful deep:
But when ſuperior *Neptune* leaves his bed,
His trident ſhakes, and ſhews his awful head;
The madding winds are huſh'd, the tempeſts ceaſe,
And ev'ry rowling ſurge reſides in peace.

And now the ſacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where, heav'n ſerene, and air unmov'd appears.
The *Roſe* and *Lilly* paint the verdant plains,
And *Palm* and *Olive* ſhade the ſylvan ſcenes.
The peaceful *Thames* beneath his banks abides,
And ſoft, and ſtill, the ſilver ſurface glides.

The

The *Zephyrs* fan the fields, the whiſp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the Trees.
The warbling birds applauding new-born light,
In wanton meaſures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and baſk in upper air;
They gild their ſcaly backs in *Phœbus'* beams,
And ſcorn to ſkim the level of the ſtreams.
Whole nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of Peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful ſoil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden *Ceres* grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durſt the deep explore,
Oppoſe the winds, and tempt the ſhelfy ſhoar,
Beneath his roof now taſtes unbroken reſt,
Enough with native wealth and plenty bleſt.

No more the forward youth purſues alarms,
Nor leaves the ſacred arts for ſtubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows ſhrieks, and orphans cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the ſkies.
But peaceful joys the proſp'rous times afford,
And baniſh'd virtue is again reſtor'd.
And he whoſe arms alone ſuſtain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of *Britain*'s iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal ſway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace ſhall reign;
For his example ſtill the rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding leaves; and brighter ſtill beholds;

Again, thy martial ſons ſhall thirſt for fame,
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Succeeding leaves; and brighter ſtill beholds;

The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' eternal paus'd———
Nor would *Britannia*'s fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming ſtore.
Enough the heroe had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining path purſues,
But like the ſun the ſame bright race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs fates on him have pow'r!
Or *Time* unequally ſuch worth devour!
Then, wherefore ſhall the brave for fame conteſt;
Why is this man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?
Whoſe ſoaring genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs fame the due reward requires.
Approving heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the grant reſolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuſe,
But ſpake the word, and made th' immortal *Muſe*,
Ne'er did his pow'r produce ſo bright a child,
On whoſe creation infant nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd form ſhe wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' aſſembled gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the ſire himſelf his joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes.
Intent a ſpace, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus the god the heav'nly fair beſpoke.

To thee, Immortal Maid, *from this bleſs'd hour,*
O'er Time *and* Fame, *I give unbounded Pow'r.*
Thou from oblivion ſhalt the hero ſave;
Shalt raiſe, revive, immortalize the brave.

To

To thee, the Dardan *Prince ſhall owe his fame;*
To thee, the Cæſars *their eternal name.*
Eliza, *ſung by thee, with fate ſhall ſtrive,*
And long as Time, *in ſacred verſe ſurvive.*
And yet, O Muſe, *remains the nobleſt theme;*
The firſt of men, mature for endleſs fame,
Thy future ſongs ſhall grace, and all thy lays,
Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on William's *praiſe.*
On his heroick deeds thy verſe ſhall riſe;
Thou ſhalt diffuſe the fires that he ſupplies.
Thro' him thy ſongs ſhall more ſublime aſpire;
And he, thro' them, ſhall deathleſs fame acquire;
Nor Time, *nor* Fate *his glory ſhall oppoſe,*
Or blaſt the monuments the Muſe *beſtows.*
This ſaid; no more remain'd. Th' *Etherial* hoſt
Again impatient crowd the chryſtal coaſt.
The father, now, within his ſpacious hands,
Encompaſs'd all the mingled maſs of ſeas and lands;
And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous ſphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

On Mrs. *Arabella Hunt*, Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be huſht, each ſofteſt motion ceaſe,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And ev'ry ruder gaſp of *Breath*
Be calm as in the *Arms* of death.
And thou moſt fickle, moſt uneaſie part,
Thou reſtleſs wanderer, my heart,

Be ſtill; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou buſie, idle thing to heave.
Stir not a pulſe, and let my *blood*,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be ſoftly ſtaid:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, reſt, unneceſſary ſprings of life,
Leave your officious toil and ſtrife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be poſſible to die.

II.

Come all ye love-ſick maids and wounded ſwains,
And liſten to her healing ſtrains.
A wond'rous *Balm* between her lips ſhe wears,
Of ſov'reign force to ſoften cares;
And this through ev'ry ear ſhe can impart,
(By tuneful *breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief ſoft *air* applies,
Which, warbling myſtick ſounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds
But ah! beware of clam'rous moan:
Let no unpleaſing murmur, or harſh groan,
Your ſlighted loves declare:
Your very tend'reſt moving ſighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſt'rous here.
Hither let nought but ſacred *ſilence* come,
And let all ſawcy praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! *ſilence* himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the midnight god appear,
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend *ſhade*:
An ancient ſigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe memory of ſound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his throne:

Beneath

Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to *air*,
Stol'n from a lover in deſpair,
Like a thin mantle, ſerves to wrap
In *fluid* folds his *viſionary ſhape*.
A wreath of darkneſs round his head he wears,
Where curling miſts ſupply the want of hairs:
While the ſtill vapours, which from poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly ſphere turns round,
And *ſilence* now is drown'd
In ecſtaſie of ſound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill *air* is charm'd,
As if all harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And ev'ry ſoul with tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heav'nly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what ſpeed and care,
Deſcending *Angels* cull the thineſt *air*!
Haſte then, come all the immortal throng,
And liſten to her ſong;
Leave your lov'd manſions, in the ſky,
And hither, quickly hither fly;
Your loſs of heav'n, nor ſhall you nead to fear,
While ſhe ſings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they croud, ſee how the little cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her mouth, and ſip
Sweet halleluiahs from her lip.
Thoſe lips, where in ſurpriſe of *bliſs* they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taſte
So exquiſite a feaſt,
Of muſick and of love.

Prepare then ye immortal choir,
Each ſacred minſtrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus joyn,
Her voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.
Bleſs the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal *accents* raiſe,
Which only *breath* inſpir'd can reach,
To notes which only ſhe can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent happineſs:
Wiſhing for ever in that ſtate to lye,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

Priam's LAMENTATION and PETITION to *Achilles*, for the Body of his Son *Hector*.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὣς ἄρα Φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας.———

Argument Introductory to this Tranſlation.

Hector's *Body (after he was Slain) remain'd ſtill in the Poſſeſſion of* Achilles; *for which* Priam *made great Lamentation.* Jupiter *had Pity on him, and ſent* Iris *to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he ſhould*

ſhould go to Achilles's *Tent; and how he ſhould there Ranſom the Body of his Son.* Priam *accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Preſents for* Achilles, *ſets forward to the* Grecian *Camp, accompanied by no body but his Herald* Idæus. Mercury, *at* Jupiter's *Command, meets him by the Way, in the Figure of a young* Grecian, *and, after bemoaning his Misfortunes, undertakes to drive his Chariot unobſerv'd through the Guards, and to the Door of* Achilles's *Tent; which having perform'd, he diſcover'd himſelf a God, and giving him a ſhort Inſtruction, how to move* Achilles *to Compaſſion, flew up to Heaven.*

SO ſpake the *God*, and heav'nward took his flight:
When *Priam* from his Chariot did alight;
Leaving *Idæus* there, alone he went
With ſolemn pace into *Achilles'* tent.
Heedleſs he paſs'd thro' various rooms of ſtate
Until approaching where the heroe ſate;
There at a feaſt, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's beſt belov'd, with all his chiefs around:
Two only were t'attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcymus*; the reſt
At greater diſtance, greater ſtate expreſs'd.

Priam, unſeen by theſe, his way purſu'd,
And firſt of all was by *Achilles* view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd and held 'em faſt;
Then caught his hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd 'em cloſe
Thoſe hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Thoſe hands, whoſe unrelenting force had coſt
Much of his blood (for many ſons he loſt.)

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And ſeeking refuge, does from juſtice run;
Entring ſome houſe, in haſte, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on;

So did *Achilles* gaze, ſurpriz'd to ſee
The god-like *Priam*'s *Royal Miſery*;
All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurprize
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes.
'Till he at length the ſolemn ſilence broke;
And thus the venerable ſuppliant ſpoke.

Divine *Achilles*, at your feet behold
A proſtrate king, in wretchedneſs grown old:
Think on your father, and then look on me,
His hoary *age* and helpleſs perſon ſee;
So furrow'd are his cheeks, ſo white his hairs,
Such, and ſo many his declining years;
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine ſuch, his miſery!
Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
And neighb'ring princes lay his country waſte;
Ev'n at this time perhaps ſome pow'rful foe,
Who will no mercy, no compaſſion ſhow,
Ent'ring his palace, ſees him feebly fly,
And ſeek protection, where no help is nigh.
In vain, he may your fatal abſence mourn,
And wiſh in vain for your delay'd return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome relief;
Some hopes alleviate his exceſs of grief;
It glads his ſoul to think he once may ſee
His much-lov'd ſon; would that were granted me!
But I, moſt wretch'd I! of all bereſt!
Of all my worthy ſons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boaſt,
When firſt the *Greeks* invaded *Ilion*'s coaſt:
Nineteen, the joyful Iſſue of one womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
Mercileſs war this devaſtation wrought,
And their ſtrong nerves to diſſolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
My age's comfort, and his country's prop;

Hector,

Hector, my darling, and my *laſt defence*,
Whoſe life alone, their deaths could recompence:
And, to compleat my ſtore of countleſs woe,
Him you have ſlain———of him bereav'd me too!
For his ſake only, hither am I come;
Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endleſs ſum;
All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
Fear the juſt gods, *Achilles*; and on me
With pity look, think you your father ſee;
Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
I can no equal have in miſeries;
Of all mankind moſt wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with ſuch weight, as never has been born;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you from whom
The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
With gifts, to court mine and my country's *Bane*,
And kiſs thoſe hands, which have my children ſlain,
He ſpake.———
Now, ſadneſs o'er *Achilles*' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears
That, and compaſſion melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old *Priam*'s face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there with tears, and ſighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated ſon.
But paſſion diff'rent ways *Achilles* turns,
Now, he *Patroclus*, now his father mourns;
Thus, both, with lamentations fill'd the place,
'Till ſorrow ſeem'd to wear one common face.

The LAMENTATIONS of *Hecbua*, *Andromache*, and *Helen*, over the dead Body of *Hector*.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Tranſlation

Priam, *at laſt moves* Achilles *to Compaſſion, and after having made him Preſents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son.* Mercury *awakes* Priam *early in the Morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the Body, leſt* Agamemnon *ſhould be inform'd of his being in the Camp: He himſelf helps to harneſs the Mules and Horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without Noiſe, Chariot and all, from among the* Grecian *Tents; then flies up to Heav'n leaving* Priam *and* Idæus *to travel on with the Body toward* Troy.

NOW did the ſaffron morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day;
When mourning *Priam* to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The Mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unſual weight of woe.
To *Pergamus'* high top *Caſſandra* flies,
Thence ſhe afar the ſad proceſſion ſpies:
Her father and *Idæus* firſt appear,
Then *Hector*'s corps extended on a bier;

At

At which, her boundleſs grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro' the ſtreets ſhe ran:
Hither, ye wretched Trojans, *hither all!*
Behold the godlike Hector's *Funeral!*
If e'er you went with joy, to ſee him come
Adorn'd with conqueſt and with lawrels home,
Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd body ſee,
What once was all your joy, now all your miſery!
She ſpake, and ſtraight the num'rous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city ſtaid;
Common conſent of grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous moan to *Scæa*'s gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their *Hector* meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh lamentings, greet.
His rev'rend mother and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal ſtrife:
In ſorrow they no moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs corps to reach:
Aloud they beat their *Breaſts*, and tore their *Hair*,
Rending around with ſhrieks the ſuff'ring air.
Now had the throng of people ſtopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day,
But *Priam* from his chariot roſe, and ſpake,
Trojans, *enough*; *truce with your ſorrows make*;
Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;
Firſt let me bear my Hector's *body home.*
Then mourn your fill. At this the croud gave way,
Yielding, like waves of a divided ſea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care, the *Body* on a ſumptuous *Bed*,
And round about were ſkilful ſingers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd
Their moan; *All* in a *Chorus* did agree
Of univerſal, mournful *Harmony*.

When

When, firſt, *Andromache* her paſſion broke,
And thus, (cloſe preſſing his pale cheeks) ſhe ſpoke.

ANDROMACHE's *Lamentation.*

O my loſt huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in aſhes muſt with them be laid.
Why is my heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing, a *Widow* left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurſt;
Why were you born?—I am with bleſſings curſt!
For long e'er thou ſhalt be to manhood grown,
Wide deſolation will lay waſte this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her ſtrength, no more doth live?
Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
Who ſave her children from the rage of war?
For *He* to *all* father and huſband was,
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows* by his loſs.
Soon will the *Grecians*, now, inſulting come,
And bear us captives to their diſtant home;
I, with my child, muſt the ſame fortune ſhare,
And all alike, be pris'ners of the war;
'Mongſt baſe-born wretches he his lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman lord, a ſlave.
Elſe ſome avenging *Greek*, with fury fill'd
Or for an only ſon, or father kill'd
By *Hector*'s hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirſty grief aſſwage;

For

For many fell by his relentleſs hand,
Biting that ground, which with their blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foe in battle ſpare;
Thence come theſe ſuff'rings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
I ſaw him not, when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his lateſt breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt command?
Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day, I ſhould with tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general ſigh diffus'd a mournful ſound.
Then *Hecuba*, who long had been oppreſt
With boiling paſſions in her aged breaſt,
Mingling her words with ſighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling ſon.

HECUBA's *Lamentation.*

Hector, my joy, and to my ſoul more dear
Than all my other num'rous iſſue were;
O my laſt comfort, and my beſt belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe fall, ev'n *Jove* himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high heav'n's peculiar care!
From fierce *Achilles* chains thy corps was freed;
So kind a fate was for none elſe decreed:
My other ſons, made pris'ners by his hands,
Were ſold like ſlaves, and ſhipt to foreign lands.
Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about *Patroclus'* tomb,

His

His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy hands had ſlain
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his life again.
Now freſh and glowing, even in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by *Phœbus'* dart.
Here weeping *Hecuba* her paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal moan again was made;
When *Helen*'s lamentation hers ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

HELEN'S *Lamentation.*

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No *Brother* there had half ſo large a part!
Not leſs than twenty years are now paſs'd o'er,
Since firſt I landed on the *Trojan* ſhore;
Since I with godlike *Paris* fled from home;
(Wou'd I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (ſo gentle was thy mind
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of ſcorn,
Which I too often have from others born.
But you from their reproach ſtill ſet me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my ſiſters, and the queen revil'd
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindneſs ſtill has all my grief beguil'd.
Ever in tears let me your loſs bemoan,
Who had no friend alive, but you alone;
All will reproach me now, where-e'er I paſs,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This ſaid; ſhe wept, and the vaſt throng was mov'd,
And with a general ſigh her grief approv'd.
When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning croud)
Roſe from his ſeat, and thus he ſpake aloud.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe your Lamenting, Trojans, *for a while,*
And fell down Trees to build a fun'ral pile;
Fear not an ambuſh by the Grecians *laid.*
For with Achilles *twelve days truce I made.*
He ſpake, and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days ſpace was in that labour ſpent;
The tenth, a moſt ſtupendous *Pile* they made,
And on the top the manly *Hector* laid,
Then gave it fire; while all with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and ſmoak ariſe.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the roſie morn with day return'd,
About the *Pile* the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His *Brothers* then, and friends ſearch'd ev'ry where,
And gathering up his ſnowy bones with care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred *Aſhes* were inter'd,
Then o'er his grave a *Monument* they rear'd.
Mean time ſtrong guards were plac'd and careful ſpies,
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent ſurprize.
The work once ended, all the vaſt reſort
Of mourning people went to *Priam*'s court;
There they refreſh'd their weary limbs with reſt,
Ending the fun'ral with a ſolemn feaſt.

Paraphraſe upon *HORACE*,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant queen of ſoft deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs aid of ſprightly wine
And wanton eaſe, conſpires
To make my heart its peace reſign,
And re-admit love's long rejected fires.
For beauteous *Glycera* I burn,
The flames ſo long repell'd with double force return:
Matchleſs her face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd marble when reflecting light;
Her very coyneſs warms;
And with a grateful ſulleneſs ſhe charms:
Each look darts forth a thouſand Rays,
Whoſe luſtre an unwary ſight betrays,
My eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my veins;
At once all *Venus* enters, and at large ſhe reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is bleſt,
I am her palace and her throne my *Breaſt*.
Of ſavage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their ſport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import,
And what's of high import, but love?

Vervain

Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old, your cups be fill'd:
After our ſacrifice and pray'r,
The goddeſs may incline her heart to yield.

STANZA'S.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Lib. II. Ode XIV.

Eheu Fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.

AH! no 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all theſe pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd *Eternity.*
Eternity! that boundleſs race,
Which *Time* himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd pace)
Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort extent to the moſt laſting breath;
And tho' thou cou'dſt for ſacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary gaſp from death.

II.

In vain thy inexhauſted ſtore
Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;
Thy honours, titles, all muſt fail,
Where piety it ſelf can nought avail.

The rich, the great, the innocent and juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious ſlave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in duſt.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs ſeas,
And is confin'd to home and eaſe,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all thoſe *Arts* we try,
All our evaſions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas; thou muſt, my friend;
(The very hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou muſt forego the deareſt joys of life;
Leave the warm boſom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd off ſpring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy houſe, whoſe ſtately ſtructure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking carcaſs of its lord.
Of all thy pleaſent gardens, grots and bow'rs,
Thy coſtly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,
Nought ſhall thou ſave;
Or but a ſprig of roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead.

IV. Then

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting heir,
A joyful mourning wear;
And riot in the waſte of that eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get.
All thy hid ſtores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and priſons, ſhall again be free:
Bury'd alive tho' now it lyes,
Again ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling ſurface ſhow,
And free as element profuſely flow.
With ſuch high food he ſhall ſet forth his feaſts
That cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his gueſts:
And pamper'd prelates ſee
Themſelves out-done in *Luxury*.

In Imitation of *HORACE*,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air*!
How naked does the world appear!
But ſee (big with the off-ſpring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A ſhow'r of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-cloath the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops, around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd:

And

And lo! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the ſky:
Trembling the groves ſuſtain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

II.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe, through all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living ſtream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let chear fires *Sol*'s feeble beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with ſparkling wine;
Let's drink, 'till our own faces ſhine,
'Till we like ſuns appear,
To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate:
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix;
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis heav'n's concern; and let it be
The care of heav'n ſtill, for me.
Thoſe winds, which rend the oaks and plough the ſeas,
Great *Jove* can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent moment's all our ſtore:
The next ſhould heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more,
So all our life is but one inſtant *Now*.

Look

Look on each day you've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won:
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly,
The flow'rs that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting *Boy*, invites
To revel, while you may, in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet,
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites, and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if y'are rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his ſight ſhe does her ſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will her ſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great paſſion to break,
Still then, I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to my ſelf, and reſolv'd I wou'd try
Some way my poor heart to recover:
But that was all vain, for I ſooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Cælia* be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk to, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhou'd ſpeak,
The pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

The RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR *Cælia* love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where *Damon* long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.

At

At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his Paſſion.

ODE.

To all the ſex deceitful,
A long and laſt adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But *Celia* now repenting
Her breach of aſſignation,
Arriv'd with eyes conſenting
And ſparkling inclination.
Like *Citherea* ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his paſſion;
The ſhepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe encreaſe deſiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALas! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel abſence doom'd paſt joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of abſence try,
Save me from abſence, love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and love,
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG in DIALOGUE.

For TWO WOMEN.

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;

I've

I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.

2

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my *Thyrſis* ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting.
2. And both will tire with often taſting,
When they find the bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is compleat in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.

Chorus of both.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire:
And granting Deſire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire,

SONG.

I

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That *Cloe*'s falſe and common:
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman;
As ſuch, I lik'd, as ſuch, careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps, ſhe fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

The PETITION.

GRant me, gentle love, ſaid I,
One dear Bleſſing e're I die;
Long I've born exceſs of pain,
Let me now ſome bliſs obtain.
Thus to almighty love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the god reply'd.
Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not *Amynta*'s ſlave?
Ceaſe, fond mortal, to implore,
For love, love himſelf's no more.

SONG.

I.

CRuel *Amynta*, can you ſee
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through our eyes the conqueſt made.

II. I

II.

In ambuſh there the traitor lay,
  Where I was led by faithleſs ſmiles:
No wretches are ſo loſt as they,
  Whom much ſecurity beguiles.

SONG.

I.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
  And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
  From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
  But different fates e're night fulfil.
How many by his warmth will live!
  How many will her coldneſs kill!

Occaſioned on a LADY's *having writ* VERSES *in Commendation of a* POEM *which was written in Praiſe of another* LADY.

HARD is the taſk, and bold th' adventrous flight
  Of him, who dares in praiſe of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who praiſing beauty, do's no wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his ſong:

But when the fair themſelves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe,
His wide ambition knows no further bound,
Nor can his muſe with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM.

Written after the Deceaſe of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, *under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſt with ſkill divine!
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

I.

PIous *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
If I but aſk the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

A
HYMN to *HARMONY.*

In HONOUR of

St. *CECILIA*'s Day, MDCCI.

Set to Muſick by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O *Harmony*, to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of ſacred verſe, and ſweet reſounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praiſe.
All hail to thee
All-pow'rful *Harmony!*
Wiſe nature owns thy undiſputed ſway,
Her wond'rous works reſigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious ſphere.
CHORUS.
All hail to thee
All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O *Harmony*, with awful ſound
Could penetrate th' abyſs profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And ſearch the living ſource of unborn light.
Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.
Then didſt thou, *Harmony*, give birth
To this fair form of heav'n and earth;

Then all thoſe ſhining worlds above
In myſtick dance began to move
Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
A never ceaſing, never ſilent choir.

CHORUS.

Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos *deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.*

III.

Thou only, goddeſs, firſt cou'dſt tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didſt to heav'nly minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.
When firſt *Cyllenius* form'd the lyre,
Thou didſt the god inſpire;
When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
To which the muſes ſung:
Then firſt the muſes ſung; melodious ſtrains *Apollo* plaid,
And muſick firſt begun by thy auſpicious aid.
Hark, hark, again *Urania* ſings!
Again *Apollo* ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſt'ning deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, again Urania *ſings!*
Again Apollo *ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!*
And ſee, the liſt'ning deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

IV.

Deſcend *Urania*, heav'nly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how with various woes oppreſt,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting paſſions torn.

Reaſon

Reaſon in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reaſon ſtill by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too ſoon retreats.
The wandring ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Muſick alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandring ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the pow'rful ſong, ye ſacred nine,
Your inſtruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and ſweet deſire,
In ev'ry breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And ſoft repoſe to reſtleſs thoughts impart.
Appeaſe the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy ſounds his boiling blood aſſwage,
And melt to mild remorſe his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſht, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſick lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſht, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſick lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

VI.

Ah, ſweet repoſe, too ſoon expiring:
Ah, fooliſh man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, ſtriſe purſuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.

See, ſee, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with ſhrill fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding drums.
War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The Harmony of peace deſtroys.

CHORUS.

War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The Harmony of peace deſtroys.

VII.

See the forſaken fair, with ſtreaming eyes
Her parting lover morn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing paſt delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O ſooth her cares
With ſofteſt ſweeteſt airs,
'Till victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly fair!
Now to thy native ſkies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry ſphere,
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care.

Cecilia

Cecilia, more than all the muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and lawrel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtick ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame
Th' immortal muſick never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

Cecilia, *more than all the muſes ſkill'd,*
Phœbus *himſelf to her muſt yield,*
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and lawrel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtick ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſick never dies.

VERSES

To the MEMORY of

GRACE Lady *GETHIN.*

Occaſioned by reading her Book, Intitled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFter a painful life in ſtudy ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whoſe lives exceed the ſpace,
Which ſeems the bound preſcrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their ſhort experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitleſs human pain!
Who e'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?
For ſo compleat the finiſh'd piece appears,
That learning ſeems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by pureſt wit, to reach
At all that ſtudy, or that time can teach.
But to what height muſt his amazement riſe!
When having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremoſt op'ning page,
And there the beauty, ſex and tender age
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure mind aroſe
Th' Ætherial ſource from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reaſon fails,
And ſuperſtition o'er philoſophy prevails.

Some

Some heav'nly miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female from indu'd,
To make a ſhort abode on earth, was ſent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She ſings, amid the choir of ſeraphims;
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the beſt intelligence, preſides,
Its not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain;
And all we ought, or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of* Stanton Harcourt, *Eſq*; *and* ROBERT *his Son.*

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and ſon, together laid;
Whoſe living virtues ſhall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
What man ſhou'd be, to ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd worth ſhou'd do, or ſhun,
At full was in the father ſhown;
What youth cou'd promiſe, in the ſon.

But death obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect fruit, and op'ning bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe ſweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

To

To Mr. *DRYDEN*,

On his Tranſlation of *PERSIUS*.

AS when of old heroick ſtory tells
Of knights impriſon'd long by magic ſpells,
'Till future time the deſtin'd hero ſend,
By whom, the dire enchantment is to end;
Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſie.
Thoſe ſullen clouds, which have for ages paſt,
O'er *Perſius*' too-long ſuff'ring muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and flie before thy ſacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure *Phœbus*' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The god of muſick, and poetick fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great ſurpriſe of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So, unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred oracles, in myſteries.
Perſius, before in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs, what to antiquity is paid;
But like apocrypha, with ſcruple read,
(So far, our ignorance our faith miſ-led)
'Till you, *Apollo*'s darling prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.
As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinſick worth will paſs:
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you, we all this following treaſure owe,
This *Hippocrene*, which from a rock did flow.

Old

Old *Stoick* virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polliſh'd by you, in modern brillant ſhines;
And as before, for *Perſius*, our eſteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old *Perſius*, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives,
So, ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
'Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;
But thro' your ſkill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire,
Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.

The ELEVENTH SATIRE *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT

The Deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all Manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant Luxury uſed by the Romans, *in their Feaſting. The Poet draws the Occaſion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect From his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular Invective againſt the Vanity and Folly of ſome Perſons, who having but mean fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the height of men of great Eſtates and Quality.*

He

He ſhews us, the miſerable End of ſuch Spend-thrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courſes, which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes Occaſion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the greateſt Men, in former Ages: To which he oppoſes the riot and Intemperance of the preſent! attributing to the latter a viſible Remiſneſs, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman *State. He inſtances ſome lewd Practices at Feaſts, and by the bye, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery conſiſt with their principal Pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all Cares and Diſquiets, for the preſent; and a moderate uſe of Pleaſures for the future.*

IF noble (1) *Atticus* make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his Gueſts;
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat:
Nor is it *Luxury* in him, but *State*,
But when poor (2) *Rutilus* ſpends all he's worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs: for what greater *Jeſts*,
Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feaſts*?
But *Rutilus* is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd (3) by no pow'r, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongſt common *Fencers*, practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing, for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his *Diſgrace* is owning to his *Sword*.

Many

Many there are of the ſame (4) wretched kind,
Whom their deſpairing creditors may find
Lurking in ſhambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole bliſs, is eating; who can give
But that one Brutal reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of theſe,
The pooreſt wretch, is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ranſack ev'ry *Element*, for choice
Of ev'ry fiſh and fowl, at any price;
If brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater guſt.
In riot thus, while money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of meer neceſſity to eat,
He comes to pawn his diſh, to buy his meat.
Nothing of ſilver or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken (5) relick, he with ſpeed devours
As he wou'd all the reſt of's anceſtors,
If wrought in gold, or if expoſed to ſale,
They'd pay the price of one *Luxurious Meal.*
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger, ſoon, and want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now, you ſee a plenteous feaſt:
The queſtion is at whoſe expence 'tis dreſt.
In great (6) *Ventidius*, we the *Bounty* prize;
In *Rutilus* the *Vanity* deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man, who knows
How far yond' mount above this mole-hill ſhows,

Shou'd

Shou'd not preceive a difference as great,
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From heav'n, to mortals, ſure, that rule was ſent,
Of *Know thy ſelf*, and by ſome god was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
Through all the various courſes which we ſteer.
Thirſites, (7) tho' the moſt preſumptuous *Greek*
Yet durſt not for *Achilles'* armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce (8) *Ulyſſes* had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his *Eloquence*.
Who-e'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words, and force of ſenſe;
Fools only make attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wiſe man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.
If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thy ſelf to thrift, not *Luxury*;
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which neceſſity confines thy price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable end
Whom gluttony and want, at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd *All*,
Both land and ſtock, int'reſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length vile (9) *Pollio*'s fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms, with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy.
But there are ſteps in villany, which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;

But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Leſt *Rome* ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more ſcandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midſt of ſummer's ſcorching heat,
From crouds, and noiſe, and buſineſs to retreat.
One only grief ſuch fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the pleaſures left behind;
The plays and looſe diverſions of the place,
But not one bluſh appears for the diſgrace.
Ne'er was of modeſty ſo great a dearth,
That out of Count'nance Virtue's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She's with (10) *Aſtrea* gone, not to return.
This day, my (11) *Perſicus*, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether, my ſelf I keep thoſe rules I give,
Or elſe, an unſuſpected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate fare and abſtinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private *Gormandize*.
Evander's (12) feaſt reviv'd to day thou'lt ſee,
The poor *Evander*, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides (13) and *Æneas* both to me.
Mean time, I ſend you now your bills of fare;
Be not ſurpriz'd, that 'tis all homely chear:
For nothing from the ſhambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall farm, the tend'reſt *Kid*
And fatteſt of my flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had nouriſhment, but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce graſs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, ſhall mountain *Sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly country-maid.
The largeſt eggs, yet warm within their neſt,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of grapes, preſerv'd for half a Year,
Which plump and freſh as on the vines appear;

Apples

Apples of a ripe flavour, freſh and fair;
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.
Such food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a *Senator*:
When the good (14) *Curius* thought it no diſgrace,
With his own hands, a few ſmall herbs to dreſs;
And from his little garden cull'd a feaſt,
Which fetter'd ſlaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a ſlave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd (15) paps of a fat pregnant ſow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous treat,
On birth-days, feſtivals, or days of ſtate;
A ſalt, dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: And 'twas highly priz'd,
If (16) ought was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind, wou'd come
The worthieſt and the greateſt men in *Rome*:
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice (17) *Conſuls* been;
Or the (18) *Dictator*'s office had diſcharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to huſband and manure their land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y'have ſeen the good old gen'ral haſte,
Before th' appointed (19) hour, to ſuch a feaſt;
His ſpade aloft as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn field,
'Twas then, when pious *Conſuls* bore the ſway,
And vice diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our (20) *Cenſors* then were ſubject to the law,
Ev'n Pow'r it ſelf, of Juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was nor then, a *Roman*'s anxious thought,
Where largeſt tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought,

Where

Where pearls might of the greateſt price be had,
And ſhining jewels to adorn his (21) bed,
That he at vaſt expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
The ſoldier then, in (22) *Grecian* arts unſkill'd,
Returning rich with plunder, from the field;
If cups of ſilver, or of gold he brought,
With jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious trappings ſtreight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring ſpoil his horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The *Roman Wolf*, ſuckling the (23) twins was there,
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hov'ring above his creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning death to each reſiſting foe.
No uſe of ſilver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No ſide-boards then, with gilded plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating ſlaves, with maſſive diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive riot was not underſtood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who wou'd not envy them, that age of bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the *Luxury* of this?
Heav'n unwearied then, did bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove *foretold each dang'rous hour;*
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He ſnuff'd their incenſe with a gracious nod;
And would have ſtill been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
His golden (24) ſtatues, hence the God have driv'n:
For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
'Tis gold we worſhip, though we pray to heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from *Japan.*

Invite

Invite my *Lord* to dine, and let him have
The niceſt diſh his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be ſet,
His lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Venſon*'s rank or (25) *Ointments* ſtink.
Order ſome other table to be brought,
Something, at great expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whoſe *Orb*, large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich pedeſtals of (26) *Ivory*:
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were ſent,
By *Sympathy* from thoſe o'th' *Elephant*.
But ſuch fine feeders are no gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then that unfaſhionable man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve, for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole houſe afford,
Not in my very *Tables*, or *Cheſs-board*;
Of bone, the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taſte from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſav'ry *Haut-gouſt* from the haft.
A hearty welcome, to plain wholeſome meat,
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal ſtate;
No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by ſkilful (27) *Trypherus* are taught:
In whoſe fam'd ſchools the various forms appear
Of fiſhes, beaſts, and all the fowls o'th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his ſcholars learn
How to diſſect, and the nice joints diſcern;
While all the neighbours are with noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh carving of his *wooden feaſt*.

On

On me attends a raw unſkilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my *Carver*, and my (28) *Ganymede*;
With diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen veſſels, fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from (29) *Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites*, by ſhameful *Pandars* taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honeſt faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou ſhalt my rural pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee.
Of country ſwains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman*'s is, t'other my *Shepherd*'s ſon;
A cheerful ſweetneſs in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Tho' ſometimes ſadneſs will o'er-caſt the joy,
And gentle ſighs break from the tender boy;
His abſence from his mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wiſhes to return,
Longing to ſee his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
A modeſt bluſh he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, ſuch baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen thoſe humble graces ſcorn.
This youth, to-day ſhall my ſmall treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the ſame vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh feaſt,
With am'rous ſongs and (30) wanton dances grac'd;

When

When ſprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and friſk in air;
Whoſe pliant limbs in various poſtures move,
And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
Such ſights, the languid nerves to action ſtir,
And jaded luſt ſprings forward with this ſpur.
Virtue (31) would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
Which huſbands, now, do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-weded love.
In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to deſire.
But ſhe, who by her ſexes charter, muſt
Have double pleaſure paid, feels double luſt;
Apace ſhe warms, with an immod'rate heat,
Strongly her boſom heaves, and pulſes beat;
With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips ſhe lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in paſſion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
Whoſe marble floors with drunken ſpawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious ſongs and dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt ſlave,
The vileſt proſtitute in all the ſtews,
With baſhful indignation wou'd refuſe.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards or dice afford,
A *Veſtal* raviſh'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable diverſions in a *Lord*.
But my poor entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your taſte your hearing ſhall be fed,
And *Homer*'s ſacred lines, and *Virgil*'s read;

Either

Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're ſung,
Verſe ſo ſublimely good, no voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealouſies and fears, and while you may,
To peace and ſoft repoſe, give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
Be free, be all uneaſie paſſions ſtill.
What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
(When thou in vain has toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and houſe, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her flame, come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with diſorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her boſom bare;
With ears ſtill tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in ſin, ſtill burning in deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtick griefs at home be left,
The wife's adult'ry, with the ſervant's theft;
And (the moſt racking thought, which can intrude)
Forget falſe friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While (32) *Megalenſian* ſhows are in the (33) *Circus* ſeen:
There (to the bane of horſes) in high ſtate
The (34) *Prætor* ſits, on a triumphal ſeat;
Vainly with enſigns, and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conqueſt, from the wars return'd.
This day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to ſuch a num'rous crowd,

To

Either

To ſay all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* ſweat;
Eccho's already do their ſhouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry——*Away, away,*
The (35) *Green have won the honour of the day.*
Oh, ſhould theſe ſports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of (36) ſorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of (37) *Cannæ*'s fatal *Field.*
Such ſhows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous youth to active ſports inclin'd.
On beds of *Roſes* laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing *Ointment* flows;
Our aged limbs we'll baſk in *Phœbus*' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
Nor need we now the common (38) cenſure fear:
On *Feſtivals*, it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat, before the uſual time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent uſe would the delight exclude:
Pleaſure's a toil when conſtantly purſu'd.

Explanatory NOTES on the foregoing SATIRE.

1 ATticus. *The name of a very eminent perſon in* Rome: *But here it is meant to ſignify any one of great wealth and quality.*

2 Rutilus. *One who by his own extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the moſt ſhameful degree of Poverty. This, likewiſe, is here made uſe of as a common name to all beg-*

beggarly Gluttons, ſuch whoſe unreaſonable Appetites remain after their Eſtates are conſum'd.

3 Urg'd by no Pow'r, reſtrain'd by no Advice.

Sometimes Perſons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of Nero, *to practiſe the Trade of Fencing, and to fight upon the ſtage, for his inhuman diverſion; otherwiſe, ſeldom any but common ſlaves or condemn'd Malefactors were ſo employ'd: Which made it the greater reflection on any Perſon, who either voluntarily, or forc'd by his own Extravagance, for a livelyhood (like* Rutilus*) apply'd himſelf to that wretched Trade.*

Reſtrain'd by no Advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to ſuch a practice of fencing; yet it was a ſhame that he was ſuffer'd to undertake it, and not adviſed, or commanded by the Magiſtracy, to the contrary.

4. Of the ſame wretched kind, *viz.*

Reduc'd to Poverty by riotous living.

5 The broken Relict.

Broken, or defaced; that it might not be diſcover'd to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.

6 Ventidius. *A noble* Roman, *who liv'd Hoſpitably.*

7 Therſites. *An Impudent, Deformed, Ill-Tongu'd Fellow (as* Homer *deſcribes him,* Iliad 2.*) who accompany'd the* Grecian *army to the Siege of* Troy*: Where he took a privilege often to rail and ſnarle at the Commanders Some relate that at laſt* Achilles, *for his ſawcineſs, kill'd him with a blow of his fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand* Juvenal, *here, as relating a matter of Fact; but* Therſites *is uſed here, to ſignifie any Body of the ſame kind: As before,* Atticus *and* Rutilus. *The meaning is that ſuch as he ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes *in contending for* Achilles *his Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr.* Dryden *in his Tragedy of* Truth found too late.

8 Ulyſſes. *The moſt Eloquent of all the* Grecian *Princes. After* Achilles's *Death,* Ajax *a fam'd* Grecian *Warrior pretended to his armour;* Ulyſſes *oppoſed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the prize.* Ovid. Metam. 13.

9 Pollio. *Brought to that paſs, by his Gluttony, that he was forc'd to ſell his Ring, the Mark of honour and diſtinction, worn by the* Roman *Knights.*

10 Aſtrea. *The goddeſs of Juſtice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.*

Ultima Cœleſtum Terras Aſtræa reliquit. *Ovid.*

11 Perſicus. Juvenal's *Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addreſſes this Satire.*

12 Evander. *A Prince of* Arcadia, *who unluckily killing his Father, forſook his own Country, and came into* Italy; *ſettling in that Place, where afterwards* Rome *was built.* Virgil Æn. 8 *tells us that he entertain'd both* Hercules *and* Æneas, *when he was in a low Condition.*

13 Alcides. Hercules, *ſo called from his Grand-father* Alcæus.

14 Curius Dentatus. *A great Man who had been three times Conſul of* Rome, *and had triumphed over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.*

15 *A Diſh in great eſteem among the* Romans.

——Nil Vulva pulchrius ampla. *Horat.*

16 *If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Fleſh remain'd to ſpare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.*

17 Conſul. *By the Tyranny of* Tarquinius Superbus, *(the laſt* Roman *King) the very name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Perſons, who were to be choſen every Year a-new, and whom they call'd* Conſuls.

18 Dictator, *Was a General choſen upon ſome emergent Occaſions; his Office was limited for ſix Months; which time expir'd, (if Occaſion were) they choſe another, or continu'd*

the

the ſame, by a new Election. The Dictor *differ'd in nothing from a King, but in his Name and the Duration of his Authority: His power being full as great, but his name not ſo hateful to the* Romans.

19 Before th' appointed Hour.
It was accounted Greedineſs, and ſhameful, to eat before the uſual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three a Clock, Afternoon. But upon Feſtival Days, it was permitted them, to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excuſable in old People.

20 Cenſors, *Were two great officers, part of whoſe Buſineſs was to inſpect the Lives and manners of Men; they had Power to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Miſdemeanors: And in former Days they were ſo ſtrict, that they ſtood in awe one of another.*

21 *The manner of the* Romans *Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoiſe-ſhells, Pearls, and Ivory.*

22 Grecian Arts. *The* Romans *copied their Luxury from the* Greeks; *the imitation of whom, was among them as faſhionable, as of the* French *among us. Which occaſions this Saying, with ſo much Indignation in our Poet,* Sat. 3.

——Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem——

23 Romulus *and* Remus. *Twins, and Founders of the* Roman *Empire; who the Poets feign were Nurſt by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being* Lupa.

24 *Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was diſpleaſing even to the Gods themſelves.*

25 *The* Romans *uſed to anoint themſelves with ſweet Ointments, at their Feaſts, immediately after bathing.*

26 *Ivory was in great Eſteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.*

27 Trypherus. *There were in* Rome, *Profeſſors of the Art of Carving; who taught publickly in Schools. Of this kind* Trypherus *was the moſt Famous.*

28 Ganymede. *Cup-bearer.*

29 Phrygia. *Whence pretty Boys were brought to* Rome, *and ſold publickly in the Markets, to vile uſes.*

30 *An uſual Part of the Entertainment, when great Men feaſted, to have wanton Women dance after a laſcivious Manner.*

31 Virtue would ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Huſbands, now, do with their Wives behold.

Theſe Lines in Juvenal,

Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recumbante marito,
Quod pudeat narraſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis.

in ſome late Editions, are plac'd nearer the latter End of this Satire: And in the Order of this Tranſlation, wou'd ſo have follow'd, after Line 349, viz.

Such Shows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youths to active Sports inclin'd.

But I have continued 'em in this Place after Lubin. *Beſides the Example of the Learned* Holyday *for the ſame Poſition; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Senſe both before and after. For the* Megalenſian *Games conſiſting chiefly of Races, and ſuch like Exerciſes; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary Cauſe of ſhame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifeſt Immodeſty, for them to lye by their Huſbands, and ſee the lewd Actions of their own Sex, in the manner deſcrib'd.*

32 Megalenſian Shows. *Games in Honour of* Cybele, *the Mother of the Gods. She was called* μεγάλη μήτηρ, Magna Mater, *and from thence theſe Games* Megaleſia, *or* Ludi Magalenſes; *they began upon the* 4*th of* April, *and continued ſix Days.*

33 Circus. *The Place where thoſe Games were celebrated.*

34 Prætor. *An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff.*

He

He was to overſee theſe Sports, and ſate in great State, while they were acting; to the Deſtruction of many Horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the Races.

35 The Green have won the Honour of the Day. *In running the Races in the* Circus, *with Horſes in Chariots; there were four diſtinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were green, a kind of a Ruſſet Red, white, and Blue. One of theſe Factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the ſhouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward* Domitian *added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.*

36 *Reflecting on the immoderate Fondneſs the* Romans *had for ſuch ſhows.*

37 Cannæ, *A ſmall town, near which* Hannibal *obtain'd a great victory over the* Romans: *In that battle were ſlain* 40000 *Men, and ſo many gentlemen, that he ſent three Buſhels full of Rings to* Carthage, *as a Token of his Victory.*

38 *See the Notes at* Fig. 19.

PROLOGUE

To

QUEEN *MARY*,

UPON

Her Majeſty's coming to ſee the Old Batchelor, *after having ſeen the* Double-Dealer.

BY this repeated act of grace, we ſee
Wit is again the care of majeſty;
And while thus honour'd our proud ſtage appears,
We ſeem to rival ancient theatres;

Thus flouriſh'd wit in our forefathers age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* ſtage.
Whoſe wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excell:
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, ſeen
So fair a circle, and ſo bright a queen.
Long has the muſes land been over-caſt,
And many rough and ſtormy winters paſt;
Hid from the world, and thrown in ſhades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of light:
While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing cold:
So does it ſtill through oppoſition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by ſnow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,
On ev'ry ſide the gath'ring winds appear,
And blaſts deſtroy that fruit, which froſts wou'd ſpare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal preſence flows.
O wou'd ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here!
How gay wou'd, then, this drooping land appear!
Then, like the ſun, with pleaſure ſhe might view,
The ſmiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the *Meads*, ſhou'd various flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the lawrel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious queen.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

AT THE

Opening of the Queen's Theatre *in the* Hay-Market, *with an* Italian *Paſtoral; Spoken by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

WHatever future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhou'd be kind:
Inconſtancy it ſelf can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding night.
You muſt be fix'd a little e're you range,
You muſt be true 'till you have time to change.
A week at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon:
But we pretend not to a honey moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but ev'en actors too.
Our play it ſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and *one* conſtant woman.
In ſweet *Italian* ſtrains our ſheperds ſing,
Of harmleſs loves our painted foreſts ring
In notes, perhaps leſs foreign than the *Thing*.
To ſound and ſhow at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that at preſent were to great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd:
But in good breeding, ſure they'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger muſe.

The day's at hand, when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to your ſelves ſhew your dear ſelves again;
Paint the reverſe of what you've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious town diſplay.

PROLOGUE

TO

PYRRHUS *King of* ERIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt part;
And a good head, more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war, does our example yield;
That ſtage will win, which longeſt keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdu'd.
And there, in truth depends the great deciſion:
They conquer, who cut of the foe's proviſion.
Let fools, with knocks and bruiſes, keep a pother;
Our war and trade is to out-wit each other.
But, hold: Will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct, and our foreſight fail us,
To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down,
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town?
To muſter up our rhimes, without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe;
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd muſe:

Th'

Th' occaſion ta'en, when critieks are away;
Half wits and beaux, thoſe rav'nous birds of prey.
But heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing *Bath*.
Thus does our author his firſt flight commence;
Thus, againſt friends at firſt with foils we fence:
Thus prudent *Gimcrack* try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth: Or if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his; then take your day.

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

YOU ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and ſunſhine mixt, in *April* weather.
Your different taſtes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the ſock, t'other the buſkin wears:
Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't.
Like *Volſcius* hip-hop, in a ſingle boot.
Criticks, he knows for this may damn his books:
But he makes feaſts for friends, and not for cooks.
Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.

To follow fame, knights-errant make profeſſion:
We damſels fly, to ſave our reputation:
So they their valour ſhow, we, our diſcretion.
To lands of monſters, and fierce beaſts they go,
We, to thoſe Iſlands where rich huſbands grow:
Tho' they're no monſters, we may make 'em ſo.
If they're of *Engliſh* growth, they'll bear't with patience:
But ſave us from a ſpouſe of *Oroonoko*'s nations!
Then bleſs your ſtars, you happy *London* wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor *Imoinda*'s doating blindneſs,
Who thought her huſband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a huſband ne'er had ſhewn ſuch charms,
Had ſhe once dy'd within a lovers arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor ſoul! ſhe wanted ſome of our town breeding.
Forgive the *Indian*'s fondneſs of her ſpouſe;
Their law no chriſtian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conſcience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault;
Then damn the heathen ſchool, where ſhe was taught.
She might have learnt to cockold, jilt and ſham,
Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

PROLOGUE *to the* Huſband his own Cuckold,

A Comedy written by Mr. J. Dryden, *Junior.*

THIS Year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blaſted plays.
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd, and over-ſtock'd.

Our

Our authors too, by their ſucceſs of late,
Begin to think third days are out of date.
What can the cauſe be, that our plays won't keep,
Unleſs they have a rott ſome years like ſheep?
For our parts we confeſs we're quite aſham'd
To read ſuch weekly bills of poets damn'd:
Each pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful caſe
When chriſtnings fall, and funerals increaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch wits, and write ſuch things?
You're willing to be waſps, but want the ſtings.
Let not your ſpleen provoke you to that height,
'Odſlife you don't know what you do, ſirs, when you write.
You'll find that *Pegaſus* has tricks when try'd,
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies and all, I'faith, now get aſtride.
Contriving characters, and ſcenes and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots;
With the ſame eaſe, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd ſtop,
But ſhou'd they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up ſhop.
How ſhall we make this mode of writing ſink?
A mode, ſaid I? 'tis a diſeaſe, I think,
A ſtubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, 'till each th'infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our play to-day is ſprung from none of theſe,
Nor ſhould you damn it, tho' it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the bounds of your four ſeas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a ſtranger, there is ſomething due:

From

From *Rome* (to try its fate) this play was ſent;
Start not at *Rome*, for there's no popery meant;
Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his country claims his muſe.
Hither an offering his firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill ſucceſs, on you depends.
Yet he has hope ſome kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the ſire may for the ſon attone.
There's his laſt refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet ſpare young *Dryden* for his father's ſake.

PROLOGUE

To the COURT,

On the QUEEN's *Birth-Day*, 1704.

THE happy muſe, to this high ſcene perfer'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier ſtrains be heard;
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual theme,
Shall ſing of virtue and heroick fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the ſtage,
And fruitleſs war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And ſhapes ſhe wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:
While ignorance and malice join to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their ſhame.
Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a nobler taſk,
Shew her bright virgin face, and ſcorn the *Satyr*'s maſk.
Happy her future days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.

By juſt originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultleſs fair:
Such labours with ſucceſs her hopes may crown,
And ſhame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this deſign her eager thought purſues,
Such various virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring flight,
ONE only awes her with ſuperior light.
From that attempt the conſcious muſe retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aſpires;
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious day:
On that bright ſtar, to whoſe indulgent pow'r
We owe the bleſſings of the preſent hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one ſacred birth, an equal date,
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By foreign conqueſt, or domeſtick peace.
Then *Britain*, then thy dawn of bliſs begun:
Then broke the morn that lighted up this ſun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe councils ſhou'd ſucceed;
And by whoſe arm the chriſtian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at *Blenheim*'s glorious field.

THE

THE TEARS OF *AMARYLLIS* for *AMYNTAS*: A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of the

Late Lord Marquiſs of *BLANFORD.*

Inſcrib'd to the

Right Honourable the Lord *GODOLPHIN*, Lord High Treaſurer of *England.*

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fetus——
——*miſerable Carmen*
Integrat, & mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.
Virg. Georg. 4.

'TWAS at the time, when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to chear the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;

When

When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy ſides firſt ſhake the ſilver dew.

'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her deſpair,
Forſook her myrtle bow'r and roſie bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn *Amyntas* dead.
Who had a heart ſo hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Tygers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb diſtreſs and new compaſſion ſhew,
As taught by her to taſte of human woe.
Nature her ſelf attentive ſilence kept,
And motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing ſun reſtrain'd his fiery courſe,
And rapid rivers liſten'd at their ſource;
Ev'n eccho fear'd to catch the flying ſound,
Leſt repetitions ſhould her accents drown;
The very morning wind with-held his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiſeleſs trees;
As if the gentle *Zephyr* had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.
No voice, no whiſp'ring ſigh, no murm'ring groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguiſh could expreſs,
All other mourning would have made it leſs.

Hear me, ſhe cry'd, ye nymphs aud ſilvan gods,
Inhabitants of theſe once lov'd abodes;
Hear my diſtreſs, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
The loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.
Have I not cauſe, ye cruel pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
Tell me, thou ſun that round the world doſt ſhine,
Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?

Ye

Ye winds, who on your wings ſad accents bear,
And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of woe, ſuch deadly ſighs before?
Tell me, thou earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading baſe
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Doſt thou not feel thy ſelf with me opreſt!
Lye all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
When hoary winter on thy ſhrinking head
His icy, cold, depreſſing hand has laid,
Haſt thou not felt leſs chilneſs in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my woe,
Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeles foe!
Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with *Amyntas* laid?
What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed,
Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endleſs froſt,
And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
To me what comfort can the ſpring affor'd?
Can my *Amyntas* be with ſpring reſtor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies,
Unlock the tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
No, never! never! — ſay then rigid earth,
What is to me thy everlaſting dearth,
Tho' never flow'r again its head ſhould rear,
Tho' never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear;
Tho' never graſs ſhould cloath the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholſom herb be found.
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
No wholeſom herb was found, nor healing plant,
To eaſe *Amyntas* of his cruel pains;
In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
But whither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.

And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witneſs to this ye fawns of ev'ry wood,
Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
What ſhow'rs of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
How each ran fearful to his moſſie cave,
When the laſt gaſp the dear *Amyntas* gave.
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
And ſkreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard.
The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
With frantick grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd.
While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft;
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.
For thee, *Amyntas*, all theſe pains were born,
For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were torn;
For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
The joy of ſight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
Did ever life ſo immaturely end;

For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
And ev'ry muſe prepar'd the future praiſe.
For thee the buſie nymphs ſtripp'd ev'ry grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the chearful ſong.
Their pleaſing taſk the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die.
This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her faultring ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for *Amyntas* made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour,
Of ſoftly falling rain, a ſilver ſhow'r;
Her looſely flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-ſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light:
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And eccho multiply'd each mourful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.

The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from *Amyntas'* tomb:
As if th' *Arabian* bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were new expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively ſpringing green;
And *Amaryllis* ſaw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell, a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.
Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle Maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks and take 'em ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

To *CYNTHIA*,

Weeping and not Speaking.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe hours, which heav'n in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent?

Why

Why ſighs my fair? Why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?
Can diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part,
I am no ſtranger to an aking heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it, to give you relief:
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure;
I can bear pain, tho' hopeleſs of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind diſdain;
Anger, and hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay jealouſy ——— and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love,
'Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour, in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.
Thro' each returning year, may that hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun, that hour, in all his light,
Let him collect the day, to be more bright.
Shine all, that hour, and let the reſt be night,
And ſhall I all this heav'n of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn, and frowns forbid the fire;
Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,
When all my joys compleat in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?

O tell

O tell me, tell me all——whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard-falling ſhow'r,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lips, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek, thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O ſpeak——for woe in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnifie my fears.
Is there a cauſe, which words cannot expreſs?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think,——am I in fault?
I have not to my knowledge err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep a-freſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?——muſt we part!
Curſe on that word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
Nor through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears, and reſtleſs doubts increaſe;
And fears and doubts to *Jealouſie* will turn,
The hotteſt hell, in which a heart can burn.

tell

A M O-

AMORET.

I.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the ſigns by which you may
The wand'ring ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III.

With ſkill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes her ſelf, yet others hates
For that which in her ſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes,

LESBIA.

WHEN *Leſbia* firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd celeſtial fire,
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke,

Like

Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eys enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art;
A wiſe obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs heart.
Of native bluſh, and roſie dye,
Time has her cheeks bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph ſupply,
With paint, th' injurious theft.
Her ſparkling eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furniſh'd front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.
Of ſize, ſhe is not ſhort, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more, than what the *French* wou'd call
Amiable Embonpoint,
Farther, her perſon to diſcloſe
I leave——let it ſuffice,
She has few faults, but what ſhe knows,
And can with ſkill diſguiſe.
She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which like her cloaths, when little us'd,
She always lays aſide.
She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected Creature,
Whoſe nicety would ſeem exempt
From Apetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or ſenſe,
  Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
  At him who pleads his paſſion.
Whom ſhe refuſes, ſhe treats ſtill
  With ſo much ſweet behaviour,
That her refuſal, through her ſkill,
  Looks almoſt like a favour.
Since ſhe this ſoftneſs can expreſs
  To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you'll gueſs,
  Of ſuch whom ſhe affects.
But here our *Doris* far outgoes,
  All that her ſex have done;
She no regard for cuſtom knows,
  Which reaſon bids her ſhun.
By *Reaſon* her own *Reaſon*'s meant,
  Or if you pleaſe, her *Will*:
For when this laſt is diſcontent,
  The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.
Peculiar therefore is her way;
  Whether by nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
  Or by experience bought.
But who o'er-night obtain'd her grace,
  She can next day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange-man's face,
  As one ſhe ne'er had known.
So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
  Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
  Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
Some, cenſure this as lewd and low,
  Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow,
  Beſpeaks a noble mind.

Doris, our thanks nor aſks, nor needs,
For all her favours done:
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the ſun.
On one or other, ſtill her fires
Diſplay their genial force;
And ſhe, like *Sol*, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of courſe.

To SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How ſoon a troubled breaſt thy falſhood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no diſtreſs is ſhown, nor want betray'd:
But oh, how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The wretch, by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy ſofter pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hov'ring wings to ſpread,
With friendly ſhade around my reſtleſs bed!
Can no complainings thy compaſſion move?
Is thy antipathy ſo ſtrong to love!
O no! thou art the proſp'rous lover's friend,
And doſt uncall'd his pleaſing toils attend.
With equal kindneſs, and with rival charms,
Thy ſlumbers lull him in his fair one's arms:
Or from her boſom he to thine retires,
Where ſooth'd with eaſe, the panting youth reſpires,
Till ſoft repoſe reſtore his drooping ſenſe,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.

But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by deſpair!
From racking thoughts by no kind ſlumber freed,
But painful nights his joyleſs days ſucceed.
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, nor canſt thou eaſe my pain.
Forgive what my diſtracting grief has ſaid,
I own, unjuſtly I thy ſloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from reſt with-held;
Implor'd the muſe to break thy gentle chains,
And ſung with *Philomel* my nightly ſtrains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her ſong,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my diſtreſs his warbling throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing ſun I mourn,
Wailing alike his abſence and return.
And all for thee——what had I well nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid.
No——as the wing'd muſicians of the grove,
Th' aſſociates of my melody and love,
In moving ſound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So ſhall my muſe my tuneful ſorrows ſing,
And loſe in air her name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind moleſt,
Soft be her ſlumbers, and ſincere her reſt:
For her, O ſleep, thy balmy ſweets prepare;
The peace I loſe for her, to her tranſfer.
Huſht as the falling dews, whoſe noiſeleſs ſhow'rs
Imperle the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
Steal on her brow: And as thoſe dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking day to re-aſcend;
So wait thou for her morn; then, gently riſe,
And to the world reſtore the day-break of her eyes.

T O

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occaſion'd

By L——y——s Picture.

I Yield, O *Kneller*, to ſuperior ſkill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd muſe exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace ſome image of the much-lov'd fair;
But ſtill my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhew'd how much, than whom I lov'd.
But they unerring hands, with matchleſs art,
Have ſhewn my eyes th' impreſſion in my heart;
The bright idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whoſe daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others ſome faint reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by gueſs.
Thy pictures raiſe no doubts, when brought to view,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent artiſt! how compleat thy ſkill!
Thy pow'r to act, is equal to thy will.
Nature and art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend:
For what thy fancy has with fire deſign'd,
Is by thy ſkill, both temper'd and refin'd.

As in thy pictures, light conſents with ſhade,
And, each, to other is ſubſervient made,
Judgment and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert, is kept in ſtore,
Unpay'd, 'till the deſerver is no more.
Yet, thou, in preſent, the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt cou'd judge and beſt cou'd praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathleſs lays;
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that, fame.
Unfit I follow, where he led the way,
And court applauſe, by what I ſeem to pay.
My ſelf I praiſe, while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue virtue to commend:
And next to deeds, which our own honour raiſe,
Is, to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

To a CANDLE.

ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whoſe ſilent light
I lonely paſs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witneſs of my ſecret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeleſs love to moan;
Commiſerate a life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deſtruction turn,
Waſting that heart, by which ſupply'd they burn.

Like

Like thine, my joy and ſuffering they diſplay,
At once, are ſigns of life, and ſymptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble rays not daring to aſpire
Before the ſun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conſcious ſhame, and equal awe,
To ſhades obſcure and ſolitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright beams their being firſt aroſe.

OVID's Third Book

OF THE

ART *of* LOVE.

Tranſlated into *ENGLISH* VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommeds Rules and Inſtructious to the Fair Sex, *in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already compoſed two Books for the Uſe of* Men, *upon the ſame Subject.*

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which ſhall yield.

Mnn were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
But, ſome exclaim, what frenſie rules your mind?
Would you encreaſe the craft of woman-kind!
Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey.
But, ſure, too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all, the failings of a few.
Examine, firſt, impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If (1) *Menelaus*, and the king of men,
With juſtice, of their ſiſter-wives complain;
If falſe (2) *Eriphyle* forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope (3) was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Tho' twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how (4) *Loadamia*'s truth was try'd,
Who tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate untimely dy'd.
Thinſt how (5) *Alceſtes*' piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life, to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, *Capaneus* (6) *Evadne* cry'd;
Nor death it ſelf our nuptials ſhall divide,
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire.
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the ſun'ral fire.
Virtue (7) her ſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art, which I pretend to teach.
My tender barque requires a gentle gale;
A little wind will fill a little ſail.

Of

Of ſportful loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe, her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart:
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs (8) *Jaſon* from *Medea* fled,
And made *Creüſa* partner of his bed.
Bright (9) *Ariadne*, on an unknown ſhore,
Thy abſence, perjur'd *Theſeus*, did deplore.
If then, the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, *Theſeus*, to thy care.
Enquire the cauſe, and let *Demophoon* tell,
Why (10) *Phillis* by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea:
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, (11) *Eliza*, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 'twas want of needful art.
Love, of it ſelf, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by *Venus* been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the *Cyprian* goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; *What have poor Women done?*
Why is that weak, defenceleſs Sex expos'd;
On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, enclos'd?

Twice are the Men inſtructed by thy Muſe,
Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the Sex refuſe.
The (12) Bard who injur'd Helen *in his Song,*
Recanted after, and redreſs'd the Wrong.
And you, if on my Favour you depend,
The Cauſe of Women, while you live, defend.
This ſaid, a myrtle ſprig, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath ſhe wore.)
The gift receiv'd, my ſence enlighten'd grew,
And from her preſence inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while ſhe prompts my mind.
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waſte your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet delight:
For rolling years, like ſtealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not, *hereafter* will the loſs repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taſte decay,
And leave leſs reliſh than the former day.
I've ſeen the time, when on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming roſe vy'd with the bluſhing morn,
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And ſee, how leaf-leſs now, and how decay'd;
And you, who now the love-ſick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect:
None, then, will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at you door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer, then may ruſt in peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear complection fads!
How ſoon a wrinckled ſkin plump fleſh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the fair one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome grey hairs?

She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigour paſs'd:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births, too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth it ſelf decays, too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, *Cynthia*, ſcorn the *Latmian* (13) ſwain;
Nor thou, *Aurora*, (14) *Cephalus* diſdain;
The *Paphian* queen, who; for (15) *Adonis'* fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs (16) *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' conſtant uſe ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no dimnution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain (17)?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we aſk a briſker gale.
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs The well-dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;

And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet, to how many, is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If *Hector*'s (18) ſpouſe was clad in ſtuborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tanns their ſturdy hides
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity *Rome* firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This (19) capitol with that of old compare;
Some other *Jove*, you'd think, was worſhip'd there.
That lofty pile, where ſenates dictate law,
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw;
And where *Apollo*'s fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a tract of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not, that materials now in gold are wrought;
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought;
Nor for, that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire;
And cleanlineſs more animate love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a grace,
And much become, or miſ-become the face.

What

What ſuits your features, of your glaſs enquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long ſhou'd part, and flat the hair.
Leſt, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So *Laodamia* dreſs'd. A face too round,
Shou'd ſhow the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
On either ſhoulder, one, her locks diſplays,
Adorn'd like *Phœbus*, when he ſings his lays:
Another, all her treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful hind,
Diſhevell'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plat, like ſpiral ſhells, their braided hair,
Others, the looſe and waving curl prefer.
But, to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſev'ral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on *Alpine* hills, or *Hybla*'s bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſing negligence enſnare;
Whole mornings oft, in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art, that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder (20) *Iöle* was grac'd,
When great *Alcides* firſt the nymph embrac'd.
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus*' bed,
When with the conqueror from *Crete* ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain, by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age,
Loſt, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks diſguiſe,
And art gives colour which with nature vyes.
The well-wove tours they wear, their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy heads ready dreſs'd,
And chuſe, at publick ſhops, what ſuits 'em beſt.

Coſtly

Coſtly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the *Tyrian* dye.
What folly muſt in ſuch expence appear,
When more becoming colours are leſs dear?
One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
Such as, thro' air ſerene, the ſky we view.
With yellow luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread,
Some, of the ſea-green wave the caſt diſplay;
With this, the nymphs, their beauteous forms array:
And ſome, the ſaffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the bluſhing morn.
Of myrtle berries, one, the tincture ſhows;
In this of amethyſts, the purple grows,
And, that, more imitates the paler roſe.
Nor *Thracian* cranes forget, whoſe ſilv'ry plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimick looms.
Nor almond, nor the cheſnut dye diſclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flow'rs o'er-ſpread,
When vineyards bud, and Winter's froſt is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which, the thirſty wool imbibes the dye.
Try ev'ry one, what beſt become you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the ſkin, black may become it beſt,
In black the lovely fair (21) *Briſeis* dreſs'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda (22) ſo charm'd the wond'ring ſight.
I need not warn you of too pow'rful ſmells
Which, ſometimes health, or kindly heat expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.
Tho' not to nymphs of (23) *Caucaſus* I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the *Myſian* (24) ſpring;

Yet,

Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no neglect,
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of *White* to make you fair,
And how, with *Red*, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And ſkin, when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair one be aſham'd, who tries,
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.
A little book (25) I've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd
May ſee, what pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd.
But ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And tho' your unguents bear th' *Athenian* name,
The wooll's unfav'ry ſcent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtages, nor your *Pomatums* try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing many offend the ſight.
Even *Myro*'s (26) ſtatues, which for art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wooll unſhorn,
Think how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which now a perfect *Venus* ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place.
Add the laſt hand, before your ſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art, why ſhould your lovers know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd are beſt;
And few, of ſtrict enquiry, bear the teſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Guilded without, are common wood within,
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulders ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does; who does her beſt.
I hate a vixon, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpriz'd;
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tour ſhe wore,
And in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on her foes fall ev'ry ſuch diſgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the *Parthian* race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart whom branches beſt adorn;
A leaf-leſs tree, or an unverdent mead;
And as ungraceful is a hair-leſs head.
But think not theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind:
Not to a *Semele*, or (27) *Leda* bright,
Nor an (28) *Europa*, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to arms:

Thee to regain, well was that war begun
And *Paris* well defended what he won;
What lover, or what huſband, would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?
The croud I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair;
But of the former ſort, the larger ſhare.
The handſome leaſt require the help of art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with nature's part.
When clam the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lyes,
But all his ſkill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.
Faults in your perſon, or your face correct;
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort, her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lyes,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.
The lean, of thick-wrought ſtuff her cloaths ſhould chuſe,
And fuller made, than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the (29) *Pharian* varniſh fly,
A leg to lank, tight garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd foot be ever bare;
Round ſhoulders, (30) bolſter'd will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a breaſt.
Whoſe fingers are too fat and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another ſpeak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or ſpoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſe the dimple which the cheek becomes,
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.

In

In ſome, diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.
What cannot art attain! many with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others thro' affectation, liſp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which help her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And ev'ry ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an (31) *Umbrian*'s ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extreams, in this a mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhew too nice a gate, nor too robuſt,
If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare,
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.
(32) *Sirens*, tho' monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs detain:
Scarce could *Ulyſſes* by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: Learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades,
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in *Ruelle* ſome ſoft *Egyptian* air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.

The Rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtaid,
When on the lyre melodious (33) *Orpheus* play'd;
Even *Cerberus* and hell that ſound obey'd.
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O *Thebes*, attracted by (34) *Amphion*'s lays.
The dolphin, dumb it ſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, (35) *Arion*, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet (36) *Callimachus* the works rehearſe,
And read (37) *Philetas* and (38) *Anacreon*'s verſe.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But ſofteſt (36) *Sapho* beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, *Gallus*, and (40) *Tibullus* read,
And let (41) *Varronian* verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty *Maro*'s work with care peruſe;
Of all the *Latian* bards the nobleſt muſe.
Even I, 'tis poſſible, in after days,
May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines ſome readers may improve,
Since I've inſtructed either ſex in love,
What ever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a Lover's voice and lover's heart.
Tender Epiſtles too, by me are framed,
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful nine!
Such thine *Apollo*, and *Lyæus*, thine!
Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept dancers of the ſtage.
Of ſome odd trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.

Learn

Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, my love produce.
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Then how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then, clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the gods defie.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay weep at laſt.
Good *Jove* avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe,
From ev'ry nymph whoſe heart's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female-kind;
Nature, for men has rougher ſports deſign'd:
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed, in full career.
Tho' martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in *Tiber*'s rapid ſtreams;
Yet when *Sol*'s burning wheels from *Leo* drive
And at the glowing (42) virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To *Pompy*'s (43) gardens or the ſhady groves
Which *Cæſar* honours, and which *Phœbus* loves:
(44) *Phœbus*, who ſunk the proud *Ægyptian* fleet,
And made *Auguſtus*' victory compleat.
Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to *Livia*'s and (45) *Octavia*'s name;
Or, where (46) *Agrippa* firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To *Iſis*' (47) fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the *Circus* ſee the noble ſport.
In ev'ry publick place by turns, be ſhown;
In vain your're fair, while you remain unkown.

Should

Should you, in ſinging, (48) *Thamyras* tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who cou'd your ſkill commend?
Had not (49) *Apelles* drawn the ſea-born queen,
Her beauties, ſtill, beneath the waves had been.
Poets inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtick awe was in the name allow'd,
And, they, with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius (50) with honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still, there's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of *Homer* raiſe,
But that he ſung his *Iliad*'s deathleſs lays?
Who could have been of (51) *Danae*'s charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph purſue;
That 'tis her int'reſt oft to come in view.
A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing croud aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In ev'ry place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.
How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt relief,
Whoſe Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And *Hymen*'s torch re-light with fun'ral fire.
Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.

Such

Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women ſure ſhould hate,
Light, as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me; all I ſay is for your good;
Had (52) *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let not powder'd heads, nor eſſenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, eaſie hearts enſnare.
Rich cloths are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings fellonious hands adorn.
So, may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.
Poor *Cloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the ſtreets;
And as ſhe runs, *Give me my own*, repeats.
How often, (53) *Venus*, haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy *Appian* votaries?
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid.
Truſt not a *Theſeus*, fair *Athenian* maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting gods betray'd.
And thou, *Demophoon*, heir to *Theſeus*' crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.
Promiſe for promiſe, equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For, ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may ſacrilege commit;
With impious hands cou'd quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her huſband, in her arms, for hire,
Who, firſt, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But

But hold, my muſe, check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.
If love epiſtles, tender lines impart,
And *Billet-doux* are ſent, to ſound your heart,
Let all ſuch letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be ſecretly convey'd:
Soon from the words, you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a paſſion is and when ſincere.
E'er in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, encreaſe deſire:
Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain.
Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears encreaſe,
But by degrees, let fear to hope give place.
Beſure avoid ſet phraſes, when you write,
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtyle too courſe, takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
But ſince (tho' chaſtity be not your care)
You from your huſband ſtill wou'd hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger, 'till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcov'ries, ſure as light'ning, blaſt.
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhou'd with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.

Nor

Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt, rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now, greater things to tell, my muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the barque can bear,
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a *Gorgon* horror reigns.
When on her flute divine (54) *Minerva* play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; ſhe flung it quick aſide;
Nor is thy muſick ſo much worth, ſhe cry'd,
Look in your glaſs, when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce your ſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome *airs* diſguſt create,
" *Like things which by antipathy we hate!*
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So, love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad (55) *Tecmeſſa* weep in *Ajax*' arms.
Let mourning beauties, ſullen heroes move;
We chearful men, like gaiety in love.
Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
Who, in bewailing *Troy*, waſtes all the night.
Had they not both born children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their huſbands lain.

I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame,
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their lords
My life; my ſoul; or ſpeak endearing words.
Why, from compariſons ſhou'd I refrain,
Or, fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent generals uſe,
And how their ſev'ral officers they chuſe;
To one, a charge of infantry commit,
Another, for the horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyers ſhould, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall thro' the world be blaz'd;
So (56) *Nemeſis*, ſo *Cynthia*'s name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt, *Lycoris*' praiſes ring:
Nor are *Corinna*' ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires.
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And, both, to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The god that fills him, and the muſe, revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.

As ſkilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
A new back'd courſer, and a well-train'd horſe;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth diſdains, endure;
No windows break nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſſes attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But, men in years, more calmly wrongs reſent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
Then, ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How, ſurely to enſlave our ſelves, we ſhow.
To truſt a traitor, you'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.

Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Wou'd you retain him long, then long refuſe.
Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,
There let him lye, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
Here's no Admittance, Sir; I muſt deny:
The very huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus

Thus far, with foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I, now, ſharp weapons for the ſex provide;
Nor doubt, againſt my ſelf, to ſee 'em try'd.

When, firſt, a lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe wou'd languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.
Then ſtreins the courſer to out-ſtrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend, your huſband's ſpies beſet the door:
Tho' free as (57) *Thais*, ſtill affect a fright;
For, ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in thro' your window ſteal,
Tho' he might enter at the door as well;
And, ſometimes, let your maid ſurprize pretend,
And beg you in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet, ever and anon, diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhou'd grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forgot to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the huſband, and the ſpy.

That wives ſhou'd of their huſbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law:
But, that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am ſure, denies.

For ſuch fair nymphs, theſe Precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' ſtruck with (58) *Argus'* eyes your keeper were,
Adviſ'd by me, you ſhall elude his care.

When you to waſh or bathe retire from ſight,
Can he obſerve what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her breaſt, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her ſhooe?
Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her back undreſs,
And, writing on her ſkin, your mind expreſs.
New milk, or pointed ſpires of flax, when green,
Will ink ſupply, and letters mark unſeen.
Fair will the paper ſhow, nor can be read,
'Till all the writing's with warm aſhes ſpread.

Acriſius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tow'r of braſs, a grandſire made.

Can ſpies avail, when you to plays reſort,
Or in the *Circus* view the noble ſport?
Or, can you be to *Iſis'* fane purſu'd,
Or *Cybele's*, whoſe rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful ſervants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or, when ſome ſudden ſickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your ſick-bed a friend?
Falſe keys a private paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beſides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follow'r treat;
When drunk, you may with eaſe his care defeat:
Or, to prevent too ſudden a ſurpriſe,
Prepare a ſleeping draught, to ſeal his eyes:
Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And after competent delays, be won.

But,

But, what need all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with off'rings is appeas'd.
With preſents, fools and wiſe alike are caught;
Give but enough, the huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cauſe complain'd,
Of jealouſie occaſion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind,
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not, too far, your ſhe-companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhou'd intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover, in your ſtead.
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.

But, whither do I run with heedleſs rage;
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound inſtructed by the hare?
But all ſelf-ends and int'reſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
Defenceleſs and unarm'd expoſe my life,
And for the (59) *Lemnian* ladies, whet the knife.

Perpetual fondneſs of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your deſign will aid:
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſie to perſuade,
With dying eyes, his face and form ſurvey,
Then, ſigh, and wonder he ſo long cou'd ſtay:
Now, drop a tear, your ſorrows to aſſwage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.

Such proofs as theſe, will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond creature dye?
But chiefly, one, ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires,
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.

Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtrait fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your paſſions o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let *Procris'* fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near, where his purple head *Hymettus* ſhows
And flow'ring hills, a ſacred fountain flows;
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade.
There, roſemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine.
There, tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſſus, and garden pines abound.
While thro' the boughs, ſoft winds of *Zephyr* paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither, wou'd *Cephalus* retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt:
And, thus, to *Air*, the panting youth wou'd pray,
Come, gentle Aura, *come, this heat allay.*
But ſome tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the news to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,
With jealouſie ſurpriz'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſie colour fled her lovely face,
And Agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place;

Pale

Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound, forbore.
Now, all diſhevell'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With (60) *Bacchanalian* fury in her eyes.
Thither' arriv'd, ſhe leaves, below, her friends;
And, all alone, the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, *Procris*, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lye conceal'd?
Whoe'er this *Aura* be (ſuch was thy thought)
She, now, ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus, love, with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek, what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears:
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too eaſily believes.
And, now, a chillneſs run thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where *Cephalus* had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid day ſun;
With water, firſt, he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat; then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And heard him, ſoon, th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
Come Zephyr, Aura *come*, *allay this heat*:
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe, to claſp him in her arms:
But, *Cephalus*, the ruſtling noiſe alarms;

Some beaſt, he thinks, he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtrait, his arrows and his bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy youth!———I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy *Procris* ſlain.
Me, me, (ſhe crys) *thou'ſt wounded with thy dart!*
But Cephalus *was wont to wound this heart.*
Yet, lighter on my aſhes, earth will lye,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die:
Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of Air, *to* Air *I yield my breath.*
Cloſe to his heavy heart, her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made,
At length, the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp, her huſband's lips receive.
Now, to purſue our voyage we muſt provide,
Till, ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What rules, to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather, come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt.
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome, when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind,
From candle light, no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat, obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor, yet, too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extreams in either kind beware,
And ſtill, before your belly's full, forbear.
No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Helen* ſhe in charms abound.
I own I think, of wine the mod'rate uſe,
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been Allies.

But, carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep,
For in ſuch ſleeps, brutalities are done,
Which tho' you loath, you have no power to ſhun,
And now th'inſtructed nymph from table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: Nor more, my muſe,
With weary wings, the labour'd flight purſues;
Her purple (61) ſwans unyoak'd, the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.
Thus, with impartial care my art I ſhow,
And equal arms, on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid, muſt own, their maſter is in love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION

1 AGamemnon *and* Menelaus, *two Brothers, marry'd two Siſters,* Clytemneſtra *and* Helena, *both of 'em preferr'd Galants to their Huſbands Beds.*

2 Eriphyle, *Daughter of* Talaon, *King of* Argos, *for the ſake of a Golden Chain, perſwaded her Huſband* Amphiaraus *to go to the* Theban *War in which ſhe knew he muſt be ſlain.*

3 Penelope, *Daughter of* Icarus *and* Polycaſta, *was married to* Ulyſſes, *and much celebrated by the Ancients for her invincible Chaſtity.*

4 *When* Laodamia *heard her Huſband* Proteſilaus *was kill'd in the* Trojan *War, ſhe paſſionately deſired to ſee his Ghoſt, which being granted her by the Gods, ſhe embraced it ſo cloſely that ſhe periſhed in the embrace.*

5 *She offer'd to dye to lengthen her Huſband* Admetus's *Life.*

6 Evadne *the Daughter of* Iphias *marry'd* Capaneus, *who ſignaliz'd himſelf in the* Theban *War.*

7 *Virtue was repreſented at* Rome *in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and altars dedicated to her.*

8 Jaſon, *the Son of* Æſon, *marry'd* Medea *the King of* Colchos's *Daughter, who had aſſiſted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards forſook her, and marry'd* Creuſa *Daughter to the King of* Corinth.

9 Ariadne, *the Daughter of* Minos *King of* Crete, *being in Love with* Theſeus, *conducted him out of the Labyrinth, by the Means of a Clew of Thread. She fled from* Crete *with* Theſeus, *who left her on a barren Shore, and ſhe was afterwards marry'd to* Bacchus.

10 Phyllis, *Daughter of* Lycurgus *King of* Thrace, *deſpairing of the Return of* Demophoon, *Son of* Theſeus, *to whom ſhe had granted her laſt Favours, was transform'd into an Almond-Tree as ſhe was going to hang herſelf.*

11 Æneas *and* Dido. *The pious Hero excus'd his falſhood by the Injunction of the Gods.*

12 *The Poet* Steſichorus *wrote a bitter Satire againſt* Helen, *for which her Brothers* Caſtor *and* Pollux *pluck'd out his Eyes; but having recanted ſome time after in his* Palinodia, *a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was reſtored to his Sight.*

13 Endymion, *with whom the Moon fell in Love, and deſcended to converſe with him on Mount* Latmos *in* Caria.

14 Aurora *being in Love with* Cephalus, *who had marry'd* Procris *the King of* Athens *his Daughter, found him ſo invincibly conſtant to his Wife, that 'tis ſaid ſhe was forc'd to raviſh him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.*

15 Adonis *the Son of* Cynaras, *King of* Cyprus, *was ſlain by a Boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpreſſible Grief of the Goddeſs* Venus.

16 Har-

16 Harmonia, *or* Hermione, *was the Daughter of* Venus *by the God* Mars, *as was the* Dardan *Prince* Æneas *her Son by* Anchiſes.

17 Still Women loſe, you cry, *&c.*

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.
Quid, niſi quam ſumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

Theſe Verſes are not barely tranſlated to the literal Senſe which is conceiv'd to be in 'em; but paraphras'd according to the Interpretation of Heinſius, *who ſeems truly to underſtand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from* Scaliger *and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to conſult the Commentary of* Heinſius *on this Place, he will find by other Inſtances cited from* Ovid, *that* aquam ſumere *was a Phraſe appropriated to a particular Time and Cuſtom among Women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only Paſſage in this Book which all other Commentators but* Heinſius *have render'd unintelligible; for otherwiſe the Verſes are not very conſiderable: And the moſt which* Ovid *ſays in this Place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid,* Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe their Hands, when it can coſt 'em nothing but a little Water to waſh 'em afterwards, which is not worth ſaving?

18 Andromache, *the wife of* Hector *is always repreſented as a plain ſort of Woman.*

19 *The Capitol was a Hill in* Rome, *ſo called from a Man's Head, which was found there as the* Romans *were digging the Foundation of the Temple of* Jupiter.

20 Iole, *Daughter of* Eurytus, *King of* Oechalia, *and Wife to* Hercules. *He took her from her Father by Force, becauſe the King would not conſent to it when he return'd from* Ætolia, *where he had marry'd* Deianira.

21 Hippodamia *the Daughter of* Briſes, *from thence call'd* Briſeis, *fell by Lot to* Achilles *at the Sack of* Lyrneſſus.

22 Andromeda, *the Daughter of* Cepheus *King of* Æthiopia, *was for her Mother's Pride expoſed to be devoured by an horrible Sea-Monſter, but being reſcued by* Perſeus, *ſhe, was afterward marry'd to him*

23 Caucaſus *is a Mountain which ſtreches it ſelf from the* Eaſt-Indies *to Mount* Taurus, *but goes by ſeveral Names, according as it is inhabited by ſeveral Nations.*

24 Myſia *is a Country in* Aſia Minor *bordering upon* Troas, *remarkable for nothing more than the Worthleſneſs of its Inhabitants.* Ovid *ſaith he is addreſſing himſelf to the polite* Roman *Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of* Caucaſus *and* Myſia.

25 *He means his Book* de Medicamine Faciei, *of which we have ſome Fragments remaining*

26 *There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a* Lycian, *and the other of* Eluthera.

27 Semele, *the Daughter of* Cadmus, *and Mother of* Bacchus *by* Jupiter, *having the Curioſity to enjoy the God in his Celeſtial Majeſty, was burnt by Lightning.* Leda *was the Daughter of* Theſtius, *and the Wife of* Tyndarus *King of* Oebalia: Jupiter *in the Shape of a Swan enjoy'd her as ſhe was bathing in the River* Eurotus.

28 Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor *King of* Phænicia, *was raviſh'd by* Jupiter *in the ſhape of a Bull.*

29 Pharos, *was a little Iſland at the Mouth of the* Nile, *abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.*

30 Analectides, *little Bolſters of Flocks. The ſame Invention is us'd in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calv'd Stockings for the Men. And 'tis ſatisfactory to the Curious to know the Faſhion is* 1800 *Years old.*

31 *The* Umbrians *inhabited a Country joining to the* Apnine *Hills which run from* Savona, *on the Coaſt of* Genoa, *to the* Sicilian *Streights. This Nation were reckon'd as ruſtick in their Manners, as ſtrong in Bodies, and ſtout of Heart.*

The

The Poet gives us, in an Umbrain *Woman, a juſt Idea of a Modern Peaſant's Wife.*

32 *The* Syrens *were three in Number,* Parthenope, Leucoſia *and* Ligia, *half Women, and half Fiſh. One made uſe of her Voice, the ſecond of her Lyre, and the third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coaſt of* Sicily, *where they charm'd Voyagers, but* Ulyſſes *eſcap'd them.*

33 Orpheus *was ſo ſkilful in playing an the Lyre, that 'tis ſaid he drew after him Trees and wild Beaſts, and charmed Hell with his Muſick, whither he went to recover his Wife* Eurydice.

34 Amphion, *the Son of* Jupiter *and* Antiope, *is ſaid to have built the Walls of* Thebes *by the Sound of his Lyre.*

35 Arion *was a Muſician of* Leſbos. *Having got a great deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charm'd with his Muſick, convey'd him on his Back ſafe to* Peloponeſus, *where he procured* Periander *to put the Sailors to Death.*

36 Callimachus, *the Son of* Battus, *was look'd upon to be one of the wittieſt and politeſt Men of his Age.*

37 Philetas *was a Native of* Coos, *an Iſland in the* Ægean *Sea; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and flouriſh'd under* Philip, *and his Son* Alexander *the Great.*

36 Anacreon *was a Lyrick Poet of* Teios; *being a great Lover of Wine, he choak'd himſelf with a Grape-ſtone as he was drinking.*

39 Sapho *was born at* Mitylene *in the Iſle of* Leſbos: *She writ nine Books of Elegies, and ſeveral Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verſes, for which Reaſon* Ovid *recomends 'em. According to ſome Authors, ſhe flung her ſelf into the Sea, becauſe* Phaon *neglected her.*

40 *Theſe three were celebrated Poets of the* Auguſtan *Age,* Propertius *was a Native of* Umbria, *and very much eſteemed by* Mecænas. Gallus *commanded under* Auguſtus *in* Ægypt;

gypt; *and* Tibullus *was no leſs remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profuſion.*

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, *of the Province of* Gallia Narbonenſis, *was in Love with a Lady call'd* Leucadia, *whom he celebrated in his Poetry.*

42 *The Poet means the Summer-Seaſon, when the Sun paſſes through* Cancer, Leo, *and* Virgo.

43 *Theſe were the moſt noted Gardens in* Rome, *and in the Field of* Mars.

44 *'Tis ſaid* Phœbus *deſcended at the Battle of* Actium, *and was preſent on the* Romans *Side when* Auguſtus *beat* Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's *Portico built near* Marcellus's *Theatre.*

46 Agrippa *marry'd* Julia, Auguſtus's *Daughter by* Scribonia, *and his Father-in-Law honour'd him with a Naval Crown after he beat* Pompey *in* Sicily. *One of the Porticos in* Rome *was built or nam'd by* Agrippa.

47 Ovid *gives us to underſtand, in his firſt Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of* Iſis, *on purpoſe to carry on their amorous Intrigues.*

48 Thamyras, *the Son of* Philammon, *was a Poet, and one of the greateſt Muſicians of his Time: Having gain'd the Prize of Singing at the* Pythick *Games, he met the Muſes in his Return homewards, and had the Inſolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he cou'd out-do them in that Art; at which the Daughters of* Jupiter *were ſo enrag'd that they deprived him of his Reaſon, or as* Diodorus *ſays they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.*

49 Apelles *was for his great Skill call'd the Prince of Painters; his Maſter-piece was reckon'd the* Venus *riſing out of the Sea, of which* Ovid *ſpeaks in this Place.*

50 Ennius *was the firſt* Roman *that wrote Annals in Heroick Verſe; his Subject was the Wars of* Italy, *and particularly the ſecond* Punick *War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron* Scipio, *in whoſe Tomb he was bury'd,*

and

and who placed the Poet's Statue near his own, which ſhows how highly he honour'd him.

15 Danae *Daughter of* Acriſius, *King of* Argos; *who having conſulted the Oracle, and being told he ſhould be kill'd by her Son, ſhut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But* Jupiter *transforming himſelf into a Golden Shower, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renown'd* Perſeus. *Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately caſt aſhoar, on one of the Iſlands call'd* Cyclades, *the King of the Iſland marry'd the Mother; and* Perſeus, *when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his Grand-father.*

52 Priam, *King of* Troy, *and Father of* Paris *who ſtole* Helen, *was for reſtoring her to the* Greeks *when they demanded her by their Ambaſſadors; but other Councils prevailing, the War enſu'd, which ended in the Deſtruction of* Troy, *and the Death of* Priam, *who was kill'd by* Pyrrhus, *Son of* Achilles, *after forty Years Reign.*

53 *The Temple of* Venus *ſtood in the* Appian *Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing* Roman *Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.*

54 Minerva *playing on her Flute by a River Side, and obſerving in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Inſtrument in a Paſſion.*

55 Tecmeſſa, *the daughter of* Teuthrantes *a* Phrygian *Prince was taken Priſoner by the* Grecians, *and fell to* Ajax *his Lot, upon the Diviſion of the Spoil.*

56 *Theſe are Names the* Roman *Poets of thoſe Times gave their Miſtreſſes in their Verſes.*

57 Thais *was a Name given to all ſort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Diſcretion.*

58 Argus *had an hundred Eyes, and kept* Io *from* Jupiter *by* Juno's *Order, for which* Mercury *kill'd him by Command of his Father* Jove; *to make him Amends* Juno *turn'd him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.*

59 *The*

59 *The Poet alludes here to thoſe wicked Women who roſe againſt the Men, and did not ſpare their own Huſbands.*

60 *The Prieſteſſes and Prieſts of* Bacchus, *who celebrated the Feſtival of that God, did it with the Noiſe of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels, and Cymbals, were crown'd with, Ivy, Vine,* &c. *and carry'd a* Thyrſus *or Staff wreath'd with it in their Hands; they were frantick and outragious in their Actions during this Ceremony.*

61 *By this* Ovid *ſhews he's both a Poet and a Lover, for the Swans are dedicated to* Apollo, *and are ſaid to draw* Venus's *Car ſometimes, tho' the Doves are oftener us'd upon that Occaſion.*

OF

PLEASING;

AN

EPISTLE

To Sir *RICHARD TEMPLE.*

'TIS ſtrange dear *Temple*, how it comes to paſs,
That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has,
So *Horace* ſings ——— and ſure, as ſtrange is *this*:
That no one Man's diſpleas'd with what he *is*.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.

Nor is that all; ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can,
Hence, homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs ſhap'd fops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the ſkies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch, to ſecreſie pretends,
Whiſp'ring his *Nothing* round to *All* as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part;
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with art;
Who nothing has to loſe, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails,
Thus, man, perverſe, againſt plain nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd, contrives.
Plautus will dance, *Luſcus* at ogling aims,
Old *Tritus* keeps, and undone *Probus* games.
Noiſome *Curculio*, whoſe envenom'd breath,
Tho' at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws;
Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your noſe.
Therſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontleſs impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft *Airs*, and with a ſlur comes in,
Attempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
And *Helluo* invites with a forbidding face.

Nature, to each allots his proper ſphere,
But, that forſaken, we like comets err:
Toſs'd thro' the void, by ſome rude ſhock we're broke,
And all our boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke,

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or eaſe,
Men moſt affect, in general to pleaſe;
Of this affection, vanity's the ſource,
And vanity alone obſtructs its courſe,
That teleſcope of fools, thro' which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.

The glaſs remov'd would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt ſcales, his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one, but to ſome merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no *Bavius*, but a *Bickerſtaffe*.
If *Garth*, or *Blackmore*, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When *Murus* comes, we cry, beware the pill;
And wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
If *Addiſon*, or *Rowe*, or *Prior* write,
We ſtudy 'em with profit and delight:
But when vile *Macer* and *Mundungus* rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
All rules of pleaſing in this one unite,
Affect not any thing in Nature's Spight.
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? for ill reſembling human-kind.
None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they wou'd be thought.

Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleaſing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem,
By nature, form'd for love, and for eſteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you, while my ſelf I pleaſe;
I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it, in the man I love.
Tho' now I aim not at that known aplauſe
You've won in arms, and in your country's cauſe;

Nor

Nor patriot now, nor heroe I commend,
But the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.
But you may think, and ſome leſs partial, ſay,
That I preſume too much in this eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? how explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objecton I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which after, we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned perſon, once,
Concern'd to find his only ſon a dunce;
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whoſe memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholeſome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatiſe by,
'Till time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the ſire prepares the book t'impart,
Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art.*
But ha! how oft is human care in vain!
For now, he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote,
Now to apply the ſtory that I tell,
Which if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my caſe: Like moſt of theirs who teach?
I ill may practiſe, what I well may preach.
My ſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the line, and meaſure out the Ways.
The *Mulcibers*, who in the *Minories* ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm *Aurelia* with a ſhape to kill.
So *Macer* and *Mundungus* ſchool the times,
And write it rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes,

Well

Well do they play the careful critick's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad, by what they write.

A

PINDARIQUE

ODE,

Humbly Offer'd to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progreſs of

Her MAJESTY's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefix'd,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIQUE ODE.

------*Operoſa parvus*
Carmina fingo. Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXV.

A

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIQUE ODE.

THE following Ode is an Attempt towards reſtoring the Regularity of the ancient Lyrick Poetry, which ſeems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our Engliſh *Writers.*

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a ſort of Poems intituled Pindarique Odes; pretending to be written in Imitation of the Manner and Style of Pindar, *and yet I do not know that there is to this Day extant in our Language, one Ode contriv'd after his Model. What* Idea *can an* Engliſh *Reader have of* Pindar *(to whoſe Mouth, when a Child, the Bees* (a) *brought their Honey, in Omen of the future Sweetneſs and Melody of his Songs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating Papers of Verſes, pretending to be Copies of his Works?*

The Character of theſe late Pindariques, is, a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts, expreſs'd in a like Parcel of irregular Stanza's, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another Complication of diſproportion'd, uncertain and perplex'd Verſes and Rhimes. And I appeal to any Reader

(a) Pauſan, Bœotic.

der, if this is not the Condition in which theſe Titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, *both as to the exact obſervation of the Meaſures and Numbers of his Stanza's and Verſes, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts, For tho' his Digreſſions are frequent, and his Tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret Connexion, which tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate it ſelf to the Underſtanding of the Reader.*

The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been ſo * *miſunderſtood and miſapply'd by his pretended Imitators, was only in varying the Stanza's in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever Correſpondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Ode.*

All the Odes of Pindar *which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory or Succeſs in the* Grecian *Games: They were ſung by a Chorus, and adapted to the* Lyre, *and ſometimes to the* Lyre *and* (b) Pipe; *they conſiſted oftenеſt of Three Stanza's; the firſt was call'd the* Strophé

* For certainly they have utterly miſunderſtood *Horace*, L. 4. *Ode* 2. who have apply'd *numeriſq; fertur lege ſolutis*, to all the Odes of *Pindar*; which, there, expreſly relates only to his Dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely loſt. Nothing is plainer, than the Senſe of *Horace* in that Place. He ſays, *Pindar* deſerves the Lawrel, let him write of what, or in what manner ſoever, *viz.* firſt, whether he writes *Dithyrambicks*, which *break through the Bounds preſcrib'd to other Odes*; Or ſecondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their Warlike Atchievements, *&c.* Or thirdly, whether he ſings of the Victors in the *Grecian* Games: Or laſtly, whether he ſings in Honour of the Dead, and writes Elegies, *&c.*

(b) *Pind. Olymp.* 10. and *Horace L.* 4. *Ode* 1. *miſtis Carminibus non ſine fiſtula.* and *L.* 3. *Ode* 19. *cur pendet tacita fiſtula cum Lyra?*

phé, *from the Verſion or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right Hand to the* (c) *Left. The ſecond Stanza was call'd the* Antiſtrophé, *from the Contraverſion of the* Chorus; *the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left Hand to the Right, contrary always to their Motion in the* Strophé. *The Third Stanza was called the* Epode, (*it may be as being the After-ſong*) *which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.*

What the Origin was of theſe different Motions and Stations in ſinging their Odes, is not our preſent Buſineſs to enquire. Some have thought that by the Contrariety of the Strophé *and* Antiſtrophé, *they intended to repreſent the Contrarotation of the* Primum Mobile, *in reſpect of the* Secunda Mobilia; *and that by their ſtanding ſtill at the* Epode, *they meant to ſignifie the Stability of the earth.* (d) *Others aſcribe the Inſtitution to* Theſeus, *who thereby expreſſed the Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth, in celebrating his Return from thence.*

The Method obſerv'd in the Compoſition of theſe Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet having made Choice of a certain Number of Verſes to conſtitute his Strophé *or firſt* Stanza, *was oblig'd to obſerve the ſame in his* Antiſtrophé

(c) Or from the Left to the Right, for the *Scholiaſts* differ in that, as may be ſeen in *Pind. Schol. Introduce. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexandro.* L. 4. c. 17. ſpeaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, ſays, *Curſum auſpicati a Læva dextrorſum----------mox a dextra Lævorſum.* But the Learned *Schmidius* takes part with the firſt Opinion, as more conſiſtent with the Notions of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the Heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to *Homer* there cited by him. See *Eraſ. Schmid. Prolegom.* in *Olymp. &c. de Carmin. Lyric.*

(d) *Pind. Schol. & Schmid.* ibid.

trophé, *or ſecond* Stanza; *and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of Verſes and quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty to make a new choice for his third* Stanza, *or* Epode; *where, accordingly, he diverſify'd his Numbers, as his Ear or Fancy led him; compoſing that* Stanza *of more or fewer Verſes than the former, and thoſe Verſes of different Meaſures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony, and Entertainment of the Ear.*

But then this Epode *being thus form'd, he was ſtrictly oblig'd to the ſame* (e) *Meaſures as often as he ſhould repeat it in the Order of his Ode, ſo that every* Epode *in the ſame Ode is eternally the ſame in Meaſure and Quantity, in reſpect to it ſelf; as is alſo every* Strophé *and* Antiſtrophé, *in reſpect to each other.*

The Lyrick *Poet* Steſichorus (*whom* (f) Longinus *reckons amongſt the ableſt Imitators of* Homer, *and of whom* (g) Quintilian *ſays, that if he could have kept within Bounds, would have been neareſt of any Body, in Merit, to* Homer) *was if not the Inventer of this Order in the Ode, yet ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of it in his Compoſitions, that the Three* Stanza's *of* Steſichorus *became a common Proverb to expreſs a thing univerſally known,* (h) ne tria quidem Steſichori noſti; *ſo that when any one had a mind to reproach another with exceſſive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him,* he did not ſo much as know the Three Stanza's *of Steſichorus; that is, did not know that an Ode ought to conſiſt of a* Strophé, *and* Antiſtrophé, *and an* Epode. *If this was ſuch a Mark*

(e) *Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap.* 97. *l.* 3. (f) *Longin. de Sub. c.* 13. (g) *Quint. Inſt. l.* 10. *c.* 1. (h) ὅτε τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου γινώσκεις, *de vehementer indocto & imperito dicitur.* Eraſm. Adag.

Mark of Ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame Reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our Imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a ſhort Ode, nor to enter upon a Diſſertation of Lyrick Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to ſay, for the Information of thoſe Readers whoſe Courſe of Study has not led 'em into ſuch Enquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of Pindar *in this enſuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future: Far from ſuch Thoughts, I have only given an Inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the Force and Elevation of* Pindar, *as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.*

Again, we having no Chorus *to ſing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Uſe of* Strophé, Antiſtrophé, *and* Epode, *are Obſolete and Impertinent: And certainly there may be very good* Engliſh *Odes, without the Diſtinction of* Greek *Appellations to their Stanza's. That I have mention'd 'em here, and obſerv'd the Order of 'em in the enſuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary Regularity of the Compoſition of thoſe Odes, which have been repreſented to us hitherto, as the moſt confus'd Structures in Nature.*

However, though there be no Neceſſity that our Triumphal Odes ſhould conſiſt of the Three aforemention'd Stanza's; yet if the Reader can obſerve that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (cal'd it Epode, *or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the Firſt and Second Stanza's with*

more Appetite, than he could do if always cloy'd with the ſame Quantities and Meaſures, I cannot ſee why ſome Uſe may not be made of Pindar's *Example, to the great Improvement of the* Engliſh *Ode. There is certainly a Pleaſure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; eſpecially, if it appears ſo carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not ſhew it ſelf, 'till it is ſought for; and that the ſeeming Eaſineſs of the Work, firſt ſets us upon the Enquiry. Nothing can be call'd Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleas'd. Therefore certainly* Poetry, *which includes Painting and Muſick, ſhould not be deſtitute of 'em; and of all* Poetry, *eſpecially the* Ode, *whoſe End and Eſſence is Harmony.*

Mr. Cowley, *in his Preface to his Pindarique Odes, ſpeaking of the Muſick of Numbers, ſays,* which ſometimes (eſpecially in Songs and Odes) almoſt without any thing elſe makes an Excellent Poet.

Having mention'd Mr. Cowley, *it may very well be expected, that ſomething ſhould be ſaid of him, at a time when the Imitation of* Pindar *is the Theme of our Diſcourſe. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think nothing ſhould be objected to the Latitude he has taken in his Pindarique Odes. The Beauty of his Verſes, are an Atonement for the Irregularity of his Stanza's; and though he did not imitate* Pindar *in the Strictneſs of his Numbers, he has very often happily copy'd him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Stile and Sentiments.*

Yet I muſt beg leave to add, that I believe thoſe irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, *may have been the principal, though innocent, Occaſion of ſo many deformed Poems, ſince*

which

which, inſtead of being true Pictures of Pindar, *have (to uſe the* Italian *Painters Term) been only* Caricatura's *of him, Reſemblances that for the moſt part have been either Horrid or Ridiculous.*

For my own part, I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore miſs-call'd a few irregular Stanza's *a Pindarique Ode; and poſſibly, if others, who have been under the ſame Miſtake, would ingenuouſly confeſs the Truth, they might own that never having conſulted* Pindar *himſelf, they took all his Irregularity upon truſt; and finding their Account in the great Eaſe with which they could produce Odes without being oblig'd either to Meaſure or Deſign, remain'd ſatisfy'd; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceiv'd.*

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus *but his Name, yet if* * Pauſanias *was well inform'd, we may be aſſur'd, that* Brevity *was a Beauty which he moſt induſtriouſly labour'd to preſerve in his* Hymns, *notwithſtanding, as the ſame Author reports, that they were but few in Number.*

The Shortneſs of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the Length of the Preface, and in ſome meaſure for the Defects which may be found in it. It conſiſts of the ſame Number of Stanza's with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, *which is the firſt of his* Pythicks; *and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty, I reſolv'd to endeavour to Copy his Brevity, and take the Advantage of*

* Bœotic. *page.* 588.

a Remark he has made in the laſt Strophé *of the ſame Ode, which take in the Paraphraſe of* Sudorius.

Qui multa paucis ſtringere commode
Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, & auris menſque pura
Omne ſupervacuum rejectat.

ODE.

ODE.

I.

DAughter of memory, immortal muſe,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chuſe
Of *ANNA*'s name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy ætherial wing.
And conſecrate with dews of thy *Caſtalian* ſpring?

II.

Without thy aid, the moſt aſpiring mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor er'e can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright virtue's praiſe.
Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humbleſt ſwain,
May climb *Pierian* heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the ſtarry orb is hung,
And next *Alcides*' guardian arm,
That (1) harp to which thy *Orpheus* ſung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, cou'd charm;
That harp which on *Cyllene*'s ſhady hill,
When firſt the vocal ſhell was found,
With more than mortal ſkill
Inventer *Hermes* taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright *Latona*'s ſon,
By ſweet perſuaſion won,
The wond'rous work beſtow'd;
Latona's ſon, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine!
A god the gift a god th' invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding lyre I tune my ſtrains;
A lower note his lofty ſong diſdains
Who ſings of *ANNA*'s name.
The lyre is ſtruck! the ſounds I hear!
O muſe, propitious to my pray'r!
O well-known ſounds! O melody, the ſame
That kindled *Mantuan* fire, and rais'd *Mæonian* flame!

II.

Nor are theſe ſounds to *Britiſh* bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witneſs ſweet *Spencer*'s lays:
And witneſs that immortal ſong,
As *Spencer* ſweet, as *Milton* ſtrong,
Which humble *Boyn* o'er *Tyber*'s flood cou'd raiſe,
And mighty *William* ſing, with well proportion'd praiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair *Auguſta*, liſt thy head,
With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from *Tithon*'s bed
With chearful ray the ruddy morn.
Thy lovely form, and freſh reviving ſtate,
In cryſtal flood of *Thames* ſurvey;
Then, bleſs thy better fate,
Bleſs *ANNA*'s moſt auſpicious ſway.
While diſtant realms and neighb'ring lands,
Arm'd troops and hoſtile bands
On every ſide moleſt,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair CAPITAL of liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon reſt.

I.

As *Britain*'s iſle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver ſhoars
His foaming billows beat;

So

So *Britain*'s QUEEN amidſt the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the baſe of her well-founded ſtate,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the ſhocks of fate.

II.

But greateſt ſouls, tho' bleſt with ſweet repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with ſenſe of others woes.
Thus *ANNA*'s mighty mind,
To mercy and ſoft pity prone,
And mov'd with ſorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common good, and ſuccour human-kind.

III.

Fly, tyranny, no more be known
Within *Europa*'s bliſsful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable zone
Fly ev'ry hoſpitable ground.
To horrid (2) *Zembla*'s frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopl'd empire ſhare,
And rob *thoſe* lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When juſtice ſhall have pow'r;
Juſtice to earth reſtor'd!
Again *Aſtrea* reigns!
ANNA her equal ſcale maintains,
And MALBRÔ weilds her ſure deciding ſword.

I.

Now, cou'dſt thou ſoar, my muſe, to ſing the MAN
In heights ſublime, as when the *Mantuan* ſwan
Her tow'ring pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhouldſt of MARLBRÔ ſing, whoſe hand
Unerring from his QUEEN's command,
Far as the (3) ſeven-mouth'd *Iſter*'s ſecret head,
To ſave th' imperial ſtate, her hardy *Britons* led.

So

II.

Nor there thy ſong ſhou'd end ; tho' all the nine
Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
To ſing that glorious day,
When bold *Bavaria* fled the field,
And veteran *Gauls* unus'd to yield,
On *Blenheim*'s plain imploring mercy lay ;
And ſpoils and Trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way,

III.

But cou'd thy voice of *Blenheim* ſing,
And with ſucceſs that ſong purſue ;
What art cou'd aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor ſtill in view ?
For as the ſun ne'er ſtops his radiant flight,
Nor ſets, but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day :
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great MARLBRÔ, ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his courſe ;
To climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
And univerſal is his aid and force.

I

Attempt not to proceed, unwary muſe,
For O ! what notes, what numbers cou'dſt thou chuſe,
Tho' in all numbers ſkill'd ;
To ſing the heroe's matchleſs deed,
Which (4) *Belgia* ſav'd, and *Brabant* freed ;
To ſing *Ramilia*'s day ! to which muſt yield
(5) *Cannæ*'s illuſtrious fight, and fam'd (6] *Pharſalia*'s field.

II,

In the ſhort courſe of a diurnal ſun,
Behold the work of many ages done !
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe ?
Luſtre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart ;

But

But deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt flight and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III.

Still wou'd the willing muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong;
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.
Go on, great chief, in *ANNA*'s cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the terrors of thy ſword,
'Till *Europe* thou haſt freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils;
Rewards even worthy of thy toils,
Thy QUEEN's juſt favour, and thy COUNTRY's love.

NOTES to the Foregoing ODE.

ORpheus *was ſaid to be the Son of the Muſe* Calliope, *The Poetical Fiction of the Harp of* Orpheus *is this.* Mercury, *the ſame Day that he was born of* Maia *in* Cyllene, *a Mountain of* Arcadia, *found a living Tortoiſe, which he carried home with him to his Cradle, and immediately compos'd a Harp of the Shell. A little after he ſtole the Oxen of* Apollo; *this caus'd ſome Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referr'd to* Jupiter, *he order'd* Mercury *to return the* Oxen *to the right Owner; on this there follow'd not only a Reconciliation but Friendſhip, and* Apollo *expreſſing an extream Pleaſure at the Invention of the Harp,* Mercury *beſtow'd it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendſhip. Of this* Homer, *in his* Hymn to Mercury,

ſpeaks at large. Afterwards Apollo *inventing another Inſtrument call'd the* Cithara, *gave the* Lyra *to* Orpheus. *The* Muſes, *after the Death of* Orpheus, *tranſlated his Harp into Heaven, where it became a Conſtellation, and is plac'd between the Knee and Left Arm of* Engonaſis *or* Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, *a miſerable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb, but perpetual Froſt and Snow, and where, for one half of the Year, it is continual Night.*

3 Lucan *in his Third Book,* V. 202. *gives it the indefinite Epithet of* Multifidi Iſtri. *But* Ovid. *Triſt.* 2. Solus ad ingreſſus miſſus Septemplicis Iſtri. *And* Sidonius Apollinaris *gives it the ſame Epithet, on the like Occaſion with this* Ode, *when in his Panegyrick to* Majorianus Cæſar, *he tells him,*

Illicet aggrederis, quod nullus tempore noſtro
Auguſtus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Iſtri.
Agmen in Arma rapis ———

The Ancient Geographers differ'd very much in their Account of the Riſe of this River; ſo that on a double Account the ſame Epithets may be appropriated to it which are uſual to the Nile.

4 Belgia *need not only be ſtrictly underſtood of the Seven Provinces, call'd* Belgium Fœderatum, *by the Diſtinction made in the Time of* Phil. 2. *but may alſo be interpreted with reſpect to that which was anciently call'd* Belgium, *comprehending the lower* Germany, *in regard of the great Conſequences attending ſuch a Victory.*

5 Cannæ, *as inconſiderable a Village as* Blenheim, *'till in like manner made Memorable and Illuſtrious by the great and intire Victory which* Hannibal *obtain'd there over the* Romans.

6 Pharſalia, *famous for the Overthrow of* Pompey *by* Julius Cæſar, *a wonderful Victory, but may juſtly be ſaid to yield to that of* Ramilies. *For the Deſign and End of the firſt was to enſlave Mankind, the manifeſt Aim and Event of the latter has been to ſet 'em at Liberty.*

To

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *GODOLPHIN*,

Lord HIGH-TREASURER of *GREAT BRITAIN.*

PINDARIQUE ODE.

——Quemvis media erue turba
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti ſplendor ——
Hic mutat merces ſurgente à ſole, ad eum quo
Veſpertina tepit regio : quin per mala preceps
Fertur ——
Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas,

Hor. Sat, 4. L. 1.

ODE.

I,

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition ſome, excites ;
And ſome, deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites ;
Others, inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas and air ;
Preſſing the doubtful voy'ge 'till INDIA's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;
Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threatning ſkies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe:
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit:
But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raiſe, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for theſe, his iv'ry lyre
Will tuneful *Phœbus* ſtring,
Nor *Polyhymnia* crown'd amid the choir
Th' immortal epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, (1) *Caſtalia*, turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, ſhady (2) *Aonia*, grow,
To bind with wreaths a *Tyrant*'s brow.

I

How juſt, moſt mighty *Jove*, yet how ſevere
Is thy ſupreme decree,
(3) That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The muſes harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompence
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous (4) *Typhœus*, thus, new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the ſkies,
And now, beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful *Ætna* lies.

Hearing

Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th'abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the ſeas, and far *Campania*'s ſhoar;
While all his hundred mouths, at once expire
Volumes of curling ſmoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heav'n alone, all good proceeds,
To heav'nly minds belong
All pow'r and love, GODOLPHIN, of good deeds,
And ſenſe of ſacred ſong;
And thus, moſt pleaſing are the muſe's lays
To them who merit moſt her praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee, her iv'ry lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether, affairs of moſt important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And *ANNA*'s cauſe and *Europe*'s fate
Thy ſerious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are ſpent
In cares, on publick good intent;
Or, whether leiſure hours invite
To manly ſports, or to refind delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous ſteeds conteſt, with emulation fir'd,

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe (5) *Theron* ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy fame
Olympian (6) *Piſa* rung:
Nor leſs ſublime, is now, her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her voice.
And now, ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd,

Va-

Vary'ing anon her theme, ſhe takes delight
The ſwift-heel'd (7) horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid [flight.

III.

And ſee! the (8) air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run, than flies the *Scythian* dart,
Nor paſſing, print the plain!
The winds themſelves who with their ſwitftneſs vye,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed, thy courſers paſs
Th' Ætherial authors of their race.

I.

And now, a while, the well-ſtrain'd courſers breath;
And now, my muſe prepare
Of (9) olive leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
(10) *Pallas*, in care of human kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once, the laden boughs advanc'd;
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done earth-ſhaking *Neptune* next eſſay'd
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach; the ſtroke
Tranſfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as light!
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous ſight!
Neptune, for human good the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to (11) *hear* [*thereins.*

Thus

III.

Thus gods contended, (noble ſtrife!
Worthy the heav'nly mind)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt indear mankind.
Thus thou GODOLPHIN, doſt with MARLBRÔ ſtrive
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet peace at home thy care ſecures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 COmmonly Caſtalius, *but by* Virg. Georg. 3. *call'd* Caſtalia, *a Fountain at the Foot of* Parnaſſus, *ſacred to the Muſes.*

2 Aönia, *the hilly and woody Part of* Bœotia, *believ'd to have been much frequented by the Muſes.*

3 That impious Men ſhall joyleſs hear, *&c, This Thought or Opinion is borrow'd from* Pindar, Pyth. 1. *where he ſays*——But ſuch Men whom *Jupiter* hates are confounded with Terror when they hear the ſweet Harmony of the Muſes. *This Paſſage is often cited by* Plutarch, *and others, in Favour of Muſick and Poetry. Mr.* Cowley *in his Notes on his* Davideis, *Book* 1. *on* David's *diſpoſſeſſing* Saul *of the Evil Spirit, collects a great Number of ſurprizing Citations on this Subject.*

4 Typhœus, *one of the Giants who attempted to ſtorm Heav'n; but* Jupiter *ſtruck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Iſland of* Sicily, *with* Ætna *on his Breaſt. This Stanza is alſo copied from the ſame Ode of* Pindar, *where this Monſter is ſaid to have an hundred Heads, as alſo in* Olymp. 4.

5 The-

5 Theron, *a Prince of* Agrigentum, *to whom* Pindar *addreſſes his ſecond and third Olympick.*

6 Piſa, *a Town in* Peloponneſus, *near to which the Olympick Games were celebrated.*

7 *So* Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. *ſpeakes of* Pindar, ——— *as ſinging ſometimes the Heroe, ſometimes the Horſe;*

——— Pugilemve Equumve dicit, *&c.*

8 Air-born. *Alluding to the Notion that Mares have conceived by the Weſtern Wind, without the Aſſiſtance of a Horſe: See* Virg. Geor. 3. ver. 273. *from whence* Taſſo *has borrow'd the Birth of* Raymond's *Horſe.* Gieruſalem *Canto* 7.

Volta l'aperta bacca incontro l'ora
Raccoglie i ſemi del fecondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) *&c.*

Virg. ——— ——— illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque Leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) *&c.*

9 Olive Leaves. *An Olive Garland was the reward of Victory in the Olympick Games.*

10 Pallas, *&c. The Fable on which this Digreſſion is founded, is, that* Neptune *and* Pallas *had a Contention who ſhould give the Name to* Athens; *and it was agreed, that which of 'em ſhould confer the greateſt Benefit on mankind, ſhould obtain the Victory. The Gods were aſſembled in Judgment, and* Pallas *ſtruck the earth with her ſpear, whence up ſprung the fruitful Olive-tree; then* Neptune *in his turn darted his Trident againſt the earth, which opening was deliver'd of a Horſe; but the Victory was adjudg'd to* Pallas.

11 To hear the Reins —— *They who do not remember* Virgil, *may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ventur'd to apply it ev'n to the Chariot rather than the Horſes,* Georg. 1.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

A N

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A *TALE.*

TO thee dear *Dick* this tale I ſend,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I tell it with ſome variation
(Not altogether a tranſlation)
From *La Fontaine*; an author, *Dick*,
Whoſe muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The ſubject is of that ſame kind,
To which thy heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How verſe my alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in proſe.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in ſuſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my Fable.

A *Goblin* of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curſt of mind,
To help a lover in diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a charm with ſuch ſucceſs;
That in ſhort ſpace the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his ſalvation,
And *Satan* ſtak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd on his part
(To ſerve his friend and ſhew his art,)

That

That madam ſhou'd by twelve a clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiſs and coo like any dove.
In ſhort, the woman ſhould be his,
That is upon condition———*Viz.*
That he the lover after taſting
What one wou'd wiſh were everlaſting;
Should, in return for ſuch enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with freſh employment:
That's all, quoth *Pug*; my poor requeſt
Is, only never to have reſt;
You thought, 'tis like, with reaſon too,
That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not you:
But what? upon my friend impoſe!
No——tho' a devil, none of thoſe.
Your buſineſs then pray underſtand me,
Is nothing more but to command me.
Of one thing only let me warn ye,
Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye:
As ſoon as e'er one work is done,
Strait name a new one; and ſo on;
Let each to other quick ſucceed,
Or elſe——— you know how 'tis agreed———
For if thro' any hums or haws,
There haps an intervening pauſe,
In which for want of freſh commands,
Your ſlave obſequious, idle ſtands
Nor ſoul nor body ever more
Shall ſerve the nymph whom you adore:
But both be laid at *Satan*'s feet,
To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet.
At once the lover all approves:
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought;
Why, after all, I venture nought;

What

What myſtery is in commanding?
Does that require much underſtanding?
Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
He'd go the better of the lay:
But he muſt do what I think fit———
Pſhaw, pſhaw, young *Belzebub* is bit.
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The ſpell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In ſweet embraces, balmy kiſſes;
And riots in the bliſs of bliſſes.
O joy, cry'd he, that haſt no equal!
But hold — no raptures——mark the ſequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a ſilky ſlumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd:
But that officious *Demon*, near,
Now buzz'd for buſineſs in his ear;
In haſte, he names a thouſand things:
The *Goblin* plys his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to aſk
Another, and another taſk.
Now, palaces are built and tow'rs,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then, ſtorms are in an inſtant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now ſhow'rs of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd view,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.
Theſe things, and ſtranger things than theſe,
Were done with equal ſpeed and eaſe.
And now to *Rome* poor *Pug* he'll ſend:
And *Pug* ſoon reach'd his journey's end,

And ſoon return'd with ſuch a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the ſquire (who had ſome hope
In holy water and the pope.)
Was out of heart, and at a ſtand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black deſpair ſucceeds brown ſtudy.
In this diſtreſs the woful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her council, for whoſe ſake
Both ſoul and body were at ſtake.
And is this all? replys the fair:
Let me alone to cure this care.
When next your *Dæmon* ſhall appear,
Pray give him——look, what I hold here,
And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
To lay theſe ringlets lank and ſtrait.
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
Your *Goblin*'s ſkill ſhall now be try'd.
She ſaid; and gave——what ſhall I call
That thing ſo ſhining, criſp and ſmall,
Which round his finger ſtrove to twine?
A tendril of the *Cyprian* vine?
A ſprig from *Cytherea*'s grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flow'r of fairy land:
Leſs precious whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
Or that, which modern ages ſee
The ſpur and prize of chivalry,
Whoſe curles of kindred texture, grace
Heroes and kings of *Spaniſh* race.

The

The ſpark prepar'd, and *Pug* at hand,
He iſſues thus, his ſtrict command.
This line, thus curve and thus orbicular
Render direct, and perpendicular;
But ſo direct, that in no ſort
It ever may in rings retort.
See me no more 'till this be done:
Hence, to thy taſk——avaunt, be gone.
Away the fiend like lightning flys,
And all his wit to work applys,
Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hamm'ring noiſe.
In vain; he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtick fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe
When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in Ooze.
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her garden grew.
Old ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives,
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vig'rous curls reverts.
So, when to earth, *Alcides* flung
The huge *Anteus*, whence he ſprung,
From ev'ry fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what ſleight to practiſe next;
The more he trys, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails,
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.

And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phænomenon.*
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No end he ſees of his ſurprize,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never yet was wool or feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all weather;
And unrelax'd like this, reſiſt
Both wind and rain and ſnow and miſt.
What ſtuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What ſpinſter witch could ſpin ſuch thread,
He nothing knew; but to his coſt
Knew all his fame and labour loſt.
Subdu'd, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd, 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent
Back to the man the *Dæmon* went:
I grant, quoth he, our contract null,
And give you a diſcharge in full.
But tell me now, in name of wonder,
(Since I ſo candidly knock under,)
What is this thing? where could it grow?
Pray take it——'tis in *Statu quo.*
Much good may't do you; for my part,
I waſh my hands of't from my heart.

In truth, Sir *Goblin* or Sir *Fairy,*
Replies the lad, you're too ſoon weary.
What, leave this trifling taſk undone!
And think'ſt thou this the only one;
Alas! were this ſubdu'd thou'dſt find
Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind,

Which

Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
Both you and all your whole fraternity.

The Peaſant *in Search of his* Heifer

A TALE after M. *De la Fontaine.*

IT ſo beſell: A ſilly ſwain
Had ſought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn, to ſeek the ſhade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then, to the wood, in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly lad and buxom laſs:
The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent:
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch Wonder ſtruck his ſight,
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, what!
What ſee I, gods! What ſee I not;
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid career:
And louder cry'd, ho: Honeſt friend,
That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
Do'ſt ſee the heifer that I ſeek?
If do'ſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak.

HOMER's

HYMN to *VENUS.*

Tranſlated into ENGLISH Verſe.

To the Reader of the enſuing HYMN.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. *one to* Apollo, *one to* Mercury, *and one to* Venus, *this to* Venus *is the ſhorteſt; it is alſo the moſt ſimple in its Deſign, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digreſſions both Geographical and Mythological, and contain many Alluſions to ancient Cuſtoms and Hiſtory, which without a Commentary could not well be underſtood by the generality of Readers. Theſe conſiderations determin'd me to acquieſce in the Tranſlation of this Hymn; tho' I had once entertain'd Thoughts of returning 'em all three into* Engliſh *Verſe.*

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleaſure; I could not avoid ſometimes reflecting on the Cenſures of ſome Grammarians, who have deny'd, or at leaſt doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in it ſelf, cannot really loſe any thing of its Value, tho' it ſhould appear, upon a ſtrict Enquiry, not to be the Work of ſo eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was firſt imputed. But all Truth is ſo amiable in it ſelf, that even where it is of leaſt Importance there is a Pleaſure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Tho' the Beauties of this enſuing Poem, in the Original, want not even the Name of Homer *to recommend 'em, and much*

much leſs does that mighty Name ſtand in need of their Reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an Injuſtice to him to aſcribe 'em to any other; and it is a hardſhip to them to deprive 'em of the Authority due to them, and to leave 'em to make their Way thro' bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the Enquiry my Curioſity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reaſon, of many, why theſe Hymns may be receiv'd for genuine. The moſt ſuſpected of 'em all, is that to Apollo. *(As for this to* Venus, *it were almoſt enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to obſerve that* Lucretius *thought it not below him to copy, from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)*

The Hymn to Apollo *has been ſuppos'd to have been written by one* Cynæthus *of* Chios, *who was a famous* * *Repeater of* Homer's *Verſes. To obviate which Suppoſition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to* Apollo *is quoted twice by* Thucydides *in the third Book of his Hiſtory, and expreſly quoted as the Work of* Homer.

After his ſecond Quotation, which conſiſts of about half a ſcore Verſes, Thucydides *obſerves that in thoſe Verſes* Homer *has made mention of himſelf: Hence, 'tis beyond Queſtion* Thucydides *believ'd or rather was aſſur'd it was the Work of* Homer. *He might be very well morally aſſur'd of it, for he liv'd within* † *four hundred Years of* Homer, *and that is no Diſtance of time to render the know-*

* After the Deceaſe of *Homer*, there were ſuch Perſons who made a Profeſſion of repeating his Verſes; from the Repetitions of whom, and of their Deſcendants or Succeſſors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of *Homer* in After-times were collected and put in Order. Theſe were call'd *Homeriſtæ*, or *Homeridæ*: Of whom ſee *Ælian. Var. Hiſt. L.* 13. *C.* 14. *Athenæ. L.* 1. 5. 14. *Strabo L.* 14. *Pindar Nem. Ode* 2. *Cœlius Rodig. L.* 7. *C.* 29.

† *Herodotus* ſays of himſelf, in *Euterpe*, he was but four hundred Years after *Homer*. *Thucyd.* was Contemporary with *Herodotus*.

ledge of ſuch Things either uncertain or obſcure in ſuch a Country as Greece, *and to a Man of Learning, Power and Wiſdom as our Author. The learned* Caſaubon, *in his Comment on a Paſſage in the firſt Book of* † Strabo, *takes the Liberty to diſſent from* Strabo, *and cites as Authority againſt him Part of the Quotation made by* Thucydides *from the aforemention'd Hymn of* Homer. Strabo *ſays,* Homer *has made no mention of what Country he was: In one of the Verſes cited by* Thucydides, Homer *calls himſelf the* * blind Man of rocky *Chios,* Caſaubon's *Note is as follows*: In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra autoritatem Thucydidis, cauſam nullam ſatis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de ſe Homerus, *&c.*

Now whether it be more reaſonable, by the Example of ſo learned a Man as Caſaubon, *to give Credit to the Authority of* Thucydides, *the moſt grave, wiſe, faithful, and conſummate Hiſtorian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggeſtions of Scholiaſts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Reader.*

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† *Strab. L.* 1. *pag.* 30.

* The Original ſays - . - *The blind Man who lives in rocky or ſandy* Chios: *And whoſe Poems ſhall be in the higheſt Eſteem to all Poſterity:* Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

HOMER's

HOMER's

HYMN to *VENUS.*

SING, muſe, the force, and all-informing fire
Of *Cyprian Venus*, goddeſs of deſire:
Her charms, th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn race of Men to love.
The wilder herds and ravenous beaſts of prey
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway.
Thro' pathleſs air, and boundleſs ocean's ſpace,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts, her care extends.
Of all the num'rous hoſt of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd *Minerva* free preſerves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by *Cupid*'s art;
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the ſkill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;
Taught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield;
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.
Diana next, the *Paphian* queen deſies,
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and chearful horn,
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the morn,
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the wood-land deer.

Sometimes, of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where virtue reigns.

The third celeſtial pow'r averſe to love
Is virgin *Veſta*, dear to mighty *Jove*;
Whom *Neptune* ſought to wed, and *Phœbus* woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſu'd;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and *Jove* aſſenting bow'd his head.
But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, add bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous *Jove* with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on the throne ſhe ſits amidſt the ſkies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice:
For holy rites to *Veſta* firſt are pay'd,
And on her altar firſt-fruit off'rings laid;
So *Jove* ordain'd in honour of the maid.

Theſe are the pow'rs above, and only theſe,
Whom love and *Cytherea*'s art diſpleaſe:
Of other beings, none in earth or ſkies
Her force reſiſts, or influence denies.
With eaſe, her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior ſway;
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
He oft deſcends, his creatures to adore;
While to conceal the theft from *Juno*'s eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty, firſt among th' ætherial race;
Whom, all-tranſcending in ſuperior worth,
Wiſe *Saturn* got, and *Cybele* brought forth:

And

And *Jove*, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.
But *Jove* at length with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing queen her ſelf with love inſpir'd.
Swift thro' her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man;
That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferior love,
And not inſultingly the gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus, *Jove* ordain'd ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal off-ſpring in her turn.
Amongſt the ſprings which flow from *Ida*'s head
His lowing herds the young *Anchiſes* fed:
Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmilling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs ſoon as ſeen.
To *Cyprus* ſtrait the wounded goddeſs flies,
Where *Paphian* temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where entring quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd.
The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold,
And thus attir'd, her chariot ſhe aſcends,
And *Cyprus* left, her flight to *Troy* ſhe bends.
On *Ida* ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat
Which lov'd *Anchiſes* choſe for his retreat:
And ever as ſhe walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood.
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves and bears their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd delight.

For, ev'ry glance ſhe gives, ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.

Mean time the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her *Anchiſes* was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends, and fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and ſought the plains:
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound.
Before his eyes *Jove*'s beauteous daughter ſtood,
In form and dreſs, a huntreſs of the wood;
For had he ſeen the goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been ſurpriz'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To ſee a nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd.
For from her flowing robe a luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant flame ſhe were array'd;
Her hair in part diſclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breaſt;
Bright as the moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent light,
And charm'd his ſenſe with wonder and delight.

Thus while *Anchiſes* gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleaſing pain.
At length he ſpake---- all hail, celeſtial fair!
Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.
Who e'er thou art, deſcended from above,
Latona, *Cynthia*, or the queen of love,
All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid;
Or art thou * *Themis*? or the † blue-ey'd maid?

Or,

---

* Themis, *the Goddeſs of Equity and Right.*
† *Blue-ey'd Maid*, Pallas

Or, art thou faireſt of the graces three,
Who with the gods ſhare immortality?
Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods?
Who-e'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous field,
I, to thy honour will an altar build,
Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare t
O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r.
Grant me among the *Trojan* race, to prove
A patriot worthy of my country's love.
Bleſs'd in my ſelf, I beg I next may be
Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
Happy in health, long let me ſee the ſun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done.
He ſaid·—*Jove*'s beauteous daughter thus reply'd.
Delight of human kind, thy Sexes pride!
Honour'd *Anchiſes*, you behold in me
No goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
Who rules the fair extent of *Phrygia*'s lands,
And all her towns and fortreſſes commands.
When yet an infant, I to *Troy* was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
I, like my own can ſpeak the *Trojan* tongue,
In me one of *Diana*'s nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the cauſe unfold.
As, late our ſports we practis'd on the plain,
I, and my fellow nymphs of *Cynthia*'s train.
Dancing in Chorus, and with garlands crown'd.
And by admiring crowds encompaſs'd round,
Lo! hov'ring o'er my head I ſaw the god
Who *Argus* ſlew, and bears the golden rod:
Sudden he ſeiz'd, then bore me from their ſight,
Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.

O'er many ſtates and peopled towns we paſs'd,
O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deſerts waſte;
O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholeſome fens,
And woods where beaſts inhabit dreadful dens.
Thro' all which pathleſs way our ſpeed was ſuch,
We ſtopt not once the face of earth to touch.
Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I ſhould *Anchiſes* wed,
And with illuſtrious off-ſpring bleſs his bed.
This ſaid and pointiug to me your abode.
To heav'n again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing god.
Thus of neceſſity to you I come,
Unknown and loſt far from my native home.
But I conjure you, by the throne of *Jove*,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
By your good parents, (for no bad could e'er
Produce a ſon ſo graceful, good and fair;)
That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
Inviolate and guiltleſs of your bed,
Let me be to your houſe and mother led.
Me to your father and your brothers ſhew,
And our alliance firſt let them allow:
Let me be known and my condition own'd,
And no unequal match I may be found.
Equality to them my birth may claim,
Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
Tho' for your wife, of too inferior fame.
Next, let ambaſſadors to *Phrygia* haſte,
To tell my father of my fortunes paſs'd,
And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate,
Of Doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
They in return ſhall preſents bring from thence
Of rich attire and ſums of gold immenſe:
You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
In price and beauty far above the reſt.

This

This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
Grateful to men below, and gods above.
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtle fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires.
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
The panting youth the ſmilling queen addreſs'd.

Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
And *Otreus* you report your fathers name;
And ſince the immortal *Hermes* from above,
To execute the dread commands of *Jove*,
Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
Know, now, that neither gods nor men have power
One minute to defer the happy hour,
This Inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
Mix with thy ſoul, and melt within thy arms:
Tho' *Phœbus*, arm'd with his unerring dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
Tho' death, tho' hell, in conſequence attend,
Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend.

He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all, a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil;
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.

Her ſparkling necklace, firſt, he laid aſide;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair unty'd:
And now, his buſie hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waſte;
Her radient robe at laſt aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſie hue with dazling luſtre ſhone.

The

The queen of love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo *Jove* and fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extream of ecſtacy attain'd;
And mortal he was like the immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But when the ſwains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field, returning led
Their ſheep to fold, and oxen to the ſhed;
In ſoft and pleaſing chains of ſleep profound,
The wary goddeſs her *Anchiſes* bound,
Then gently riſing from his ſide and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now, her fair-crown'd head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a mortal but her ſelf appears:
Her face refulgent, and majeſtick mien,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs, love's and beauty's queen.
Then, thus, aloud ſhe calls. *Anchiſes*, wake;
Thy fond repoſe and lethargy forſake:
Look on the nymph who late from *Phrygia* came,
Behold me well—ſay, if I ſeem the ſame.
At her firſt call the chains of ſleep were broke,
And ſtarting from his bed *Anchiſes* woke:
But when he *Venus* view'd without diſguiſe,
Her ſhining neck beheld, and radiant eyes.
Aw'd, and abaſh'd, he turn'd his head aſide,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder and with fear oppreſs'd,
In winged words, he thus the queen addreſs'd.
When firſt, O goddeſs, I thy form beheld,
Whoſe charms ſo far humanity excell'd;
To thy celeſtial pow'r my vows I paid,
And with humility implor'd thy aid:
But thou for ſecret cauſe to me unkown,
Didſt thy divine immortal ſtate diſown.

But now, I beg thee by the filial love
Due to thy father, *Ægis*-Bearing *Jove*,
Compaſſion on my human ſtate to ſhow
Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
Nor let me ſhare of men the common fate:
Since never man with length of days was bleſt,
Who in delights of love a deity poſſeſs'd.
To him, *Jove*'s beauteous daughter thus reply'd;
Be bold, *Anchiſes*; in my love confide;
Nor me, nor other god, thou needſt to fear,
For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
Know, from our loves, thou ſhalt a ſon obtain,
Who over all the realm of *Troy* ſhall reign;
From whom, a race of monarchs ſhall deſcend,
And whoſe poſterity ſhall know no end.
To him thou ſhalt the name * *Æneas* give,
As one, for whoſe conception I muſt grieve,
Oft as I think, he to exiſt began
From my conjunction with a mortal man.
But *Troy*, of all the habitable earth,
To a ſuperior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' ætherial kind,
And next reſembling gods in form and mind.
From thence, great *Jove* to azure ſkies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely *Ganymede*.
Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The Youth enjoys a bleſs'd eternity.
In bowls of gold, he ruddy nectar pours,
And *Jove* regales in his unbended hours.

Long

* *Æneas*, ſignifying *one who cauſeth Grief*: By this Paſſage, it ſhould ſeem as if the Etymologiſts had err'd, who, as he was the Hero of *Virgil*'s Epick Poem, have deriv'd his Name from αἰνέω to *extol*, or *praiſe*; it appearing here expreſly to be deriv'd from ἀνία *Grief* or αἰνάω, *to affect with Grief*.

Long did the king, his fire, his abſence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where the boy was born:
'Till *Jove* at length in pity of his grief,
Diſpatch'd † *Argicides* to his relief;
And more with gifts to pacifie his mind,
He ſent him horſes of a deathleſs kind,
Whoſe feet outſtript in ſpeed the rapid wind.
Charging withal ſwift *Hermes* to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly ſtate;
Where, all his hours are paſt in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death deſtroy.
Now, when this embaſſie the king receives;
No more for abſent *Ganymede* he grieves;
The pleaſing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his ſwift-heel'd ſteeds he drives,
But when the golden-thron'd *Aurora* made
Tithonus partner of her roſie bed,
(*Tithonus* too was of the *Trojan* line,
Reſembling gods in face and form divine)
For him him ſhe ſtrait the thunderer addreſs'd,
That with perpetual life he might be bleſs'd:
Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her requeſt.
But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
The moſt material bleſſing to omit;
Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
That length of days might be with ſtrength ſupply'd;
And to her lover's endleſs life, engage
An endleſs youth, incapable of age.
But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair.
In gold enthron'd, the brighteſt child of air,
Tithonus, while of pleaſing youth poſſeſs'd,
Is by *Aurora* with delight careſs'd;

Dear

† The Slavery of *Argus*. *Mercury* ſo called; from having ſlain *Argus*.

Dear to her arms, he in her court reſides,
Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmoſt tides.
But, when he ſaw grey hairs begin to ſpread,
Deform his beard, and diſadorn his head,
The goddeſs cold in her embraces grew,
His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
Yet ſtill a kind of nurſing care ſhe ſhow'd,
And food ambroſial, and rich cloaths beſtow'd:
But when of age he felt the ſad extream,
And ev'ry nerve was ſhrunk, and limb was lame,
Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.*
On terms like theſe, I never can deſire
Thou ſhouldeſt to immortality aſpire.
Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy ſtrength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain.
Couldſt thou forever thus my huſband prove,
I might live happy in thy endleſs love;
Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day,
When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay.
But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
Now, know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
And for thy ſake reproch and ſhame muſt bear.
For I, who heretofore in chains of love
Could captivate the minds of gods above,
And force 'em, by my all-ſubduing charms:
To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms.
Muſt now no more that pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt;

Since

* *Tithonus* was feign'd, at length, to have been turn'd into a Graſhopper.

Since I my ſelf, this dear amends have made,
And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.
Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
This hour, by thee, I have a ſon conceiv'd;
Whom hid beneath my zone, I muſt conceal,
'Till time his being and my ſhame reveal.
Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods adorn
In their deep boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born:
They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on *Ambroſia* feed,
And * long they live; and oft in chorus join
With gods and goddeſſes in dance divine.

Theſe

---

* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades*; the *Dryades* preſided over Woods and Groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted Immortal, but extreamly long-liv'd. *Auſonius*, from *Heſiod*, computes the compleat Life of a Man at 96 Years; a Crow he ſays, lives nine times as long; a Deer four times as long as a Crow; a Raven three times as long as a Deer; the Phœnix ten times as long as the Raven; and theſe *Hamadryades* live ten times as long as a Phœnix. But the moſt receiv'd Opinion was, that they liv'd juſt as long as their Trees. Therefore this from *Auſonius* ſeems rather to relate to the *Dryades*, and the Duration of a whole Wood; for there are frequent Inſtances where they were indifferently call'd *Dryades* and *Hamadryades*, by the ancient Poets. They were very ſenſible of good Offices, and grateful to them who at any time preſerved their Trees. The Scholiaſt, upon a Paſſage mentioning theſe Nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut. l.* 2. relates the following Story cited from *Charon Lampſacenus*. A young Man call'd *Recus* obſerving a fair Oak almoſt fallen to the Earth, order'd it to be ſupported, and took ſuch effectual Care that he re-eſtabliſh'd it again to flouriſh in its Place. The Nymph of the Tree appear'd to him, and in Return bid him aſk what he pleas'd. The Youth readily demanded of her the laſt Favour, which ſhe as readily promis'd; and according to Agreement ſent a Bee to ſummon him at the Time when he might be happy:

But

Theſe the † *Sileni* court; theſe *Hermes* loves,
And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.
Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
From common parent earth's prolifick juice:
With lofty firrs which grace the mountain's brow,
Or ample ſpreading oaks at once they grow;
All have their trees allotted to their care,
Whoſe growth, duration and decreaſe they ſhare.
But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
And therefore by the axe are never fell'd,
But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
And laſt the boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
And thus the nymphs, expire by like degrees,
And live and die coæval with their trees.

Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon:
And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bluſhes glow,
To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.

More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall end,
I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy ſight,
Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight;
Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
And will that with him thou to *Troy* repair:

There

But the young Man hapning to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was ſo offended with its buzing that he gave it ill Words, and chid it from him: This Reception of her Ambaſſador ſo enrag'd the Nymph, that in Revenge ſhe render'd him impotent. This Story is alſo cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam. l.* 8. of the Fate of *Eriſichthon*, for cutting down one of theſe animated Trees.

† The *Satyrs*, when they were in Years, were called *Sileni*, as *Pauſanias* reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

There, if enquiry ſhall be made, to know
To whom thou doſt ſo bright an off-ſpring owe;
Be ſure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
But ready anſwer make as I direct.
Say of a ſylvan nymph the fair youth came,
And *Calycopis* call his mother's name.
For ſhouldſt thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
That thou in bliſs hadſt *Cytherea* known,
Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and juſt caution giv'n,
Be ſceret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n.
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright *Cyprian* queen! thee firſt I praiſe;
Then, to ſome other pow'r transfer my lays.

A

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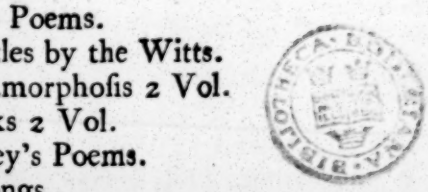
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